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Stories and Lessons

On the Catechism

With the First-class Girls of Forley.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"STORIES AND CATECHISINGS ON THE COLLECTS."

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VOL. II.



LONDON:

J. AND C. MOZLEY, 6, PATERNOSTER ROW ;
AND J. H. PARKER, OXFORD.

1855.

13F. d. 284.

STORIES AND LESSONS

ON THE

CATECHISM

WITH THE FIRST-CLASS GIRLS OF FORLEY.

LESSON XXXII.

THE AUTHORITY OF GOD'S COMMANDMENTS.

DELIVERANCE FROM BONDAGE,

MISS WALTON was walking through the village, a little before evening school hour, when Mrs. Lunn stopped her, and asked her if she would kindly walk in, she wanted to speak to her. Miss Walton immediately complied; and when Mrs. Lunn had dusted the arm-chair for her, and asked her to sit down, she began, with some hesitation, to say,

‘If you please, Ma’am, I hope you won’t think I am over bold, but I wanted to speak to you about the behaviour of some of the girls in the street, before evening school. I am sure, Ma’am, it is not such as you would approve, and I thought you ought to know it.’

‘Indeed, Mrs. Lunn,’ replied Miss Walton, ‘I am sorry to hear that there is anything amiss; in what way do they misbehave?’

‘If you please, Ma’am, they congregate together sometimes *outside your back door*, sometimes lower

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down the street, and make very rude remarks upon the passers-by, and laugh and talk in a very improper way. It is some of the elder girls, Ma'am, who set the example, and then the little ones follow it. I had to punish Ruth last week for being among them, and Rose says you would be shocked if you saw the bold way in which some of them behave. I passed them myself last week, and felt quite shocked to hear their talk, and I have heard others mention it too; and I thought, Ma'am, you ought to know it, and I hope you don't think I am wrong for speaking.'

'Not at all, Mrs. Lunn. Your own children are in danger of being hurt by it, and it is far better to speak quietly to me about it, than to complain behind my back. I am much obliged to you for speaking. I shall certainly put a stop to it, if possible. I have many times spoken about it already, and I was in hopes they all minded my wishes.'

In the evening, about the time the girls would be coming to school, Miss Walton put on a shawl and walked down the garden, which ran parallel with the road, in order that she might see and hear for herself if there was anything wrong that evening among the girls as they came along the road. It was nearly dark, so she asked Mr. Walton to accompany her. They had not gone many steps before they heard voices and a loud laugh. Miss Walton easily distinguished Hester's voice, and Jane's, and Hannah Roberts's, a cousin of Sarah's, a young woman, who, along with several others, and two or three of the second-class girls, came to evening school. I am sorry to say it was only necessary to listen a few minutes, to be convinced that Mrs. Lunn's account was only too true; and Miss Walton heard them speak to a man, who called out to them as he passed, in a very improper way. Pained and grieved, she *returned to the house*, and waited for their arrival.

Rose, Emily, and Margaret; soon entered, followed by Anna and Bessie, and Miss Walton knew that none of these were of the party she had just seen. She waited, therefore, until the rest came in. Five minutes passed before their arrival, and then about a dozen entered at once; some, as I said, young women, some second-class girls, and the rest of the elder ones of the first-class; the younger ones went to the daily school. As soon as they were all seated, and were just going to begin work, Miss Walton stopped them, saying, 'Girls, before you begin your writing, I have something to say to you.'

Her manner made the girls look up, and those whose consciences were easy, looked up with a fearless glance; others were frightened, and could not meet her eye. She proceeded in the same serious manner to tell them what she had seen and heard, and how both grieved and displeased she was. 'I have so often spoken to you about it, all of you, young women, as well as girls; and I did think your own feelings of modesty would prevent your loitering about after dark, and talking and laughing as you did to-night. I find, however, that you are not to be trusted, and, therefore, I can no longer be satisfied with only cautioning you; I must now strictly forbid any of you who come to the night-school to loiter on the road. You must come straight from home to school, (unless business should take you round,) or you must not come at all. I will not allow the evening school to be the means of leading you into sin, if I can prevent it.'

As Miss Walton said this, she noticed several of the young women look very much annoyed; and Hannah gave a toss of her head, and muttered something about doing as she liked. Miss Walton's own girls, even Hester, said nothing; but the looks of some of the others, too, seemed to say, 'We shall do as we please.'

Miss Walton heard Hannah's whisper, and replied to it,

'I heard what you said, Hannah, and I am sorry you should take what I say in such a bad spirit. Mr. Walton and I allow you to come to the Vicarage for your lessons; we give our time to teaching you, and, therefore, we have a right to make rules, which we expect all who come to the evening school to obey, young women as well as children. If you do not choose to obey them, you must not come to school; the loss is your own, and not ours; but, indeed, I ask nothing hard from you, I only bid you do what your own sense of right should make you do without my bidding. No well-behaved, modest young woman would loiter about the street after dark, and let her voice be heard in loud talking and laughing. I trust all of you will think quietly over what I have said, and never let me hear complaints again. Do not let any foolish feelings of pride or anger make you stay away from school. It will be your own loss if you do. You may now go on with your writing,' she continued, taking one of the books and setting a copy.

For some time the lesson was very silent, but after a while Miss Walton's own girls began to talk as usual, and some of the others joined; one or two, however, kept a solemn silence, which showed that they were angry. Miss Walton was sorry for their own sakes, but she was determined to make this rule and keep to it, even if it did offend some of them; she thought it better they should not come to school, than that they should have the chance, by coming, of loitering as much as they liked, and of behaving in such an improper manner; in fact, making the evening school an excuse for getting out into the street.

'Did ever you hear such a thing?' cried Hannah, *when she was outside the Vicarage door.* 'I wonder

what right Miss Walton has to say whether we shall stand in the road or not !

‘She has a right to say you sha’n’t come to school if you don’t come straight,’ replied Anna.

‘No, she has not!’ returned Hannah; ‘and I shall just do as I like.’

‘Oh, Hannah!’ cried half-a-dozen, ‘how can you say so?’

‘If Miss Walton is so kind as to teach us,’ continued Margaret, ‘I am sure she has a right to make what rules she likes about our coming. Nobody can say anything against that. She’s not obliged to teach any of us.’

‘So you girls think,’ replied Hannah, ‘but we are not girls, and we shall do as we like.’

‘But, Hannah,’ said Hester, ‘we cannot do that; if we don’t like Miss Walton’s rules, we must not go to school, that’s all; but we can’t both go there, and loiter on the road, after what she has said.’

‘I shall see whether we can or not!’ returned Hannah.

‘You won’t surely give up going to school, Hester?’ said Sarah. ‘You are just getting on in your writing.’

‘No, I didn’t say I would,’ she replied. ‘I don’t think Miss Walton said anything unreasonable. I only said we must either do that, or give up standing about on our way.’

‘I should think,’ said Rose in a decided tone, ‘that there was not much doubt about what you would do. It is your own loss if you don’t go to school, and Miss Walton’s rule is nothing very dreadful.’

‘I’m sure I wouldn’t stand about if I thought it vexed Miss Walton, even if she hadn’t forbidden it, and if she hadn’t a right to forbid it,’ said Anna, *who, though she came in with the party, had not been standing with them.* ‘She takes trouble

enough with us, to make us glad to do anything she wishes, let alone what she bids us do.'

'That she does,' said one or two.

And now the girls began to reach their homes, and, one by one, to drop off from the party.

The following evening school found all, except one young woman and Hannah, present as usual; and Miss Walton heard no noise as she walked in the garden to see if all were quiet.

The week afterwards, however, Hannah again made her appearance; but she had not been in long, when Mr. Walton entered the parlour, and told his sister that he was sorry to say Hannah had disobeyed her order. He had just come from her mother's, and learned that she had been gone from the house for half-an-hour, and had been out in the street all that time.

Hannah did not attempt to deny it; she said she should do as she liked; and when Mr. Walton spoke of the grief it was to her mother, and of the evil it was to herself, she showed such perfect unconcern, that Miss Walton told her she was very sorry to do so, but she must forbid her to come to school any more, unless she chose to promise to be steady, and kept her word. She would not, however, make any promise, and so Miss Walton was obliged to dismiss her from the evening school. After this, there was no more trouble for a long time. Most of the remainder yielded a willing obedience, and those who did not, valued the school too much to disobey.

It was the Sunday after this had happened, when Miss Walton gave the girls the following lesson.

'Do you remember, girls, that I said three words would express the three kinds of things which our godparents promised for us? I wonder whether you can tell me them again?'

'To renounce, to believe, and to do,' said Rose, *whose memory seldom failed her.*

Miss W. Quite right. And what did they promise you should *do*?

Several. All God bids us.

Miss W. Or, in the words of the Catechism, 'You said, that your godfathers and godmothers did promise for you, that *you should keep God's commandments.* Tell me how many there be?'

All. 'Ten.'

Miss W. 'Which be they?'

Harriet. 'The same which God spake in the twentieth chapter of Exodus, saying, I am the Lord thy God, Who brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.'

Miss W. Who spake the commandments?

All. God.

Miss W. To whom were they first given?

Anna. The Jews.

Miss W. Yet they are binding upon Christians. Are Christians bound to keep all the laws given to the Jews?

Several. No, Ma'am. We don't offer up sacrifices as they did.

Miss W. You are quite right in saying 'No.' A great many laws about outward observances, as, for instance, what animals they might eat, the dress of the Priests, and divers washings, are no way binding upon Christians. Do you know what laws of this sort are called?

They did not immediately answer, and then Emily said, 'Please, Ma'am, I remember what laws of the other kind are called,—“Moral laws.”'

'You are right there, Emily,' said Miss Walton, 'and the laws about outward things are called *cere-monial*. Look what St. Paul says about them in Heb. ix. 10, speaking of the laws of the tabernacle.'

Hester. 'Which stood only in meats and drinks, and divers washings, and carnal ordinances, imposed on them *until the time of reformation.*'

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Miss W. They were imposed for a time, and then to be done away. Now are the ten commandments moral or ceremonial?

'Moral,' they all replied.

Miss W. Yes, teaching us our duties to God and man, which are the same at all times, and to all persons. The ten commandments, then, though originally given to the Jews, are equally binding upon—whom?

'Us,' said some.

'Christians,' said others.

Miss W. Quite right; equally binding, only in a deeper sense, as our Saviour taught us. Do you know where?

'In His Sermon on the Mount,' replied Margaret. 'Think not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil.' (St. Matt. v. 17.)

Miss W. To fulfil, or fill up. And then, after repeating the sense the Jews put upon the commandments, our Saviour goes on to give a deeper and more spiritual interpretation of them. Give me one example.

Margaret. 'Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not kill; and whosoever shall kill, shall be in danger of the judgment: but *I say unto you*, That whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause, shall be in danger of the judgment; and whosoever shall say to his brother, Raca, shall be in danger of the council; but whosoever shall say, Thou fool, shall be in danger of hell-fire.' (St. Matt. v. 21, 22. See also 27, 28, 33, 34, and 38, 39, &c.)

Miss W. And look what St. Paul says of the law in Rom. vii. 12.

Ruth. 'The law is holy, and the commandment holy, and just, and good.' (See also iii. 31.)

Miss W. And, therefore, to be obeyed with all

diligence. And where are these commandments to be found?

Bessie. 'In the twentieth chapter of Exodus.'

Miss W. To whom did you say that they were first delivered?

All. The Jews.

Miss W. And with what words did God introduce His law?

Sarah. 'I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.' (Exodus, xx. 2.)

Miss W. "I am the Lord thy God," therefore My law comes with authority.' Had He not just given proofs of His greatness, and majesty, and glory?

Rose. Yes, by the smoke, and thunders, and lightnings. (See Exodus, xix. 16-18.)

Miss W. He claimed their obedience, then, to His law as being—?

'The Lord their God,' said Agnes.

Miss W. Do these words, then, concern us also?

'Yes, Ma'am, for "He is the Lord our God," too; "and we are the people of His pasture, and the sheep of His hand,"' replied several. (Psalm xcv. 7.)

Miss W. Just so; and, therefore, we are bound to listen to His law with all reverence. He speaks with authority, and claims our obedience as being the Lord our God, and we His people. But what, further, did He say to the Jews?

'Who brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage,' replied Ruth.

Miss W. And can *these* words, too, apply to us?

'Please, Ma'am, we say them in the Catechism,' answered Rose.

'But I never thought we had anything to do with them,' said Anna,

'I think I can show you we have something to do

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with them,' said Miss Walton, 'for that God has as truly delivered *us* as the *Jews* out of bondage. Don't you know that God's dealings with the children of Israel throughout are typical of His dealings with Christians?'

'Yes,' said Margaret; 'I remember Mr. Walton's teaching us about it.'

Miss W. Then do you remember of what he said Egypt was a type?

'This world,' said Rose.

Miss W. Yes; as distinguished from the Church. And who was the king of Egypt?

All. Pharaoh.

Miss W. And who is called the prince of this world?

Sarah. The devil. (See St. John, xii. 31; xiv. 30; xvi. 11.)

Miss W. And in what bondage does he keep his captives? We say in one of the Collects that we are tied and bound with the—?

'Chain of our sins,' the girls continued.

Miss W. Then what is the bondage of the devil?

All. Sin.

Miss W. And who are they whom he has in bondage?

'Wicked people,' answered some.

'All the world,' said others.

'What are we all born in?' asked Miss Walton.

'Sin,' they all replied.

Miss W. Then to whom were we in bondage?

Several. The devil.

Miss W. Yes, all mankind, after the fall, were in bondage to Satan. Of what, then, is the house of bondage in Egypt a type?

Rose. Of sin, the service of the devil.

Miss W. Yes; look for what purpose St. Paul says he was sent to the Gentiles. Acts, xxvi. 18.

Bessie. 'To open their eyes, and to turn them from *darkness to light*, and from the power of Satan unto *God*.'

Miss W. They were under the power of, or in bondage to, Satan; and look again how he speaks in 2 Tim. ii. 25, 26.

Ruth. 'In meekness instructing those that oppose themselves; if God, peradventure, will give them repentance to the acknowledging of the truth; and that they may recover themselves out of the snare of the devil, who are taken captive by him at his will.'

Miss W. We see, then, that Egypt is a type of—?

'This world,' they all answered.

Miss W. Pharaoh of—?

'The devil,' they replied again.

Miss W. The house of bondage—?

'Of the service of the devil,' said one or two.

Miss W. Yes, and the children of Israel in bondage, of—?

'All mankind,' said Rose, 'after Adam's sin.'

Miss W. But now comes the question, have we been all left in this condition, or, like the Jews, have we been delivered?

'Delivered,' said little Agnes.

Miss W. Yes, we have been taken out of the kingdom of this world and put into—what?

Several. The Church.

Miss W. Look at Hos. xi. 1.

Harriet. 'When Israel was a child, then I loved him, and called *My Son out of Egypt.*'

Miss W. These words first refer to the deliverance of the Jews—then to Whom else?

Several. Our Blessed Saviour. (St. Matt. ii. 15.)

Miss W. Yes, and also to every child of God at this day. Then from whose power were we delivered?

'Satan's,' replied Anna.

Miss W. Just so. Look at Col. i. 12, 13.

Hester. 'Giving thanks unto the Father, which hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light: *Who hath delivered us from*

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the power of darkness, and hath translated us into the kingdom of His dear Son.'

Miss W. Yes ; He has delivered us from the power of Satan. Who was sent to deliver the Jews ?

Several. Moses.

Miss W. Who was the Prophet that God raised up like unto Moses, for the greater deliverance of the world ? (See Acts, iii. 22, 23, 26.)

Anna. Jesus Christ.

Miss W. He was to be called 'Jesus'—why ?

Agnes. Because He was to save His people from their sins. (St. Matt. i. 21.)

Miss W. Just so ; the house of bondage. Are we, then, any longer compelled to serve the devil as his bond-servants ?

Mary. No. 'Being made *free from sin*, ye became the servants of righteousness.' (Rom. vi. 18.)

Miss W. Quite right. To us, then, as well as to the Jews, God may say, 'I am the Lord thy God'—?

'Who brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage,' continued the girls.

Miss W. As truly may it be said, only in a higher sense—for was it the bodies or the souls of the Jews which were in bondage ?

Several. The bodies.

Miss W. But was it only our bodies that were in bondage to the devil ?

All. No, our souls.

Miss W. Therefore our bondage was a harder bondage than the Jewish bondage, and our deliverance a greater deliverance. And again, was there any price paid for the deliverance of the Jews ?

Rose. No ; God delivered them with a mighty hand and stretched-out arm.

Miss W. But what price was paid for our deliverance ?

'The precious blood of Christ,' replied Agnes.

‘Can you not give me the text, Agnes?’ asked Miss Walton.

Agnes. ‘Ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold . . . *but with the precious blood of Christ*, as of a Lamb without blemish, and without spot.’ (1 St. Pet. i. 18, 19. See also Acts, xx. 28. Eph. i. 7.)

Miss W. Just so; the price of our redemption was the blood of the eternal Son of God—far greater, then, was our deliverance than the Jews’ deliverance. For what two reasons?

‘Because of the price paid for our deliverance,’ said Emily.

‘Because our *souls* were delivered as well as our bodies,’ said Anna.

Miss W. And how is this great deliverance applied to each person? You say we are still *born* in sin. How are we delivered?

All. In Baptism.

Miss W. Quite right. The price of redemption has been long ago paid; the tyrant has been subdued; and though, when we are born, we are under his power, God at once sets us free by Baptism, and puts us into—what?

‘His Church,’ said Ruth.

Miss W. Yes, and frees us from the power of sin and Satan. Look at Eph. ii. and read, verse by verse, from the first to the sixth.

Several. ‘And you hath He *quicken*ed, who were dead in trespasses and sins; wherein in time past ye walked according to the course of this world, according to the prince of the power of the air, the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience; among whom, also, we all had our conversation in times past . . . and were by nature the children of wrath, even as others. But God, Who is rich in mercy, for His great love wherewith He loved us, even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with

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'*Wait.* (by grace ye are saved,) and hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus.'

Miss W. And again, look how St. Paul speaks of the freedom of Christians in Gal. v. 1, 13.

Anna. 'Stand fast, therefore, in the *liberty* wherewith Christ hath made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage . . . Brethren, ye have been called unto liberty.'

Miss W. In our Baptism, then, we have each one been set free from—what?

'The service of Satan,' said one or two.

Miss W. Yes, and delivered out of his kingdom in this world, and translated into the—?

'Kingdom of God,' said Rose.

Miss W. Therefore God says to us—?

'I am the Lord thy God, Who brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage,' repeated the girls.

Miss W. He is the Lord our God; when, therefore, He gives us His law, what must we do?

'Obey it,' they replied.

Miss W. He has done for us great things, and shown mercy unto us—therefore, how must we obey?

'Cheerfully,' said one or two.

Miss W. He *claims* our obedience as being the Lord our God. He would *constrain* us to obedience by His goodness to us. And having reminded us of both, He proclaims His law, and requires obedience to it. When the queen gives laws, do we not obey them?

All. Yes, Ma'am.

Miss W. But if the King of France were to make a law for England, should we think of paying any attention to it?

'No, Ma'am, he has nothing to do with England. *He would have no right to give us a law,*' said one *two.*

Miss W. Then you would obey the queen—why?

‘Because she is our queen,’ they answered, ‘and has a right to make laws.’

Miss W. Exactly; she speaks with authority. Supposing you met a stranger, who said to you, ‘You must not wear that shawl any more,’ should you mind him?

‘No, Ma’am,’ they replied, laughing, ‘he would have no right to say whether we should wear it or not.’

Miss W. But if your mother gave you the same order, should you not obey her?

‘Yes, Ma’am, she would have a right to tell us,’ replied little Ruth.

Miss W. So God has a right to claim our obedience—why?

Several. Because He is the Lord our God.

Miss W. Just so. He has made us, and not we ourselves. And have we not pleasure in obeying those who are kind to us?

‘Yes, Ma’am,’ replied Anna; and she thought of Miss Walton and the evening school, and how she felt about that. Others, it seemed, had the same thought, for Emily remarked,

‘Please, Ma’am, you had a right to tell us the other day not to loiter coming to school.’

‘Certainly I had,’ said Miss Walton, smiling, ‘because either your parents placed you under me as scholars, or the elder ones submitted themselves to me by coming, and I have authority about anything connected with the school. Did any one doubt it?’

‘Please, Ma’am, Hannah said you had no right; but we all said you had—that the school was yours, and you might make what rules you liked.’

‘Just so,’ returned Miss Walton. ‘In anything connected with the school I had authority; but *should I have a right to tell you what hours you must go to bed?*’

'No, Ma'am, not the same right, only we should always like to do what you tell us,' said several.

'Thank you, girls,' returned Miss Walton. 'Let this, too, be your feeling about God's commandments. He has a right to our obedience, and He draws us to it, by reminding us of His goodness to us—that He brought us out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.' After a moment, Miss Walton said, 'Now, Anna, do you think you have nothing to do with these words?'

'Oh no, Ma'am,' she replied; 'but I never thought of this before.'

'Perhaps not, but I hope you will all think of it in future,' said Miss Walton. 'God, as it were, pleads with you: "I have done these great things for you, therefore obey My laws." He says, "You are free from Satan's power, do not return to it." How can you return to it?'

'By sinning,' said several.

Miss W. And what did you tell me sin was, the other day?

'Disobedience to God's commandments,' said Rose.

Miss W. 'Therefore obey My law,' God seems to say, 'that you may continue free from the power of Satan, and be the willing servants of the Lord your God.' And then He gives His commandments. 'Tell me how many there be?'

All. 'Ten.'

Miss W. Therefore they are called the Decalogue, or ten words. And what 'dost thou chiefly learn by these commandments?'

Jane. 'I learn two things: my duty towards God, and my duty towards my neighbour.'

Miss W. How many of the commandments teach your duty to God?

All. The first four.

Miss W. And how many are left?

All. Six.

Miss W. And what do they teach you ?

Several. Our duty to our neighbour.

Miss W. Whom do you mean by your neighbour ?

Sarah. All mankind.

Miss W. But though we say that some teach us our duty to God, and some to our neighbour, yet, in sinning against our neighbour, Whom do we offend ?

Several. God.

Miss W. And in doing our duty to them, Whom are we pleasing ?

‘God,’ they replied again.

Miss W. Yes ; why ?

Mary. Because they are all *His* commandments.

Miss W. Quite right ; and, therefore, whichever we break, we sin against Him. Do you remember what St. James says : ‘ Whosoever shall keep the whole law ’—?

‘ And yet *offend in one point*, he is guilty of all,’ continued Hester. (St. James, ii. 10.)

Miss W. Guilty, because he has transgressed God’s law. I intended to have asked you about the First Commandment to-day, but I think the lesson has been long enough ; so we must leave it for next Sunday.

LESSON XXXIII

FIRST COMMANDMENT.

THE ACKNOWLEDGING OF GOD.

‘How many commandments did you say teach us our duty to God?’ asked Miss Walton.

‘Four,’ all the girls replied.

‘“What is thy duty towards God?” Repeat the answer all together,’ said Miss Walton.

All. (standing up.) ‘My duty towards God, is to believe in Him, to fear Him, and to love Him with all my heart, with all my mind, with all my soul, and with all my strength; to worship Him, to give Him thanks, to put my whole trust in Him; to call upon Him, to honour His Holy Name and His Word, and to serve Him truly all the days of my life.’

Miss W. What is the first commandment?

All. ‘Thou shalt have none other gods but Me.’

Miss W. Yes, teaching us the duty we are to perform to God inwardly. That we are to do—what three things mentioned in your duty to God?

‘Believe in Him, fear Him, and love Him,’ said Rose.

Miss W. And these are all inward feelings, affections of the mind and heart. How do we believe?

Several. With our minds.

Miss W. And what is it that fears?

‘Our minds,’ they replied again.

Miss W. And with what do we love?

‘With our hearts,’ replied Mary.

Miss W. Yes; faith, fear, and love, have their root in the mind and heart, though they are shown outwardly—how?

‘By actions,’ said Margaret, doubtfully.

Miss W. You are quite right, Margaret. The first commandment, however, we may say, teaches us the duty we are to perform to God *inwardly*. And what does the second teach us?

Ruth. That we are not to worship images.

Miss W. But Whom are we to worship?

All. God.

Miss W. It teaches us, then, of the *outward worship* of God; or, as the answer you have just repeated says, it teaches that our duty to God is—?

‘To worship Him, to give Him thanks, to put my whole trust in Him, to call upon Him,’ replied several.

Miss W. And what does the third teach us?

Anna. ‘To honour His Holy Name and His Word.’

Miss W. Just so. It directs our tongue and speech. And what does the fourth teach us?

Several. To keep holy the sabbath day.

Miss W. Or, in other words, to serve Him truly all the days of our life, giving to His *especial* service—what day?

Mary. Every seventh day.

Miss W. Can we really and truly serve Him on the seventh day, if we do not the other six?

‘No, Ma’am,’ replied one or two.

Miss W. Then, in order rightly to observe this command, we must serve Him—how?

‘All the days of our life,’ they replied quickly.

Miss W. The fourth commandment, as well as the second, teaches us to worship Him. And how are all these duties to be performed?

The girls did not reply, and Miss Walton continu-

ed, 'The answer upon your duty to God teaches you.'

'With all my heart, with all my mind, with all my soul, and with all my strength,' Emily then replied.

Miss W. Quite right. And are these commandments spoken to every single person?

'Yes, Ma'am,' returned the girls.

Miss W. Why do you say, 'Yes, Ma'am'?

'Because it says, "THOU shalt have none other gods but Me,"' replied Rose.

Miss W. Very good. They speak to *each* person, THOU shalt not make to THYSELF, &c. so that nobody can say they were not meant for him. And now let us see the three things which we are commanded by the first commandment. What are we to have, or believe in?

Hester. God.

Miss W. Yes, it commands us to believe in, or acknowledge God, as St. Paul teaches us, 'He that cometh to God'—?

'Must believe that He is,' continued Agnes. (Heb. xi. 6.)

Miss W. Are we not told that even the devils believe this?

Sarah. Yes. 'Thou believest that there is One God . . . the devils also believe and tremble.' (St. James, ii. 19.)

Miss W. But it commands more than this. How many gods does it command us to have?

Margaret. But One: 'Thou shalt have none other gods but Me.'

Miss W. Has God revealed Himself as One?

Several. Yes, Ma'am. 'Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is *One* Lord.' (Deut. vi. 4.)

Miss W. And in our Saviour's presence one of the *Scribes* confessed this belief, and was commended. Look at St. Mark, xii. 32. 34.

Bessie. 'There is one God . . . And when Jesus

saw that he answered discreetly, He said unto him, Thou art not far from the kingdom of God.'

Miss W. And do not the Epistles also teach us the same truth?

'For there is one God, and one Mediator between God and man,' repeated Ruth. (1 Tim. ii. 5.)

Miss W. Therefore, the first commandment bids us have none other gods but—?

'Me,' all the girls replied.

Miss W. Look also at 1 Cor. viii. 4.

Bessie. 'We know that an idol is nothing in the world, and that there is none other God but one.'

Miss W. And, lastly, it tells us Who that God is to be—'None other but'—?

'Me,' said Harriet.

Miss W. Yes, none but the true God, Who proclaims Himself 'I am'—?

'The Lord thy God,' said Emily, 'Who brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.'

Miss W. In the same way He speaks in Hos. xiii. 4.

Jane. 'I am the Lord thy God, from the land of Egypt, and thou shalt *know no god but Me.*'

Miss W. How did He proclaim Himself to Moses at the burning bush?

Several. 'I AM THAT I AM.' (Exod. iii. 14.)

Miss W. Yes, JEHOVAH, the Everlasting Lord God, Him only must we serve. With what words did our Lord answer the devil's temptation to fall down and worship him?

Sarah. 'Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve.' (St. Matt. iv. 10.)

Miss W. The words, 'I am the Lord thy God,' always precede the first commandment. What do I mean by '*precede*'?

'Go before,' replied several.

Miss W. Yes; they go before to show Who

speaks—*Who* says ‘none but *Me*’. Why does David tell us we may be sure that the Lord He is God?

Several. Because ‘it is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves.’ (Psalm c. 2.)

Miss W. Yes, He is the Lord our God by creation. And what else does He do for us?

‘Takes care of us,’ said some.

‘Preserves us,’ said others.

Miss W. He is the Lord our God, because He preserves us. ‘In Him,’ St. Paul says—?

‘We live, and move, and have our being,’ continued Jane. (Acts, xvii. 28.)

Miss W. ‘By Him all things consist,’ and He upholds all things by His power; therefore He is—?

Hester. ‘The Lord our God.’ (See Col. i. 17 Heb. i. 3.)

Miss W. And, lastly, what other great work has He done for us?

‘Redeemed us,’ said Agnes.

Miss W. He is, then, the Lord our God, because by Him we were—?

‘Created and redeemed,’ said several.

Miss W. Yes; and by Him we *are*—?

Ruth. Preserved.

Miss W. And, therefore, He says to us, ‘I am the Lord thy God, . . . Thou’—?

‘Shalt have none other gods but *Me*,’ they all repeated.

Miss W. Yes; and if we do indeed take Him for the Lord our God, and believe in Him with all our heart, mind, soul, and strength, then we shall go on, not only to believe in Him, but what else?

‘To fear Him, and to love Him,’ returned Sarah.

Miss W. Just so. And if we do this, then we shall perfectly obey this commandment, and, indeed, we may say, all the others, for they are all comprehended in, and depend upon this one. Why should we *fear* God?

‘Because of His greatness and power,’ said Agnes.
‘And His majesty and glory,’ said others.

Miss W. Yes; look how this is spoken of in Exod. xv. 11.

Harriet. ‘Who is like unto Thee, O Lord, among the gods? Who is like Thee, glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders’?

Miss W. And if we truly believe this of the Lord our God, then we shall fear Him—fear Him because He knows all things; no fault can be hidden from Him. Look at Psalm xlv. 21.

Emily. ‘If we have forgotten the name of our God, and holden up our hands to any strange god, shall not God search it out? for He knoweth the very secrets of the heart.’

Miss W. Yes, we shall fear to grieve Him—fear to offend Him. What is He able to do to those who offend Him?

All. To punish them.

Miss W. We must, then, fear Him, that so we may escape His vengeance. Look at Deut. xxviii. 58, 59.

Bessie. ‘If thou wilt not observe to do all the words of this Law that are written in this book, that thou mayest *fear this glorious and fearful Name*, THE LORD THY GOD, then the Lord will make thy plagues wonderful, and the plagues of thy seed.’

Miss W. Can you give me any texts which distinctly bid us fear God?

Mary. ‘Fear God, and keep His commandments; for this is the whole duty of man.’ (Eccles. xii. 13; also v. 7.)

Jane. ‘Sanctify the Lord of Hosts Himself; and *let Him be your fear, and let Him be your dread.*’ (Isa. viii. 13.)

Miss W. And does not our Saviour bid us fear God, and give us, as a reason, His power to punish? Don’t you remember *the verse* I mean, in St. Luke?

‘Oh! I know,’ cried Emily: “I will forewarn you Whom ye shall fear: Fear Him, which, after He hath killed, hath power to cast into hell; yea, I say unto you, fear Him”. (St. Luke, xii. 5. See also Lev. xix. 14. 1 St. Peter, ii. 17. Rev. xiv. 7.)

Miss W. If we, then, truly take this powerful God for our God, we shall not only believe in Him, but—?

‘Fear Him,’ they all replied.

Miss W. And if we do not fear Him, we have not truly taken Him for our God—we are not truly obeying the command which says, ‘Thou shalt have’—?

‘None other gods but Me,’ continued the girls.

“Me, the great, the all-powerful, glorious, Lord God,” continued Miss Walton. ‘But has He not also shown Himself a God to be loved as well as feared?’

Mary. Yes, for He has loved us: ‘We love Him, because He first loved us.’ (1 St. John, iv. 19.)

Miss W. Just so; the Lord our God has loved us, and revealed Himself as ‘The Lord, the Lord God’—?

‘Merciful and gracious,’ continued the girls, ‘long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity, and transgression, and sin.’ (Exod. xxxiv. 6, 7.)

Miss W. Then, surely, if we believe our Lord God, Him whom we are bid to serve, to be such a God as this, we cannot but love Him. Should we obey the commandment if we did not?

Several. No, Ma’am.

Miss W. No, we cannot be said to have Him for our God, unless we love Him; for what has He declared Himself to be? Look at 1 St. John, iv. 8.

Jane. ‘He that loveth not, knoweth not God; for **GOD IS LOVE.**’

Miss W. ‘God is love’; therefore, to have Him for

our God, *we must love.* 'He that *loveth not, knoweth not God*'. Which does our Saviour tell us is the greatest commandment?

Sarah. 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind.' (St. Matt. xxii. 37.)

Miss W. And what does St. Paul say is the fulfilling of the law?

Several. 'Love.' (Rom. xiii. 10.)

Miss W. Yes, love to God will make 'us fulfil all the commandments, both those referring to God and man; if we love God, we shall love our neighbour, and so fulfil the law. Therefore, in what does St. Jude exhort us to keep ourselves? (St. Jude, 21.)

Jane. 'Keep yourselves in the *love of God*.'

Miss W. And what did St. Paul pray for the Philippians? (Phil. i. 9.)

Ruth. 'This I pray, that your *love* may abound yet more and more, in knowledge and in all judgment.'

Miss W. And how does St. John bid us love? not in word only—?

'But in deed, and in truth,' continued Agnes. (1 St. John, iii. 18.)

'In *deed*, by keeping with all diligence God's commandments,' said Miss Walton. 'We said just now that we must *fear* God: can we fear and love Him at the same time?'

Several. Yes, Ma'am.

Miss W. Do you not love your parents?

'Yes, Ma'am,' replied all, except poor Mary; even Sarah was able to say yes, because she remembered her parents with affection.

Miss W. And yet do you not fear them?

'Yes, Ma'am, we are afraid of doing what they tell us not,' said Rose.

Miss W. You fear them because of their power over you, and because of their superiority to you. Yet you do not love *them the less* for this. You are

afraid of both me and Mr. Walton, but does this prevent your loving us?

‘Oh! no, Ma’am, that it doesn’t,’ they all replied.

‘On the contrary,’ said Miss Walton, smiling, ‘I think it makes you love us more. Thus should we fear and love God. Our fear must not prevent our loving Him, or it is not the fear of a child; our love will not prevent our fearing Him, with such a fear as Angels may feel, a holy, trusting, reverent fear. We now see that to fulfil this first commandment, we must have none other gods but the Lord our God, in Whom we must *believe* as great and glorious, and therefore to be—?’

‘Feared,’ they replied.

Miss W. Yes; and as good, and gracious, and merciful, and therefore to be—?

‘Loved,’ they all answered.

Miss W. And so, by believing in Him, fearing Him, and loving Him, we have Him for our God, and none else besides, and thus fulfil this commandment. And now how do we break this commandment?

‘By worshipping false gods,’ said Hester.

‘By not believing in, and loving, and fearing God,’ said Margaret.

Miss W. Quite right. We have no temptation to worship false gods, like the heathen. What do they worship?

‘Gods of wood and stone,’ replied several.

Miss W. Yes; we should never think of worshipping them; yet we may really serve other gods by loving or fearing *anything* more than God. What two masters does our Saviour say we cannot serve together?

Several. God and mammon.

Miss W. If, then, we are serving mammon, or the world, what have we taken to ourselves?

Several. Another god.

Miss W. And, instead of serving our true Master, we are serving—?

‘Another master,’ they replied again.

Miss W. And so what commandment do we break?

Several. The first, ‘Thou shalt have none other gods but Me.’

Miss W. But you say by not believing in Him, fearing Him, and loving Him, we break it. Do we not all profess to believe in God?

All. Yes, Ma’am.

Miss W. Every time we repeat the Creed, what do we say?

All. ‘I believe in God.’

Miss W. And yet, girls, there are many ways in which we show that we do not believe in Him, and fear Him, as we ought. One or two I should like you to tell me. Who do we profess to believe orders everything?

‘God,’ they replied.

Miss W. And yet what did I hear one of you say the other day? ‘I can’t help it,’ I heard you say, ‘I am fated to be unfortunate.’ You were not in joke; you said it quite seriously. Whose power and providence does such a speech as that deny?

‘God’s,’ said several.

Miss W. It was not *meant*, I hope, to deny this; but surely, girls, if you really believed that every little thing is appointed by God, and that He is able to withhold what He pleases, and to give what He pleases, you would not speak of being fated to anything, as though He could not deal with you as He wills. Supposing you have many trials, Who permits them to come?

‘God,’ said Margaret.

Miss W. And what could He do in a moment if He *willed*?

‘Take them away,’ said Mary.

Miss W. Then ought you to say you are fated to anything, as though God could not change it?

‘No,’ they replied.

‘Please, Ma’am, I don’t think people think of it in that way. I’m sure I didn’t, when I said it,’ remarked Sarah.

Miss W. No, I don’t think you did; but this is its real meaning, and you showed by such a speech that you were not remembering, not really believing, so as to act upon it, that God is over all, that He is God, and none else. I fear this kind of sin is not uncommon among you. Do you never speak of chance, or good and bad luck?

‘Please, Ma’am, mother won’t let us,’ said Emily.

‘And very thankful you should be to your mother,’ replied Miss Walton. ‘Is there such a thing as chance, or luck?’

‘I suppose not,’ said one or two.

Miss W. Then, by speaking of them, and allowing yourselves to feel as though things did and would happen by chance, you are showing want of belief in God, Who is over all. What are we told even about the sparrows falling to the ground?

Agnes. ‘One of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father. But the very hairs of your head are all numbered.’ (St. Matt. x. 29, 30.)

Miss W. Therefore it is unbelief in God which makes us speak of chance or luck. Another thing I must mention, girls. I am told there is a man about here now, pretending to reveal hidden things; and that people go to him to be told their fortunes, or about lost things, of which he can know nothing, and is, therefore, deceiving, or else he knows in a wrong way. Now look at Lev. xx. 6, 7.

Margaret. ‘The soul that turneth after such as have familiar spirits, and after wizards, to go a whoring after them, I will even set My face against

that soul, and will cut him off from among his people.'

Miss W. And again in Deut. xviii. 10-13.

Rose. 'There shall not be found among you any . . . that useth divination, or an observer of times, or an enchanter, or a witch, or a charmer, or a consulter with familiar spirits, or a wizard, or a necromancer; for all that do these things are an abomination unto the Lord . . . thou shalt be perfect with the Lord thy God.'

Miss W. We see, then, that God has forbidden anything of this kind,—that it is hateful to Him, and that those who are thus guilty, are not perfect with Him, not taking Him alone for their God. In going to such a man as this, you show that you do not reverently believe in, and fear God, or you would not think that *another* could reveal what *He* has hidden. And you would *fear* to do that which He has forbidden.

'Please, Ma'am,' said Hester, 'a great many people have been to him, and they say that he knows everything. He told Mrs. Rider where her lost blankets were.'

Miss W. I cannot answer for what he knows, or does not know, Hester; of course he contrives to find out a great many things, and it is very probable he *could* tell where the lost blankets were, for it is not at all unlikely he had some hand in taking them.

'Oh no! Ma'am, they were hidden in Mrs. Rider's own garden,' said Hester; 'he said the thief was going to carry them away that night.'

'Oh Hester!' said Miss Walton, smiling, 'it required no supernatural power to be able to tell that; it is very easy to suppose that he either put them there *himself*, or employed somebody else to *do it, on purpose that they might be inquired after*.'

'But oh! Ma'am, other things more wonderful he

and they began to repeat
which to their minds, appeared
Miss Walton listened to them, and

that he is able to do these wonder-
make it less wrong for any
him. Either he has found them out in
which of course he keeps to him-
people, or he knows them in a
; and, therefore, to go to him, is
thing God has forbidden. What does
powers? How does he pretend to
things?"

Ma'am,' said Hester again, who seemed to
about him, though others had stories to
things are revealed to him, and he
wait until the answer to their question
revealed to him.'

'Very shocking,' said Miss Walton most seri-
'None can reveal hidden things but God.'
at Deut. xxix. 29.

and. 'Secret things belong unto the Lord our
Miss W. None, then, can reveal them but Him; do
think He would reveal them to such a man as
that?

'No, Ma'am, *nobody* thinks that,' replied the girls.

Miss W. Then whatever knowledge he is permit-
ted to have has been gained in a wrong way; and if
you go to him for information, or to hear your for-
tunes, you are seeking knowledge out of God in a
way that God has forbidden, and are thus grievously
sinning, and showing that you do not believe in God
alone, but in some other power of revealing secrets. 'I
want you to think of this very seriously, girls, for I fear
many people go to such a man as this thoughtlessly,
and forget *Who* has forbidden it in such plain words.
'Please, Ma'am, mother always said it was wrong,'

remarked Rose. 'Mrs. Aiford wanted her to go and ask about a ring she once lost, but she said, "No, she wouldn't, for if he knew anything about it, she was sure it was in a sinful way."'

'So did my mother,' said Margaret; 'she was talking about it only yesterday, and father said he heard that the man found out things by the stars, or by looking into the fire, and things of that kind, and he was sure it was very wrong.'

'Well, I hope you understand now that it is wrong, girls,' said Miss Walton; 'that *God* can reveal things, and not the stars and fire, independent of Him, (and this man does not even pretend to gain his knowledge from God,) and that by seeking knowledge, either of past or future things, by such means as this, we turn away from God, and show that we believe in other powers besides Him; whereas He has said, "Thou shalt have—"'

'None other gods but Me,' continued the girls.

Miss W. Another way, girls, in which we are all tempted to break this command is, by not seeing and acknowledging the hand of God in His judgments, but looking upon them as natural things, and not sent by God's permission only. What is the plague which is now scourging our land?

Several. The cholera.

Miss W. And Whose visitation is it?

'God's,' they all replied.

Miss W. Yes; and we should remember this, and not speak and think as if it were *only* caused by bad water, or bad air, and things of that kind.

'Please, Ma'am, don't they bring it?' asked Mary. 'I have heard master say, that in one street hundreds had died, all because of a bad drain.'

Miss W. In one sense these things certainly bring it, that is to say, they are the *means* God allows; and it is quite right to try and remove all such causes; but we are all inclined to forget that God is the author of the plague, and that He is the one who sends it.

these things, and that while we do all we can ourselves to escape the danger, we must pray to, and trust in Him alone. I will tell you a true story, which I think will illustrate what I mean. You know the cholera has many times visited England, and there has always been a day of humiliation set apart, on which we acknowledge that all things are in God's hands, and pray Him to remove the plague from us. The very act is an acknowledgment that all is in God's hands, that we believe in Him as above all. Well, the time before this, a day was set apart, and almost all the farmers allowed their men to go to church, while they paid them their wages as usual, and the churches were crowded with worshippers.

'You are going to church, Thomas, are you not?' said a delicate looking woman to her husband, as she saw him still sitting by the fire in his working clothes an hour before church.

'I don't know,' he replied, 'I don't see much use in it; if we are to have the cholera, we shall have it, whether I go to church or not.'

'But, Thomas,' said his wife, 'if everybody said so, there would be no prayers; and our good clergyman told us on Sunday that God had bid us pray to Him in trouble.'

'Much better clean out our town, and give us more room in our cottages,' replied Thomas; 'it's the want of this which brings the cholera.'

'Well, they are doing so,' replied his wife, 'but unless God blesses our work, that will be of no avail.'

Thomas did not reply to this, but still sat where he was. His wife prepared herself for church, and once more asked him to go, as the bell sounded invitingly, but this time he answered decidedly,

'No, I shan't go; you can go. It is not often I *get a holiday*; I shall go out with my gun for a bit.'

His wife turned away very sorrowfully, with a sinking feeling, as though God would send some

judgment upon her husband for thus refusing to acknowledge His power. She had not been gone long when Thomas rose up, and locking the house, took his gun and went into the fields. He had often done so before without any accident, and this day he loaded his gun two or three times as usual, and soon forgot that it was the fast day, and that others were humbling themselves and praying to God, while he was taking his pleasure, as though God's hand was not upon them.

The bells, however, had scarcely stopped, when, as he was once more reloading his gun, he knew not how or why, it suddenly went off, and the whole charge passed through his hand.

He was a strong man, but this pain was something more dreadful than he had ever felt, and it was with great difficulty, and not without fainting twice on the road, that he got to the hospital, which was only a field or two distant from the place where the accident happened.

While Thomas lay quietly after the dressing of the wound, he had time to think over the events of the morning, and his conversation with the clergyman the next day showed what his thoughts had been.

‘Indeed, Sir,’ he said, ‘I feel as if this accident was a judgment upon me,’ and then he repeated the conversation between him and his wife the day before. ‘I knew, Sir, that what my wife said was true, and yet I wouldn’t humble myself to acknowledge God’s power by going to church to pray to Him, and now He has sent this judgment upon me. This thought came across me, Sir, the moment the gun went off. I would not acknowledge His hand, Sir, in the cholera, but I’m obliged to acknowledge it now.’

‘It is better *you should acknowledge it now, than not at all,*’ said the clergyman, ‘and if you will, *you may make your accident a blessing to you.*’

God is speaking to you through it, and bidding you acknowledge that He alone is over all things,—that there is no other god but Him.'

'And that is true, Sir,' replied Thomas. 'I would'nt have denied that yesterday, but I wouldn't act as if I believed it.'

'Few would deny it in words,' replied the chaplain, 'but our belief can't be called real unless we act upon it, can it, Thomas?'

'Why, no, Sir,' he replied.

'No, Thomas; if nobody had acted upon this belief yesterday, there would have been no prayers said, and then we could not have expected God to remove His scourge from us. Real belief was shown by hearty prayer, and we trust God will hear our prayers.'

'Well, Sir, I hope He will,' said Thomas.

'And I hope you will learn from your accident to acknowledge God's hand in His judgments, and not in word only, but in deed also, Thomas.'

'Now, girls,' said Miss Walton, 'if anybody had asked Thomas, "Do you believe in God?" that morning, do you think he would have said "No?"'

'Oh! no, he would have said "Yes,"' they replied.

Miss W. And yet did he really believe? Did he not put other things in the place of God, and act as if He did not overrule everything?

'Yes, Ma'am,' they replied.

Miss W. And in this way we are all tempted to have other gods but One; we do not really believe in God, or fear His judgments. It was a mercy that, even by so severe an accident, Thomas should have been brought to see his fault, that he might pray, 'Lord, have mercy upon me, and incline my heart to keep this law.' Who are taught to say this prayer after the first commandment?

'Everybody,' replied the girls.

Miss W. Why?

Mary. Because we all break it.

Miss W. Yes ; and I have now shown you some ways in which even girls like you may break it. There are many other ways, but I have mentioned quite enough at once.

Miss Walton looked at her watch, and found it nearly dinner-time. 'We have talked so much,' she said, 'that our lesson has taken all the time, I can't read to-day.'

'Please, Ma'am, what became of Thomas?' asked Ruth.

'I don't know, Ruth. I never heard. I hope he went out of the hospital a better man, a truer believer in God,' replied Miss Walton.

'And, please, Ma'am, don't you know what his wife said when she came from church, and found what had happened?'

'No, I don't, but I have no doubt she was very much grieved at first ; perhaps afterwards, when she found the accident had brought him to a better mind, she may have been thankful for it.'

'Please, Ma'am, is there to be a day of fasting for the cholera now?' asked Mary.

'I believe and hope there will be. I know the bishops are consulting about it ; and if there be, I hope that there will be found no Thomases, but that we all so feel and acknowledge God's hand in our punishment, that we shall willingly humble ourselves, and pray to God. But indeed, girls, you must go. So put away your books quickly.'

The girls did so, and as they walked home together, Margaret remarked, 'That was strange about the man, wasn't it?'

'It was very strange,' said Anna ; 'and Miss Walton said it was true.'

'I remember mother telling me something very like it,' said Rose.

'What was it?' asked several.

‘It happened when she was a little maid,’ returned Rose. ‘A party of boys came to invite one of her brothers—Uncle Charles, you know him, he came to see mother last summer.’

‘Yes, I mind,’ replied one or two.

‘Well, it was a fine Sunday morning, and they came and asked him to go and bathe in the river; it was a large river, mother says, such as we have never seen. The church bell was ringing, and Uncle Charles always went to church, so he said he couldn’t go with them then: one of the boys asked, why not? and Uncle Charles said, “Because I be bound to church.”

“Never mind church,” some of them answered; a bathe to-day will do you more good than going to church.”

Grandmother was standing by, and she answered,

“You might say so, perhaps, my lad, if there were no God above us Who hears our prayers.”

One of the biggest boys laughed out, and replied saucily, “Well! old woman, that’s all very well for you to say, but *I* don’t think it makes much difference as to whether the bathing or going to church will do us most good. Come along, Charles, do, and never mind the old woman and her prayers.”

Mother says, for a minute Uncle Charles hesitated, and then refused again. The boys turned away, and the big lad called out again in ridicule, “Much good may your prayers do you!”

On week-days Uncle Charles had often gone bathing with these very boys, and he was very fond of it, so that it was hard work to say “no;” and they were all good swimmers.

Grandmother said to him when they had gone, “Thou’lt not repent choosing God before thy own *pleasure, my boy!*”

Well, do you know, that great boy was drowned. He was ready, they say, first, and jumped into the

water, and they suppose the cramp got hold of him, for he struggled and struggled, and before any of his companions could go to help him, was carried down the stream, and before he could be got out he was quite dead !

‘Your Uncle Charles would never forget that, I should think !’ said one or two.

‘No ; mother says he never did. He always minded it if he saw anybody choosing their own pleasure instead of going to church.’

The last part of this story had been told standing outside the garden-gate of Rose’s home ; the rest stood round her, anxious to hear the end, and might have stood longer, had not Mrs. Lunn called to Ruth and Rose to come in. The rest then separated, and as little Agnes walked on, accompanied a few steps by Jane and Harriet, she remarked in a low voice,

‘I suppose Miss Walton would say those boys didn’t really believe in God, and love and fear Him, or they wouldn’t have thought bathing would do them more good than going to church.’

‘I dont know, I suppose so,’ said Jane, as she and Harriet turned into their cottage, and Agnes was left to pursue her walk, with only her little sisters for companions. Matthew never joined them on their way home. ‘He wouldn’t be plagued with their slow walking,’ he said.

LESSON XXXIV.

SECOND COMMANDMENT.

HONOUR AND WORSHIP DUE TO GOD ALONE.

I DARE say my readers remember that there was daily service at Forley from the time of Mr. Spencer's coming; but it so happened this week that business called Mr. Spencer away for a few days, and Mr. Walton's throat was just at that time in such a delicate state, that his medical man forbade him to take the duty, and the service was obliged to be given up for those few days. Miss Walton, however, had said to the children, both boys and girls, on Sunday evening, that she and Mr. Walton purposed going to the town church on Wednesday evening, where there was service, and that any who liked to go, might come to the Vicarage and go with them. Accordingly, when Wednesday evening arrived, most of the first-class girls made their appearance, and three or four of the boys: Alfred, and George, little James Lunn, and David.

Miss Walton admitted them into the sitting-room, as they were too early for church, and she did not like their staying out in the dark, waiting. They enjoyed this, and were in high spirits; Alfred, as usual, taking his station as near Miss Walton as he could get; and little Ruth, and Rose, and Margaret, gathering round Mr. Walton, who began to talk to *them about various things.*

‘Please, Sir, is your throat better?’ asked Margaret.

‘No, Margaret,’ he replied. ‘I’ve great doubts whether I ought to go out to-night; but I’m afraid you would run away with Miss Walton if I let her go without me.’

‘Oh, no, Sir! we shouldn’t,’ replied some; while little Ruth, in a mischievous tone whispered, ‘But I think we would!’

‘Please, Sir, I’ll take care of Miss Walton!’ cried Alfred. ‘I’ll bring her safe back: the maidens shan’t touch her!’

‘Without joking, do you think you had better not go out?’ asked Miss Walton. ‘If so, don’t let *me* take you. I’m not at all afraid of trusting myself with such a number of little guards.’

‘If it is cold, I’m sure I had better not; but I shouldn’t wish to stay if I can help it,’ he replied.

Some of the children cried out that it wasn’t cold, others said it was, so Miss Walton got up and went to the front door, to judge for her brother, and returned saying,

‘It is worse than cold: it is foggy; I am sure you had better not go out.’

‘Well, then, Alfred, I commit Miss Walton to your and Ruth’s care,’ said Mr. Walton; ‘and now, I think, it’s time you were going.’

Miss Walton ran up-stairs, and soon returned with her things on, ready to start.

Alfred instantly possessed himself of her prayer-book and umbrella, and placed himself at her side, by way of showing that he considered himself responsible for her safety.

‘You come to the other side, Ruth,’ said Miss Walton, ‘and then I think I shall be quite safe.’

It seemed dark when they first went outside; but after a time their eyes became accustomed to it, and they got along *very well*. It was only about ten

minutes' walk ; up the hill on one side, a little down on the other.

When they reached the church, Miss Walton led the way to the free-seats, and placing a row of girls in one seat, she went with the rest and the boys into one behind, Alfred still keeping next to her.

There was, however, I am glad to say, no play or talking in church among the Forley children ; but Miss Walton was sorry to see some of the young people of the town, who sat near, behaving very irreverently, often looking towards their seats, and evidently remarking upon them.

Service, however, began, and Miss Walton tried to forget them, and join in heart and voice in the service. Most of her own children did the same, but she was pained to notice, on rising up after the confession, that Hester, Sarah, and Bessie (who sat right in front of her,) had not been kneeling. There were no hassocks or kneeling-boards, and thinking that perhaps this was the reason, just as the congregation were about to kneel next time, she handed to them a large wrapper shawl, which she had taken off, and told them they might kneel upon it. Blushing very much, Hester took it, (for Miss Walton instantly knelt down herself, without giving time for a reply,) but ashamed to use it, laid it on the seat, and with a little hesitation, and a glance at the town girls, the three knelt down. The voices of her children, subdued, yet clear, sounded pleasantly around Miss Walton, and helped her to forget that she was in a strange church ; she thought, however, as she was reading the Psalms, that the same three girls who had not knelt, were not responding aloud ; they were, however, looking at their books, so she did not take any notice of it.

It was raining when they came out of church, and very little passed between her and the children on *the way home*. Alfred held the umbrella over her,

so that she might have her hands at liberty to keep her dress out of the mud ; and (to allow one of the other girls to share Rose's umbrella) she took little Ruth again by her side, and wrapped the end of her large shawl around her. As they reached the gate, and she said, ' Good-night, girls, make haste home,' Hester stepped up to her, saying,

' Please, Ma'am, it wasn't because there was nothing to kneel on that we didn't kneel this evening : nobody hardly kneels in that church.'

' Think whether that was any better reason, Hester,' said Miss Walton. ' I can't stand to talk to you now, it is raining too much, so good-night.'

' Good-night, Ma'am,' she replied, and ran after the others.

Alfred was not satisfied without seeing Miss Walton safely inside her front door, and then, thanking him, she said,

' Keep the umbrella to go home with, only let me have it back in the morning.'

' Thank you, Ma'am ; good-night,' he replied, as she shut the door.

Miss Walton had no opportunity, until the following Sunday afternoon, of speaking to the girls about their not kneeling. She would not speak in the school-room in the morning, both because she felt she would rather do it in the quiet of her own room, and because Bessie was not at school.

The subject which came for the afternoon lesson she might almost have chosen for her purpose, though, as it will be seen, it came in regular course.

Bessie, as well as the rest, was there, and after hearing them say the commandments, and the duty to God, Miss Walton said,

' Let me hear you say the second commandment, Harriet.'

' Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image, nor the likeness of *anything that is in heaven above,*

or in the earth beneath, or in the water under the earth. Thou shalt not bow down to them, nor worship them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, and visit the sins of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate Me, and show mercy unto thousands in them that love Me, and keep My commandments,' she stood up and repeated.

Miss W. Again addressing each person, then, God, first, forbids us to make any images—what, secondly?

Several. To bow down to them.

Miss W. What, thirdly?

All. To worship them.

Miss W. Yes, even without bowing down to them. But does this commandment forbid us to make, for any purpose, a figure of man or beast?

Rose. No; only that they are not to be made for gods.

Miss W. Just so; they are neither to be made to represent the True God, nor false gods. Can you give me any reason why it is wrong to make any image, or picture, to represent the True God? I think you told me not long ago. (See Lesson xiii. and Deut. iv. 12, 13.)

'Because God is a Spirit,' said Mary. (St. John, iv. 24.)

Miss W. Quite right; and, therefore, not to be represented by any figure. Therefore God says—'Thou shalt not'—?

'Make to thyself any graven image,' continued the girls.

Miss W. What does 'graven' mean?

'Carved, or cut out,' said Sarah.

Miss W. Out of what do we read of images being graven?

Several. Wood and stone.

'And gold,' said Margaret. 'Aaron made a calf of gold.'

Miss W. Yes, which, we are told, he fashioned with a graving tool. (Exod. xxxii. 4.) And, seeing that God is a Spirit, and, therefore, not to be represented by any image man can devise, we are first simply forbidden to make *any* graven image to represent Him; but what is further forbidden?

Anna. To make 'the likeness of anything in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the water under the earth.'

Miss W. Yes; this is further added, because of the false gods which the heathens worshipped; some worshipping the sun, and moon, and stars, belonging to—what?

Agnes. Heaven above.

Miss W. Others worshipping oxen, and calves, and, I believe, cats, and lower animals belonging to—?

'The earth,' said several.

Miss W. Yes, and the Egyptians, from among whom the Jews had just come, worshipped crocodiles, animals which live mostly in the water; therefore God adds—what?

'The water under the earth,' continued Jane.

Miss W. Just so; seeing that man had corrupted himself by worshipping things in heaven, earth, and water, God particularly forbids them all, or that any likeness should be made of them, for adoration.

'I can't think how they could worship such things as animals; how *could* they think that they were gods?' said Emily.

Miss W. Indeed, one wonders much; but all the heathen did not think that the animals *themselves* were gods, only that the spirit of the gods dwelt in them, and in the images they made of them—this was one kind of idolatry: others really worshipped the things themselves, as, for instance, the sun was really worshipped by many heathen nations. When the country of Peru, in South America, was discovered. about 300 years ago, the inhabitants all wor-

shipped the sun, and splendid temples were found built to its honour, full of gold and golden ornaments ; and they thought when bad weather lasted for a long time, and the sun did not shine, that it was angry, and then they prayed to it and propitiated it by offerings.

‘How strange it seems!’ said Anna. ‘How could they think so, when the sun so often does not shine?’

‘In that country it shines much more than here,’ replied Miss Walton. ‘But there was still another kind of idolatry. Some professed to worship the *True God*, but represented Him by figures, as the Jews did when they made the calf. They tried to worship Him according to their own devices. Are not all these kinds of idolatry forbidden by this commandment?’

All. Yes, Ma’am.

Miss W. Yes; thou shalt not make any graven image, to represent the true God; nor shalt thou make likenesses of anything in heaven, earth, or water, to represent false gods, or as though the things themselves were gods, to whom honour was due. They were not to make them, nor to—?

Hester. ‘Bow down to them, nor worship them.’

Miss W. This is what the commandment forbids. It is a continuation of the first. In the first God condemns all false gods; in this He—?

‘Forbids us to worship them,’ said Rose.

‘Or to make likenesses of them,’ added Anna.

Miss W. Or of Himself either. And then He goes on to put before us three motives for our obedience to this command. What is the first?

Agnes. ‘For I the Lord thy God am a jealous God.’

Miss W. Then, secondly, what does He say that He does?

Harriet. Visits ‘the sins of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation of *them that hate Me.*’

Miss W. And He gives still a third motive for obedience. How does He deal with those who love Him and keep His commandments?

Several. Shows them mercy.

Miss W. He is a jealous God; what does that mean? (They did not answer, and Miss Walton continued,) I think you can tell me. *Why* was not worship, &c. to be given to false gods?

Mary. Because God only ought to be worshipped: 'Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve.' (St. Matt. iv. 10.)

Miss W. Just so. Worship and honour are due to Him alone, and He will not allow them to be given to others. *Now* what is meant by His being a jealous God?

'That He will not allow the worship due to Him to be given to another,' said several.

Miss W. Quite right. Look how St. Paul speaks of a '*godly jealousy*.' (2 Cor. xi. 2, 3.)

Bessie. 'For I am jealous over you with godly jealousy: for I have espoused you to one husband, that I may present you as a chaste virgin to Christ. But I fear, lest by any means, as the serpent beguiled Eve through his subtilty, so your minds should be corrupted from the simplicity that is in Christ.'

Miss W. Yes, he was afraid lest they should believe in some other gospel besides the true one he had preached, to which alone their belief was due; and so he says he is jealous with a *godly jealousy*, as God is jealous, forbidding us to give the honour to another which is *due* to Him.* Do you remember any of the many passages where God is spoken of as a jealous God? Look at Exod. xxxiv. 14.

* The difference between this and human jealousy is very plain. The jealousy of man is anger that the glory, or praise, which is *not his* due, is given to another, to whom, perhaps, it is due. Godly jealousy is the just anger of God when that which is His due, and *His alone*, is given to another. This may, perhaps, remove the difficulty which this word suggests.

‘For thou shalt worship no other God : for the Lord, Whose Name is Jealous, is a jealous God.’

Anna. ‘For the Lord thy God is a consuming fire, even a jealous God.’ (Deut. iv. 24.)

Miss W. God, then, will not have His due given to another ; therefore, He says, ‘Thou shalt not’—?

Ruth. ‘Make to thyself any graven images nor bow down to them, nor worship them.’

Miss W. Yes ; for these things are *His* due. Then He goes on to tell us how He deals with those who refuse to obey Him. What does He say?

All. ‘Visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children.’

Miss W. For how long ?

Several. ‘To the third and fourth generation of them that hate Me.’

Miss W. This, girls, is a very awful and mysterious subject. It is awful when we see it in the world ; it is awful when we read of it in the Bible. In real life we do, indeed, see that children suffer for the sins of their parents ; what, therefore, do we pray in the Litany ?

Agnes. ‘Remember not, Lord, our offences, nor the offences of our forefathers.’

Miss W. Yes ; we pray God, not (in our case) to fulfil His threatenings. But when children do thus suffer for their parents’ sins, Whose visitation is it ?

Mary. God’s. ‘But *I the Lord thy God* am a jealous God, *and visit* the sins of the fathers upon the children.’ (See also Exod. xxxiv. 7.)

Miss W. Other passages in the Bible teach us the same thing, that the visitation is from God. Look at Isaiah, lxv. 6, 7.

Sarah. ‘I will not keep silence, but will recompense, even recompense into their bosom, your iniquities, and the iniquities of your fathers together, saith the Lord.’

Miss W. And is it not better that it should be by

God's visitation, than by mere natural consequence ? For—Look at Lam. iii. 31–33.

Hester. 'For the Lord will not cast off for ever : but though He cause grief, yet will He have compassion according to the multitude of His mercies. For He doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men.'

Miss W. In God's visitation, mercy is ever ready to rejoice against judgment. He does not willingly afflict—why, then, does He afflict at all ?

'To do us good,' said several.

Miss W. Yes, 'for our profit.' Children may suffer for the sins of their parents, but those very sufferings may be the means of leading them to the love and service of God ; to what are they then turned ?

'Blessings,' said Margaret.

Miss W. It is of the very nature of God's visitations to bring good out of evil, if they are received in a right spirit. But, further, though God visits the iniquities of the fathers upon the children, He does not suffer them to *bear* their iniquities. It is not a crushing load of guilt which weighs them down. Look at Ezekiel, xviii. 20, 21.

Rose. 'The son shall not bear the iniquity of the father, neither shall the father bear the iniquity of the son : the righteousness of the righteous shall be upon him, and the wickedness of the wicked shall be upon him If the wicked will turn from all his sins that he hath committed, and keep all My statutes, and do that which is lawful and right, he shall surely live, he shall not die.'

Miss W. 'He shall not die;' what death does that mean ?

Mary. Eternal death.

Miss W. Yes, all are subject to *natural death* ; but God promises (as you will see if you read this chapter carefully at home) not to punish the sins of the fathers in the children in the next life, and not

to let them *bear* their father's sins even in this life ; though children may suffer much, because of them. 'Every man shall bear his own burden,' St. Paul says. (Gal. vi. 5.) What, however, have we seen such sufferings may be turned into ?

'Blessings,'* replied three or four.

Miss W. If children, however, follow the sins of their parents, then will it be only in this world that they suffer ?

'No, in the next too,' said Rose solemnly.

Miss W. Yes ; their own sins, as well as their parents', will find out those who hate God, both here, and, what is far more awful, hereafter also. But you said God gave a third reason why we should worship Him alone. What is it ?

Mary. Because He will show mercy to thousands in them that love Him, and keep His commandments.

Miss W. Yes, He does not only show mercy to the 'third and fourth generation,' but to—?

'Thousands,' said Agnes.

Miss W. His mercy is greater than His anger ; He is jealous, and will punish those who defraud Him of His due honour ; but to those who *give* it, He will—?

'Show mercy,' said several.

Miss W. How ?

'Abundantly,' whispered little Agnes.

Miss W. Yes. Look how the Prophet Nahum speaks in the same way. Chap. i. 2, 3. 7.

Emily. '*God is jealous, and the Lord revengeth ; the Lord revengeth, and is furious ; the Lord will take vengeance on His adversaries, and He reserveth wrath for His enemies. The Lord is slow to anger, and great in power . . . The Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble.*'

* See the story of 'Margaret of Conway' in the Penny Post for 1854.

Miss W. Now consider, girls, how different is the power of the false gods. Can they punish those who set them at nought?

All. No, Ma'am, for they are not gods at all.

Miss W. When Elijah slew the prophets of Baal at Kishon, was Baal able to revenge himself?

All. No, Ma'am.

Miss W. Could he even hear the prayer of his worshippers, when they cried with all their might?

Rose. No, they 'called on the name of Baal from morning even until noon, saying, O Baal, hear us. But there was no voice, nor any that answered.' (1 Kings, xviii. 26. See also 27-29. And Judges, vi. 28-32.)

Miss W. But was it so when Elijah prayed to the True God?

Anna. No, the fire of God fell, and consumed the sacrifice. (30-39.)

Miss W. And when the ark of God was put into the temple of Dagon, what happened?

Sarah. The image fell to the ground. (See 1 Sam. v. 1-4.)

Miss W. And could it raise itself up again?

All. No, Ma'am. And when the men of the place raised it up, it fell a second time, and broke.

Miss W. God, then, proclaims Himself as, not helpless, like the false gods, but as a jealous God, who can and will punish—?

'The wicked,' continued the girls, 'and reward the good.'

Miss W. Therefore, He alone is worthy of—what?

'Worship,' they replied.

Miss W. Look at Jer. x. 5-7. After speaking of false gods, what does he say?

Emily. 'Be not afraid of them, for *they cannot* do evil, neither also is it in *them* to do good. Forasmuch as there is none like unto *Thee*, O Lord. *Thou art great, and Thy Name is great in might.* Who would not fear Thee, O King of nations?'

Miss W. Then, again, he goes on to speak of the worthlessness of idols, and what does he say in verse 10?

Ruth. 'But the *Lord is the True God*, He is the living God, and an everlasting King: at His wrath the earth shall tremble, and the nations shall not be able to abide His indignation.'

Miss W. I should like you to read this chapter, from the 1st to the 17th verse, at home by yourselves. And now, girls, do you think that you are in any way tempted to break this commandment?

'We shouldn't worship false gods, I'm sure,' said Hester.

'We say, "Lord, have mercy upon us," after it,' said Mary.

Miss W. Yes, Mary, we ask for mercy, as though we feel that we break it; shall we, then, see how we can break it?

'Please, Ma'am,' they all answered.

Miss W. Let us, then, see what it *commands* as well as what it *forbids*, and then we shall see how easily we can break it. Why did you say it was wrong to worship and bow down to false gods and images?

Rose. Because worship is only due to God.

Miss W. Then, in *forbidding* us to offer adoration to *false* gods, to Whom does it bid us offer it?

Several. To the True God.

Miss W. Just so. It bids us worship and bow down to the True God. Does not the answer in the Catechism on your duty to God tell you this? You learn to—?

All. 'Worship Him, to give Him thanks, to put my whole trust in Him, to call upon Him.'

Miss W. Then when God, in the second commandment, forbids us to worship false gods, He really bids us—?

'Worship Him,' said several.

Miss W. And when He forbids us to bow down to them, He—?

‘Bids us bow down to *Him*,’ said Agnes.

Miss W. Just so; for He goes on to say, ‘I am a jealous God. Give not, therefore, what is My due, to others, but give it to Me.’ Now, tell me, how can we break this commandment?

Several. By not worshipping Him.

‘By not giving Him thanks, not calling upon Him, or trusting in Him,’ added Margaret.

Miss W. Quite right. Now, do you think we always worship God, and give Him thanks, and call upon Him, when we ought to do so?

‘Not always,’ said several.

Miss W. Then do we not break this commandment?

All. Yes, Ma’am.

Miss W. We need not, then, be afraid of praying, ‘Lord, have mercy upon me.’* But I should like you to tell me some *particular* ways in which, I am afraid, we all break it, and some of you too often. What do you mean by ‘worship’?

‘Prayer to Him,’ said some.

Miss W. That is an act of worship; but we can worship God when we are not actually praying to Him. Can’t you tell me how?

(The girls did not answer, and Miss Walton asked,) How should you *feel* towards God?

‘Reverently,’ replied one or two.

Miss W. Then you can worship Him by always feeling veneration or reverence for Him; by never thinking or speaking of Him without a feeling of worship, though you need say no words. Do you think you all do this?

‘No, Ma’am,’ they replied.

* Various examples might be given of trusting in human help rather than God’s, of ingratitude, of neglecting to call upon Him, which would *vary the practical lesson* of this chapter.

Miss W. Indeed I am sure you don't; you show it by your actions. If you *feel* reverently, how will you speak of God and holy things?

'Reverently,' they replied.

Miss W. And how will you act?

'Reverently,' they replied again.

Miss W. Give me an instance in which you may act reverently, or irreverently, in dealing with holy things?

'In reading our Bible,' said Mary, 'or repeating texts.'

Miss W. Just so, Mary. Of Whom does the Bible speak?

All God.

Miss W. Should you, then, read it with the carelessness of a common book?

Margaret. No, Ma'am, but carefully.

Miss W. Yes; and if you really were worshipping God as He bids you, would you not remember this? Yet have I not had to speak this very day about your careless manner of reading? But, further, what outward act of worship are we bidden to give to God?

'To bow down to Him,' said Anna.

Miss W. How do we bow down?

Several. By kneeling, and bowing at the Name of Jesus.

Miss W. And have we any right to neglect these duties?

Several. No, Ma'am.

Miss W. No.—God says you are not to bow down to false gods—why?

Rose. Because it is an honour due to Him: 'I am jealous God.'

Miss W. That is just the answer I wanted you to give; it shows that you are attentive, Rose. God speaks plainly by this command, that bowing is an honour due to Him. Dare we, then,

withhold from Him His due? Dare we sit at ease when we are professing to worship Him, or giving Him thanks? I am afraid you forgot this on Wednesday last at the town church. You not only withheld from God His due, but gave the honour to others.

‘Oh! Ma’am, how?’ said Hester.

‘I judge from your own words, Hester: what did you say to me when you bade me good-night?’ asked Miss Walton.

‘Please, Ma’am, I said we didn’t sit because there was nothing to kneel upon, but because nobody knelt in that church hardly.’

Miss W. And you would have said further, that you didn’t like to do differently to them; you were afraid of their noticing it, and remarking upon it.

‘Yes, Ma’am,’ replied the three girls who had not knelt down.

Miss W. Now, were you not showing reverence to *their opinion* more than to *God*? God had bid you bow down to Him; they, by their example, bade you not bow down. You gave the obedience which was due to God to them. You thought more of their opinion than of God’s. You gave them the fear which ought to have been given to Him. Is not this true, girls?

Sarah blushed, and replied, ‘We did not think of it so. We only thought the town girls would laugh at us for kneeling, and so they did.’

‘I dare say they did,’ returned Miss Walton, ‘though I am very sorry that they should, for their own sakes. But to *Whom* is your attention due? to them, or to God, Who bids you bow down?’

‘To God,’ they all replied.

Miss W. But did you give it to Him?

Bessie. No, Ma’am.

Miss W. You attended to what you thought the idle girls would say, not to what God says. Yet

how have you told me you break this commandment? By giving to others—?

‘What is due to God,’ they answered.

Miss W. I hope you see, girls, that you did wrong on Wednesday. I fear it was the same thing which kept some of you from responding aloud. It was too late to talk to you that evening, so I am glad that this opportunity has come. We break this commandment when we give the honour, or worship, the love, or fear, or trust, to *others*, which is due to God; and is it not very sad that you should fear the laugh of the irreverent more than His words? If you had remembered that He had said, ‘I am’—?

‘A jealous God,’ continued one or two, as Miss Walton stopped. ●

Miss W. Yes, if you had remembered this, you would not then, I think, have minded the laugh of your companions more than His words—you would not have feared them more than Him, for He will visit—?

‘The sins of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate Him,’ repeated Emily.

Miss W. But He will show mercy to those who give Him the honour and worship which are His due, and who fear Him above all. Of whom does He say He will be ashamed in the Last Day?

Rose. ‘Whosoever, therefore, shall be ashamed of Me and of My words in this adulterous and sinful generation, of him also shall the Son of Man be ashamed, when He cometh in the glory of His Father with the holy angels.’ (St. Mark, viii. 38.)

Miss W. But, on the other hand, Whom does He promise to confess?

Several. Whosoever shall confess Him. (St. Matt. x. 32.)

Miss W. Think this over by yourselves, girls. It was not me you sinned against (any more than that

I've often told you to kneel in church,) it was God. But do you owe most obedience to me or to God?

'To God,' they all replied.

Miss W. Yes; I was glad that when I bade you kneel you obeyed, because in doing so you were obeying God, Who has told you to submit yourselves to—whom?

'Those that have the rule over us,' said one or two.

Miss W. Yes; but I should have been more glad to have seen elder girls like you, who know what is right, obey God without my having to speak. Would it not have been better if you had knelt, because God bids you bow down to Him, than because I did?

'Yes, Ma'am,' they replied, in a very 'subdued manner.

Miss W. Indeed it would, girls, and I hope another time you will. I would much rather you did right, because God tells you, than only to please me. Don't you know this?

'Yes, Ma'am,' they replied, the three offending girls as heartily as the others.

As they walked home, Sarah, always quick of feeling, thought over Miss Walton's words, and felt really sorry she had minded the laugh of the town girls; she thought she would not another time, that she would really do right without regard to anybody. Bessie thought no more about it, and Hester, though she felt the truth of what Miss Walton had said, and had strength of character enough to have acted upon it if she had tried, put away the thought, and did not even make the feeble resolution that Sarah had done. The same thing would not come over again, she thought, so she need not trouble herself about it; she did not stop to think whether similar things would not happen, when she might act upon the lesson, and give God the honour due unto His Name, without respect to man.

LESSON XXXV.

THE THIRD COMMANDMENT.

‘WHAT is the Third Commandment?’ asked Miss Walton.

‘Thou shalt not take the Name of the Lord thy God in vain: for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His Name in vain,’ they all repeated together.

Miss W. This command gives rules for—what?

‘Our tongue and speech,’ replied Rose, remembering what Miss Walton had said a Sunday or two before.

Miss W. What are we forbidden to do?

Several. To take God’s Name in vain.

Miss W. And what motive is given for our obedience? What does God threaten?

Margaret. ‘The Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His Name in vain.’

Miss W. A fear of God’s judgment is the motive put before us. *What* is that which we are not to take in vain?

All. God’s Name.

Miss W. The name is that by which anything is made known to us. Do you say you know a person before you have heard his name?

Several. No, Ma’am.

Miss W. Now, God has made Himself known to us in many ways. First, by His titles. What did He call Himself to Abraham?

ia. 'I am the Almighty God.' (Gen. xvii. 1.)

s *W.* And to Moses?

ral. 'I AM THAT I AM.' (Ex. iii. 14.)

s *W.* To Abraham He called Himself 'Almighty' but to Moses He further revealed Himself by new Name; therefore He says afterwards, 'I appeared unto Abraham, unto Isaac, and unto Jacob, by the Name of'—?

nd Almighty,' continued the girls, 'but by My JEHOVAH was I not known to them.' (Chap.

s *W.* He revealed Himself still further by His titles or attributes. Do you know what I

, Ma'am,' they replied.

, I suppose not; but I think I can make you understand,' said Miss Walton, 'if you are attentive. Did He proclaim Himself to Moses when He said, "show me Thy glory"?'

h. 'The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth.' (Ex. xxxiv. 6.)

s *W.* Very well, then these—mercy, and goodness, and truth, &c., are His properties or attributes, they belong to, and come from, Him. If we are good or truthful, who gives us grace to be so? They replied.

s *W.* But does *He* receive these qualities from others?

ral. No, Ma'am, they are His own.

s *W.* Just so. He *is* goodness, and He *is* love, they are His attributes, and flow *from* Him to others. He further makes Himself known, by His—?

tributes,' said Rose.

s love, and mercy, and truth,' said others.

s *W.* Very good. These, then, are also included in His NAME;—these attributes or qualities

by which He makes Himself known to us. But has He not revealed Himself in other ways too?

‘By His Word,’ said Agnes.

‘By Jesus Christ,’ said Margaret.

Miss W. Quite right. And also He still reveals Himself in ordinances. What do I mean by ‘ordinances’?

‘Religious services,’ said Rose.

Miss W. What are our two chief religious services?

Margaret. The two Sacraments.

Miss W. Why are they the chief?

Rose. Because ordained by Christ Himself.

Miss W. Very good. And in them He communicates Himself, and so makes Himself intimately known. How did Christ reveal Himself to the two on their way to Emmaus?

Several. ‘In breaking of bread.’ (St. Luke, xxiv. 35.)

Miss W. But are there not other ordinances also through which He reveals Himself?

‘Confirmation,’ said some.

‘The daily service,’ said others, ‘and ordination.’

Miss W. Yes; He reveals Himself to us through all religious services. Then, when we are commanded not to take His *Name* in vain, we learn not only to reverence His Titles, such as—?

‘LORD, GOD, and JEHOVAH,’ said several.

Miss W. Yes; but what else do we learn to reverence?

‘His attributes,’ said Anna, ‘and His Word.’

‘And His sacraments, and all religious services,’ added others.

Miss W. You must remember this, rightly to understand how much this commandment forbids, and how much it commands. Now, can you give me any texts which speak of God’s Name as great and holy?

Mary. ‘They shall give thanks unto Thy Name, which is great, wonderful, and holy.’ (Ps. xcix. 3.)

Ruth. 'The Name of the Lord is a strong tower: the righteous runneth into it, and is safe.' (Prov. xviii. 10.)

Miss W. Look also at Ps. cxi. 9.

Jane. 'He hath commanded His covenant for ever, holy and reverend is His Name.' (See also Ps. lxxii. 17; lxxxiii. 18. Isa. lvii. 15; lxiii. 12. 14. Jer. xxiii. 6. Dan. ii. 20.)

Miss W. And when were we made partakers of this holy Name?

'In our Baptism,' said one or two. 'We were baptized in "the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."'

Miss W. What are we commanded about this holy Name?

All. Not to take it in vain.

Miss W. Now, how can you take His Name in vain?

Hester. By cursing and swearing.

'By saying God's Name without thought,' said Margaret.

'Speaking it lightly,' added Emily.

Miss W. Yes, these are the most direct ways; but if His Name means also His Word, and attributes, and religious ordinances, how can we break this commandment?

Anna. By listening to, or reading the Bible carelessly.

'By not paying attention at church,' said Mary.

Miss W. Yes, and by despising His mercy, speaking slightly of His goodness, or mocking at His truth. We as truly take His Name in vain by speaking lightly of His attributes, as by using His Name lightly. What does the expression, 'In vain,' mean? If I sent you for a book into the other room, and it was not there, you would say that your trouble had been—?

'In vain, to no purpose,' said two or three.

Miss W. Then we take God's Name in vain when we use it to—?

'No purpose,' said several.

Miss W. Just so. Who, then, can say that he is not guilty? When we begin our prayers, Whom do we address?

'God,' they all replied.

Miss W. But if you are not thinking of the words you say—of *Whose* Name you utter, what have you done?

'Taken It in vain,' said Emily.

'Used It to no purpose,' replied Agnes.

Miss W. Yes, even in your very prayers you break this commandment too often; it may be from infirmity, but still it is broken. But if you do not *try* to attend to your prayers, then is your sin wilful. But it is worse still if we use His Name in common conversation. You would be surprised, girls, if I accused you of swearing, would you not?

'Oh! Ma'am, we would not swear!' cried most of them.

Miss W. Not deliberately, I hope; but have I not sometimes heard such expressions as these, 'Would to God,' and 'God knows,' used by you quite about common things? Do you really *think* about God when you use such expressions?

'No, Ma'am, I suppose not. One says those things because they come naturally,' returned Sarah.

Miss W. That is to say, you do not think what you say, and thus take God's Name in vain; say It without a purpose. And what is that expression, girls, about which Mr. Walton and I have so often spoken?

'Please, Ma'am, do you mean "lor"?' asked Jane.

Miss W. Yes, Jane, some of you have taken pains and left it off. I have told you before that it is but a short way of saying 'Lord.' Some of you I have been shocked to hear say that holy Name merely as

an expression of surprise. And also 'Mercy,' or 'Lord, have mercy,' 'goodness,' 'my goodness,' 'gracious,' &c. By all these expressions what are you doing?

'Taking God's Name in vain,' said Mary.

'Please, Ma'am, is it wrong to say, 'Upon my word,' and 'upon my honour?' asked Bessie; 'Alfred will have that it is.'

Miss W. Our Lord's Sermon on the Mount will answer you that question. What does He say? 'Let your communication be'—?

'Yea, yea; Nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than these, cometh of evil,' continued two or three.

Miss W. Yes, all such expressions, then, come of evil. He says, 'Swear *not at all*'—?

'Neither by heaven, for it is God's throne: nor by the earth, for it is His footstool Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black.'

Miss W. And what is the difference between swearing by your head, or by your honour, or your word?

'But, please, Ma'am, we don't *swear* by it,' said Bessie.

Miss W. Yes you do, Bessie. You say, 'Upon my word,' that is, you call upon your word, or honour, as a witness to the truth of what you say, which is what people do when they swear by anything else. Such expressions had much better not be used. What is meant by cursing?

Several. Wishing evil to others.

Miss W. Rather calling it down upon them. Now this, perhaps, is not so common, except among those who are utterly careless; and yet, even by cursing, you may break this command; when you are angry with each other, do you never wish evil to each other, and express the wish? Such expressions as 'confound you,' said either to a person or a thing, is cursing; and people who are angry will often say

those things when perhaps they wouldn't at other times. Is it not so?

'Please, Ma'am, people don't know what they say when they are angry,' said Margaret.

Miss W. Is that any excuse, do you think?

Several. No, Ma'am.

'It only makes it worse,' said little Agnes in her quiet way, as if speaking to herself.

'Why, Agnes?' asked Miss Walton.

'Please, Ma'am, isn't it two sins instead of one?' she asked.

Miss W. Yes, Agnes, you are quite right; the anger is one sin, and the sinful word whereby the anger is shown, is another. Therefore, anger is no excuse for—?

'Saying bad words,' continued two or three.

Miss W. But there is one way of breaking this command which I have often heard among the labouring poor, and especially servants; and that is, if they are accused of anything, instead of simply denying it if not guilty, they deny it with *violent language*. They even call God to witness, and curse themselves—wish that they may die, or some evil happen to them, if they are not speaking the truth. This is very shocking, girls; this is indeed taking God's holy Name in vain, and cursing, for you curse yourselves. How awful it would be if God heard your curse! if you did die; and I have too often found that such violent language was only used when the words spoken were not quite truthful. I hope indeed, girls, that you will never fall into this dreadful way. Remember the *plain truth is strong enough by itself*; it requires no sinful language to strengthen it. And now you have told me what is *forbidden* by this command, tell me what is *commanded*?

Several. 'That we should honour God's holy Name.'

Miss W. And by His Name you mean—?

Several. His attributes, His Word, the Sacraments, and all religious services.

Miss W. And how can you honour these?

Agnes. By reverencing them.

Miss W. Yes, in thought, word, and action. You say that you are commanded to honour His Sacraments: what are they?

All. Baptism and the Supper of the Lord.

Miss W. Do you remember our Lord's parable of the marriage feast?

Several. Yes, Ma'am. (See St. Matt. xxii. 1-14.)

Miss W. Many were invited, and when the supper was ready, what did the king do?

Several. 'Sent forth his servants to call them that were bidden.'

Miss W. Did they come?

All. No; they all began, with one consent, to make excuse.

Miss W. What did they value more than the feast prepared?

'Their farms and oxen,' said Mary.

Miss W. Did they, then, honour the feast prepared?

'No, they despised it, "made light of it,"' said three or four.

Miss W. How did they show this?

'By not going to it,' said Emily.

'By thinking more of their farms and oxen,' said Mary.

Miss W. Were they held guiltless by the king?

Harriet. No, he was very angry.

Miss W. Now what is the feast to which *we* are all invited?

'The Lord's Supper,' answered Anna.

Miss W. Is it all prepared for us?

Several. Yes, Ma'am.

Miss W. And what servants are sent to tell us?

Ruth. Clergymen.

Miss W. Look at the second exhortation for giving notice of the Holy Communion.

The girls turned to their Prayer-books, and Sarah read, 'I intend, by God's grace, to celebrate the Lord's Supper: unto which, in God's behalf, *I bid you all that are here present.*'

Miss W. We all, then, are bidden; but do we all obey the call?

'No, Ma'am,' replied two or three, and Sarah looked down.

Miss W. Whom, then, are we like?

Rose. Those in the parable, who refused to go to the king's supper.

Miss W. And by refusing to go, do we honour the Lord's Supper?

Several. No, Ma'am: dishonour it.

Miss W. Just so. We 'make light of it,' by choosing some worldly occupation or pleasure before it, which is surely dishonouring it. Yet what does this third commandment bid us do?

'Honour it,' said Margaret.

Miss W. How, then, do we break this commandment?

Anna. By turning away from the Holy Communion when we are bidden to it.

Miss W. Yes, by constantly doing so; there may be particular occasions when we are not worthy to eat; but any one who regularly turns away, or even occasionally, without a sufficient cause, is surely dishonouring that Feast, which we are bidden to honour.

'It is better not to go, than to go when we are not fit,' said Sarah, in a low voice.

Miss W. To go unprepared is indeed very sinful, Sarah, and is another way of dishonouring this Holy Feast, and breaking this commandment; but the parable we have been speaking of, hardly teaches us that it is a greater fault than despising the Feast altogether. What are we told of one of the guests who came at the call?

Jane. That he sat down without a wedding garment.

Miss W. Yes, or came unprepared; and how was he punished?

Several. He was cast into outer darkness.

Miss W. And how were those who despised the Feast punished?

Bessie. They were destroyed, and their city burned.

Miss W. Both, then, were counted guilty, and both—?

‘Punished,’ said several.

Miss W. It is dangerous, then, to shelter ourselves under one fault, by thinking it is not so bad as another—that it is better not to go to the Feast to which we are invited, than to go unprepared; for we see in the parable, that both those who despised, and he who went unprepared, were alike *guilty*. And what is God’s fearful threat to those who do not keep this command, which forbids us to take His Name in vain, and bids us hallow it, and His Word and Sacraments?

All. ‘The Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His Name in vain.’

Miss W. That is, He *will hold* him guilty. If you say to a child, ‘If you do that again, I shall not call you a good girl,’ what do you mean?

Sarah. That we shall think her naughty.

Miss W. Or if you said, ‘If you do that again, you sha’n’t escape punishment?’

Several. That she should be punished.

Miss W. Just so. Thus God says to us, ‘The Lord will not hold him guiltless,’ or—?

‘Will consider him guilty,’ said Rose, ‘that taketh His Name in vain.’

Miss W. And what will surely come upon us if God holds us guilty?

Several. Punishment.

Miss W. Yes, as it came upon those in the para-

ble. Oh! if you would remember this, surely you would be afraid to take His Name in vain by cursing, or swearing, or strong language, or irreverence, or despising and neglecting the Feast to which He invites us. Look how St. Paul speaks of the vengeance of God in Heb. x. 30, 31.

Harriet. 'Vengeance belongeth unto Me, I will recompense, saith the Lord . . . The Lord shall judge His people. *It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God.*'

Miss W. Fearful, indeed; but because God does not always instantly punish, therefore we go on taking His Name in vain, despising His Feast, and forgetting that we *are* guilty in His sight, and that our sin will find us out. If the punishment does not come now, when will it come?

All. Hereafter.

Miss W. Sometimes, however, God does punish at the very moment. I will tell you two instances of this, that you may fear, girls, in any way, to break this commandment. One I knew myself, the other was told to me. But, first, you must tell me whether lawful oaths are forbidden by this command?

'Please, Ma'am, what is a lawful oath?' was the answer.

'Oaths taken solemnly, as before God, on important subjects, such as are taken in a court of law, or about making a will,' replied Miss Walton.

'But, please, Ma'am, I've heard people say that those are not right,' said Rose.

Miss W. Perhaps you have, Rose, but look at Deut. vi. 13.

Rose. 'Thou shalt fear the Lord thy God, and serve Him, and *shalt swear by His Name.*'

Miss W. Yes, they were even bidden to swear by His Name, fearing Him; and look at Jer. iv. 2, *where rules are given how we may swear.*

Anna. 'Thou shalt swear, The Lord liveth, in

truth, in judgment, and in righteousness.' (See also Psalm, lxi. 12.)

Miss W. 'In truth,' not falsely—'in judgment', that is, with care and deliberation—and 'in righteousness' or justice, about a lawful thing. An oath of this kind shows our reliance upon God, and that we acknowledge Him to be above all, and that He is present with us, to bring truth to light, and punish falsehood; thus we are told of an Angel swearing. Look at Rev. x. 5, 6.

Hester. 'And the Angelsware by Him that liveth for ever and ever, Who created heaven, and the things that therein are, and the earth, and the things that therein are, and the sea, and the things which are therein, that there should be time no longer.'

Miss W. St. Paul tells us, too, that God Himself sware by Himself. Look at Heb. vi. 13–18.

Emily. 'When God made promise to Abraham, because He could swear by no greater, He sware by Himself God, willing more abundantly to show unto the heirs of promise the immutability of His counsel, confirmed it by an oath.'

Miss W. It is lawful, then, to take an oath, and this commandment only bids us not take it in vain, that is—?

'Falsely,' said Rose, 'or without thought.'

Miss W. Yes, to no purpose, or about an unimportant, common thing. But oaths taken solemnly, as in God's presence, remembering of Whom we speak, and on important matters, are not forbidden.

Now the account I am first going to tell you, which I knew myself, is of a man who took a false oath. He went into court to give evidence, and you know witnesses always take an oath to speak the truth. This man did so as usual, but instead of speaking the truth, he gave false evidence. He had been bribed to do it, and for the sake of what he was paid, he dared, on oath, to declare a thing which was

not true. Many present were perfectly sure he was speaking falsely, but they could not prove it, and so the guilty person for whom he had given evidence was set free.

Weeks went by after this, during which the man seemed low and restless, but he said nothing. Had he gone and confessed his perjury, perhaps God would have spared him, but he did not do this; and six months after he had taken this false oath, he was found dead by his own fireside. He must have died without a moment's warning, for his wife was going about the house, and had spoken to him a few minutes before.

'How very dreadful!' cried the girls.

Miss W. It was, indeed, dreadful, and people thought it so at the time, and many said it was a judgment; they saw God's hand in it:—but supposing God had not given this visible proof of His anger, would not the man have been equally guilty?

All. Yes, Ma'am.

Miss W. We must not suppose that, because God withholds His punishment, therefore we are not guilty: God spares us to give us time for repentance; and if we do not repent, we shall surely bear our guilt, and all likewise perish.

'Please, Ma'am, you said you would tell us two instances,' said Sarah, as Miss Walton sat silent a few moments.

'Yes, I will tell you the other,' she answered, 'but I do not tell you them for your amusement, but to help you to realize how awful is the guilt of taking God's Name in vain—so awful, that, merciful as God is, He sometimes gives these visible proofs of anger. Have any of you travelled on the railway?' she asked.

'Yes, Ma'am, I have,' said Mary.

'And so have I,' said Bessie, 'when I went to see my sister the other day.' None of the rest, however, *had, and* some of them had never even seen one.

‘Well, Mary, have you noticed that where two railroads join, there is generally a man to signalize to the engine-driver that there is no danger?’

‘Yes, Ma’am,’ she replied, ‘and he turns a handle and alters the rails for the different trains. I remember seeing that when we walked out from the Union sometimes.’

Miss W. You are quite right; these men are called pointsmen: the situation is a very responsible one, for if the man turned the handle wrong, or a little too late, an accident would be sure to follow, and we know how awful an accident is on the railway. One of these men was going to leave his situation, and another was coming in his place. The old man, however, stayed a few days to instruct the new hand. He did not learn as quickly as the old pointsman wished, and late one night, just before the last train came, he grew very angry, and as the young man walked away, swore at him dreadfully. Scarcely, I believe, was the young man out of sight, when the expected train came, the man, running to turn the point, fell, and in an instant was crushed to pieces! Almost, we may say, with the curse on his lips, he was called into the presence of his offended God. It was a lesson the young man said he should never forget; after that he feared an oath; he was scarcely saved from seeing the guilty man cut off in the midst of his sin, for he had only just reached home when the news was brought, and the last words *he* had heard from the unhappy man were words of swearing. God does not, however, always thus deal with us. Why did I say He spares us, though guilty?

Margaret. That we may repent.

Miss W. Yes, not that we may go on in sin, and add to our guilt, but repent, and, for Christ’s sake, have our guilt washed away. For if we do not repent when God spares us, then we only ‘fill up the

measure of our iniquity.' Therefore, what do we pray after this commandment?

All. 'Lord, have mercy upon us, and *incline our hearts to keep this law.*'

'May God incline all our hearts to keep it,' said Miss Walton, 'not only by abstaining from what it forbids, but by doing the things it commands;—honouring His Name, and Word, and Sacraments, and all holy ordinances, and adoring His mercy, and love, and justice, and truth, and all His other attributes, by which He reveals Himself to us.' Presently she continued, 'I have told you two very fearful histories, so you must be content without a story to-day.'

The girls rose up to go, and as they were leaving the room, Miss Walton said,

'Sarah, could you spare me a few minutes? I should like to speak to you.'

'Oh, yes, Ma'am!' she replied, turning away from the door.

As soon as the rest had gone, Miss Walton bade her sit down, and continued,

'I wanted to speak a few words to you about what you said just now. You know what I mean?'

'About going to the Holy Communion,' she replied.

'Yes,' returned Miss Walton; 'I feel so grieved to see you going on, month after month, turning away from that holy Feast. I hope you are not satisfying yourself by such a thought as you then expressed?'

'I don't know, Ma'am,' she replied in a low tone.

'I think it would be well if you tried to find out, Sarah, what it is that keeps you away,—that makes you dishonour the Feast to which God has bidden you. You have been confirmed, and have so renewed the vows of your Baptism with your own lips—promised anew to keep God's holy will and *commandments*; and yet, when He bids you draw

near to His table, you regularly turn away; how will you answer for this neglect at the last day?

‘Please, Ma’am, I’m not fit to go,’ she answered.

‘We are none of us fit to go in ourselves, Sarah, but this is no excuse, you know, unless you are trying to prepare yourself—trying to fit yourself for it. The man who went to the wedding feast without the wedding garment *might have had it*; it was this that made his fault so great. And it is the same with us. We *may be fitted*, if with penitence and prayer we ask God to make us fit; and, therefore, *the excuse of not being fit is no excuse*. If I invited you to come and take tea here, and you answered, “I have not a dress fit,” that would be a sufficient excuse, would it not?’

‘Yes, Ma’am,’ she replied, ‘I suppose so.’

‘But if I answered, “I will give you one—send up to me at such an hour, and you shall have it,” would it be any longer a sufficient excuse?’

‘No, Ma’am,’ she answered.

‘Then think if it is not the same about going to the Holy Communion. You say, “I am not fit.” God says, “I will make you so: be sorry for your sins—try to leave them off—I will forgive you, and accept you through Jesus Christ.” Is your unfitness, then, any sufficient excuse, Sarah?’

In a very low tone she answered, ‘No, Ma’am.’

‘No, my dear girl, indeed it is not; do not deceive yourself, and rest satisfied with saying you are not fit, but remember the doom of those who despised the feast in the Gospel, and turned rather to their farm, or their oxen, or the newly-married wife. May I tell you, Sarah, the reason which, *I fear*, is keeping you away?’ she asked, in an affectionate tone.

Sarah looked up, while tears filled her eyes, and replied, ‘Please, Ma’am.’

‘I fear it is, Sarah,’ continued Miss Walton, ‘that you do not *always wish to do right*. You are trying

to serve two masters: partly to serve God, and partly to follow the world. You think that by going to the Holy Communion you would pledge yourself to a stricter life than you *wish to live*; and, therefore, without giving up all religion, you stay away from the Holy Communion, and then think you are at liberty to be less strict, that you may taste a little of sin, and the pleasures of the world. Have I judged rightly?

‘Please, Ma’am, people ought to be very good if they go to the Holy Communion, should they not?’ she asked.

‘They ought to try, and intend to be very good certainly,’ replied Miss Walton; ‘but are you not bound to that already by the vows of your Baptism and Confirmation?’ Sarah did not answer, and Miss Walton continued,

‘Don’t think, Sarah, that I am bidding you go to the Holy Communion with such feelings as I have described; you *could* expect no blessing if you did; but I want you to *see that staying away does not put you into a safe state*, or make you guiltless in the sight of God; on the contrary, by choosing such a life of half religion, and making it an excuse for staying away from the Holy Communion, you show that you despise God’s Feast, and value more a few worldly pleasures, and increase your guilt. Is not this what the men in the parable did?’

‘Yes, Ma’am,’ she answered.

‘And were they guiltless, Sarah?’

‘No, Ma’am.’

‘No, Sarah, dear; do not, then, deceive yourself; you cannot be guiltless in constantly turning from the Feast to which God invites you. Your only path of safety is diligently to prepare for it, asking God to help you; and then, unworthy though you may be, accept His invitation to go to His Feast, fully purposing to worship and serve Him alone—to

have no other god but Him. There are three courses, as it were, put before you, Sarah : to stay away because you are not fit, or to go unprepared, or to strive to fit yourself, with God's help, and then go. Which is the right one ?

‘To fit myself, and go,’ she replied.

Miss W. Then both the others are wrong, are they ?

‘Yes, Ma’am,’ she answered.

Miss W. By choosing either of them, then, you are guilty, and dishonour God and His Sacrament ; but by the other you honour Him, and gain an inestimable blessing yourself. Will you think over this, Sarah, with prayer to God ? Do not put off, or the opportunity may be lost for ever, as it was with those in the parable, who, when the servant called, ‘All things are ready, come ye to the feast,’ were themselves unprepared.

‘I have spoken for your own good, Sarah,’ added Miss Walton, kindly, ‘not to find fault, but to help you to think justly about it.’

‘I know you have, Ma’am,’ she replied, as distinctly as her tears would allow her. ‘Thank you, Ma’am.’

‘Good afternoon, then, Sarah ; go quietly home, and think over what I have said.’

Sarah obeyed, and did think over it for some time ; but church-hour arrived without her having come to any decision what she would do ; and then she met her companions, and the subject passed more from her mind. ‘I will decide another time,’ she thought, and joined in the laugh and talk of those about her.

LESSON XXXVI.

THE FOURTH COMMANDMENT.

THE season of the year had now come round when the daylight was short, and by five o'clock the evenings had closed in.

Anna Hickley had been sitting close at glove making all day; and now that twilight had come, she put aside her work, and laying a piece more wood on the fire, and stirring it up to make a blaze, she took down her Prayer-book, and seating herself on a little stool (a favourite seat of hers,) began to learn the collect for the next day by firelight, thinking it rather too early to light candles.

Mrs. Hickley had gone up to town for some marketings, and George and his father were expected to return from their work any moment. Anna's younger sister had set out the tea-things, and was now making the almost vain attempt to put the room to rights for the next day. It was very strange that Mrs. Hickley's cottage was always a scene of the utmost disorder; and it often puzzled Miss Walton to know how Anna kept herself so remarkably clean and tidy in her person as she did, when all around her was so untidy and dirty; and she wondered, too, that Anna did not contrive to keep the cottage in better order; but, perhaps, the truth was, that she was obliged to *keep very steady* to her work, and leave to Mrs. Hick-

ley the care of the house. George had cut up some firewood at dinner-time, which still lay scattered about the floor, and Kitty was stooping to gather it up, while Anna was intent on her book, when the door opened gently, and (as both the girls thought) their mother entered; but in another moment Anna had thrown down her book, exclaiming,

‘Why, Lucy, how *did you* get here?’

‘I wondered how long I should stand before either of you girls found me out,’ she replied, laughing, as Kitty, too, now roused, jumped up, and threw her arms round her sister. ‘But where is mother?’ she continued. Anna replied that she would be back directly, and went on to express surprise at Lucy’s appearance.

‘How you have grown!’ she said. ‘Why didn’t you let us know you were coming?’

‘I didn’t know myself, certainly, till this morning,’ replied Lucy, ‘and now I can only stay till Monday morning, so we must make the most of our time. I wish father and the rest would come in;’ and looking round the cottage, she continued, ‘everything looks just the same as before I went away—I could fancy it was only yesterday. I’ll be bound George cut up that wood at dinner-time, and it has been lying there ever since!’

Anna laughed, and said she had guessed rightly; and then helping her sister to take off her things, and again replenishing the fire, and now lighting a candle, the three sisters awaited the arrival of the rest in full chatter.

George heard their voices as he approached, and cried out he was sure Lucy was there, so that he was prepared for the sight of her on opening the door.

Not ten minutes afterwards, Mrs. Hickley arrived, and *the whole family sat down together to a cheerful tea. Lucy had much to tell, and much to hear,*

and the surprise of her arrival made it all the more enjoyable. The evening passed only too quickly, though they sat up late. Next morning, Lucy was so tired when Anna called her, that she said she could not get up, so Anna left her to sleep on, while she prepared for school and church. A little before nine o'clock, she again went to her sister's room, and now found Lucy half dressed.

'Where are you going, Anna?' she exclaimed, as she saw her sister's bonnet and shawl on.

'To school,' she replied. 'I thought you would have liked to go too, but you won't be ready.'

'I go!' cried Lucy, laughing. 'No, my school-days are over; but *you* won't go this morning, surely. I shan't see much of you if you do.'

'I don't like to miss the lesson,' said Anna, 'and I don't like to leave you, and I thought you would come too, and that would be so pleasant; and I know Miss Walton would like to see you.'

'Yes; I want to see Mr. and Miss Walton, but I should be ashamed to go to school; I wonder what my fellow-servants would say to hear of my going to school?'

After a little more talk about it, Anna decided to stay with her sister. Kitty had already started to school, so Anna ran over to Mrs. Freeward's to request Margaret to ask leave of absence for her, for she knew Miss Walton would not object to her remaining with her sister, whose visit was to be so short. George, too, stayed to see the most he could of Lucy, and the hour before service passed pleasantly away. At length the bell began to ring, and Anna rose to put on her things.

'I shan't go to church this morning,' said Lucy. 'It is not often I get a holiday, so I'll make the most of it.'

'Oh! but Lucy, you won't enjoy your holiday less

for going to church,' said George; 'how can you think of staying away?'

'Because I want to talk to you all,' she replied, 'and go in to some of the neighbours, and I am sure I can't do that and go to church too. I'll go in the evening, and glad.'

'But *we* are going to church, so you won't have us to talk to if you do stay,' continued George.

'No, don't go this morning,' she replied, persuasively. 'Anna, you won't go and leave me? I want you to go to the neighbours with me, and I tell you I must go back early to-morrow morning.'

From the moment Lucy had said she was not going to church, a struggle had been going on in Anna's mind. What was she to do? She wished to go to church, she knew she ought to go, that the worship of God was the great duty of this holy day, that it was a very different thing staying from church and staying from school; and yet, on the other hand, she wished to be with her sister; she could not bear to seem unkind and leave her, she knew the time would be very short, at best, with her—what was she to do?

'I don't like to stay away from church,' she replied. 'It doesn't seem right, but I'll go with you where you like after church.'

'That won't do,' said Lucy, 'there won't be time for all. I know it isn't right always to stay away from church, but there can't be any harm for once. Mistress often stays at home for less reason than this, so, Anna, *do* stay with me this once. I wouldn't ask you if I had to-morrow at home.'

Again Anna was perplexed. She thought it would not be kind to leave her sister, yet, on the other hand, ought she to stay away from Church? She hesitated and *wavered*, until Lucy, seeing that she had *gained a point*, pressed her still more, and Anna

again yielded. George, however, in his own plain-spoken way, said,

‘I won’t stay away for any such nonsense. If Lucy was ill, and wanted nursing, that might be a good reason for staying away from Church; but because she wants to talk, and go and see folks, is no reason at all. So good-bye to you,’ he continued, as he took up his cap and ran off.

George’s words made Anna more uncomfortable, but she had now promised to stay, and she thought she was only acting from kind feeling towards her sister, and so she tried to feel satisfied.

‘You don’t want me, Lucy, my girl,’ said her father, ‘if you are going visiting, so I shall follow George’s example and go; wife stays, I suppose, to boil the potatoes?’

‘Yes,’ said Mrs. Hickley; ‘I’ll get the dinner ready, while the young ones take a bit of pleasure.’

As long as the bell continued to ring, sounding like a message calling Anna and Lucy to give God His due, Anna’s conscience was not easy; but at length the bell stopped, and in the enjoyment of her sister’s company, and going from neighbour to neighbour, and hearing the remarks of those who happened to be at home, on Lucy’s improved looks, her uneasiness passed away. When dinner was over, they went out again to see all the girls, who welcomed Lucy very heartily. They then went up to see Mr. and Miss Walton, for Lucy was anxious to see them, though false shame prevented her going to school.

Miss Walton sent for them into the parlour, and talked to her for some time, until she found it was just school hour, so she then asked, ‘Would you like to stay for the lesson, Lucy?’

‘No, thank you, Ma’am,’ she replied. ‘I have not time.’

‘You, then, would like to be with your sister, would you not, Anna?’ asked Miss Walton, ‘instead

of coming to the lesson? You know I shan't object, as her stay is so short.'

'No, Ma'am,' she replied. 'Father is going with Lucy to deliver a parcel from her mistress to Mrs. Bentwick in town, and I would rather stay for the lesson than go there.'

'Just as you like,' replied Miss Walton. 'I hear the voices of the other girls now. Tell them they may come in, Anna.'

Lucy rose up to say good-bye to Mr. and Miss Walton, and as the rest of the girls came in, she left the room.

Miss Walton was glad Anna did not miss the lesson, for she did not like any of the girls to be absent, though she would never have hesitated to give them leave, if they wished it, on such an occasion as this.

'We will begin the lesson at once,' said Miss Walton, 'and then, Anna, you will be ready to join your sister again as soon as she returns from her message.'

After the girls had repeated a portion of the Catechism, Miss Walton said,

'Before sitting down, say altogether the Fourth Commandment.'

All. 'Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath-day. Six days shalt thou labour, and do all that thou hast to do; but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God. In it thou shalt do no manner of work, thou, and thy son, and thy daughter, thy man-servant, and thy maid-servant, thy cattle, and the stranger that is within thy gates. For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day; wherefore the Lord blessed the seventh day, and hallowed it.'

'You may sit down now, girls,' said Miss Walton; and then continued, '*This commandment differs from all the others, because it is partly ceremonial, and*

partly moral. Are Christians bound now by the ceremonial law?

All. No, Ma'am, only by the moral.

Miss W. Then the letter, or ceremonial part of this commandment is not binding upon us, but the spirit, or moral part of it is. Now you shall first tell me which is the ceremonial part. What were the Jews bid to remember?

Hester. To 'keep holy the Sabbath-day.'

Miss W. And what day was that to be?

Emily. The seventh.

Miss W. Why? What reason does God give?

Ruth. Because He rested on the seventh day, and blessed and hallowed it.

Miss W. From what work did He rest?

'Making heaven and earth,' said Harriet.

'Creation,' said others.

Miss W. Very good. He made it a Sabbath. What does 'Sabbath' mean?

Rose. Rest.

Miss W. God made it a day of rest, and, therefore, called the seventh day—?

'The Sabbath of the Lord thy God,' said Mary.

Miss W. And bade the Jewish people also keep it holy,—make it a day of rest. This, then, is the ceremonial part of this command, ordering that—which day is to be kept?

All. The seventh.

Miss W. Yes; and that it was to be kept in memory of—what event?

Several. God's resting after the creation.

Miss W. And it was also to be kept in a very strict manner. But now look at Col. ii. 16, 17.

Bessie. 'Let no man, therefore, judge you in meat, or in drink, or in respect of an holy day, or of the new moon, or of the Sabbath-days: which are a shadow of things to come; but the body is of Christ.'

Miss W. The Jewish sabbath was not to last, it

was but the shadow of another rest—the commemoration of the work of creation was to be the chief object of that day of rest, only until another greater work had been accomplished. So now let us see what is the moral part of this law. How many days does God give us in which to work?

‘Six,’ they all replied.

Miss W. But what are we to do one day in every seven?

Margaret. To rest from work.

Miss W. And how are we to keep that day?

All. Holy.

Miss W. How is anything made holy? By dedicating it to Whom?

Rose. God.

Miss W. How, then, are we to keep one day in seven?

Agnes. By dedicating it to God.

Miss W. Just so. The moral part of this commandment bids us dedicate a certain portion of our time to God, for which purpose we are to set apart—how much time?

‘One day in every seven,’ said Rose.

Miss W. Does, then, the Christian Church keep holy the seventh day?

Several. No, the first.

Miss W. Why?

All. Because Christ rose on the first day of the week.

Miss W. Having finished—what work?

Margaret. The work of redemption.

Miss W. Yes; the greater work of redemption. Why do I call it greater? How did God create everything?

Several. With a word.

Miss W. But was the work of redemption accomplished with a word?*

* See ‘*Stories and Catechisings on the Collects*,’ 11th Sun. after Trinity.

Agnes. No; Christ died for our redemption.

Miss W. 'God was manifested in the flesh,' and after a life of suffering, died, and rose again, before the work of redemption was accomplished. Christ was delivered—for what?

Jane. 'Our offences, and was raised again for our justification.' (Rom. iv. 25.)

Miss W. Therefore, from that time, the day set apart for the service of God came to be—which day?

All. The first day, on which Christ rose.

Miss W. And we commemorate on that day, not the rest from the creation chiefly, but the rest after—what work?

'Redemption,' said Rose.

Miss W. I say not the work of creation *chiefly*, because we do still commemorate it, inasmuch as we still work—how many days?

Emily. Six days, as God worked in creation.

Miss W. Yes; and we still keep one day in seven—how?

Jane. As a day of rest.

Miss W. And dedicate it to God's worship and service; and this is the spirit of this command, which is still binding upon us. What do we usually call our day of rest?

'Sunday,' said several.

'Please, Ma'am, some people call it the "Sabbath,"' said Bessie.

Miss W. Yes, some people do; and, inasmuch as it is a day of rest, it is a Sabbath; but, strictly speaking, Saturday is the Sabbath; and our day of rest, to distinguish it from the Jewish Sabbath, is called Sunday. But there is a better name even than Sunday: what is it?

'The Lord's Day,' said Mary.

Miss W. We find the Lord's Day spoken of in the Bible. Look at Rev. i. 10.

Bessie. 'I was in the Spirit on the Lord's Day.'

Miss W. But though I say the Lord's Day is a better name, I do not mean to say we should always use it. I fear we should often break one of the commandments if we did. Do you know which I mean?

'Thou shalt not take the Name of the Lord thy God in vain,' said Agnes.

Miss W. And why should we be likely to break this commandment by always speaking of Sunday as the 'Lord's Day'?

Mary. Because we should not think of God when we said it.

Miss W. Just so; and, therefore, we had better not call it the Lord's Day, except when we are speaking thoughtfully and reverently, but Sunday, which is a very good name.

'Please, Ma'am, I heard a man say the other day,' said Rose, 'that Sunday was a heathen name; what did he mean?'

Miss W. He meant, I suppose, that it was first given in heathen times, as were the names of all the days of the week. The early Britons worshipped many false gods, and each day of the week was called after one of their gods. Sunday, or sun's day, after the sun; Monday, after the moon; Tuesday, after Tuisco; Wednesday, after Woden; Thursday, after Thor; Friday, after Friga; Saturday, after Seater.

'Well, I never knew that before,' exclaimed Emily. 'I shan't like to think that Sunday means sun's day.'

'Oh, don't say that, Emily!' returned Miss Walton. 'I will show you that there is no need to object to Sunday, for it has now nothing to do with the old heathen times. Who is called the 'Sun of Righteousness?'

'Jesus Christ,' they all replied. (Mal. iv. 2; and Rev. i. 16.)

Miss W. And what did He do on this first day of the week?

All. Rose from the dead.

Miss W. Then we call it Sunday, and love the

name, because upon it rose our *Sun of Righteousness*, with healing in *His wings*, bringing with Him life and goodwill to men. Now, Emily, do you think you shall dislike the name?

‘No, Ma’am,’ she replied, ‘not now.’

Miss W. When I think of this, I am inclined to say it is almost as good a name as the ‘Lord’s Day,’ and may equally remind us to Whose service and honour it is dedicated. And now tell me whether our Lord, by His presence, sanctioned, as it were, the first day of the week’s being set apart to be kept holy?

Margaret. When the Apostles were assembled at Jerusalem on the first day of the week, He stood in the midst, and said, ‘Peace be unto you.’ (See St. John, xx. 19.)

Miss W. And did He do this a second time?

Anna. Yes, when Thomas was with them. (Ver. 26.)

Miss W. It seems as if, from the very first, the disciples began to observe this day as the Church has done ever since. It is now time that I asked you *how* this commandment teaches us to observe this one day in seven. What are we told that God did on the seventh day?

Several. Rested.

Miss W. And what did He do to it?

Hester. Blessed it, and hallowed it.

Miss W. What, then, were the *Jews* forbidden to do?

Harriet. Any manner of work.

Miss W. Say the words.

All. ‘In it thou shalt do no manner of work, thou, and thy son, and thy daughter, thy man-servant, and thy maid-servant, thy cattle, and the stranger that is within thy gates.’

Miss W. Yes; and very severe was the punishment for a breach of this law. What was done to the man who gathered sticks on the Sabbath? Look at Num. xv. 32–36.

Sarah. And while the children of Israel were in

the wilderness, they found a man that gathered sticks upon the Sabbath day . . . and the Lord said unto Moses, The man shall be surely put to death . . . and all the congregation brought him without the camp, and stoned him with stones, and he died, as the Lord commanded Moses.'

Miss W. By God's command, a breach of the very letter of this law was punished by death; but our Saviour taught us that, with the passing away of the Jewish dispensation, the exceeding strictness of this law was to be done away. For, what works did He do on the Sabbath day?

Emily. Healed the man with the withered hand. (See St. Luke, vi. 1-12.)

'And the woman with an infirmity eighteen years,' said Ruth. (St. Luke, xiii. 11-16.)

Miss W. And when His disciples plucked the ears of corn, and rubbed them in their hands, who found fault?

Anna. The Pharisees.

Miss W. But our Lord said that (like David, who ate the shew-bread) they were blameless—why? What reason did He give?

Mary. 'The Son of man is Lord also of the Sabbath.' (St. Mark, ii. 28.)

Miss W. Just so. And, therefore, had power to abolish the Jewish Sabbath; and He taught us that works of necessity, like preparing food, and works of mercy, like—?

'Healing the sick,' continued several.

'Such works as these He taught us,' continued Miss Walton, 'were lawful, even on a day dedicated to God; and, consequently, afterwards we find the Christian Church following out our Lord's teaching, and abolishing the Jewish Sabbath altogether; yet still keeping the spirit of this command, and setting apart one day on which to rest, though not observing it with the same literal strictness as the Jewish

law required. May we, then, spend Sunday as we would any other day?

Several. Oh! no, Ma'am. We must rest from our daily work.

Miss W. Just so; for the spirit of this command teaches us that God would have us, one day in seven, rest from worldly cares and employments. And may we require from those under us the same work as on other days?

Margaret. No; the man-servant and maid-servant must rest also. (Deut. v. 14.)

Miss W. Very good; for God cares for the poor and the hard worker, and provides for them a day of rest. How, then, do we break this command?

Several. By doing work on Sundays which we might do on other days.

Miss W. Yes; and by robbing those under us of the rest God would have them enjoy. Are we, however, forbidden to do works of love or necessity?

Several. No, Ma'am.

Miss W. But the Jews were to observe their Sabbath not only by resting from work, but how else?

Anna. By keeping it holy.

Miss W. And is this a direction for us too?

Several. Yes, Ma'am.

Miss W. And how did you say a day could be kept holy?

Agnes. By being dedicated to the service of God.

Miss W. God made the seventh day holy; the Jews were to—?

Several. Keep it holy.

Miss W. Christ, by His resurrection, has made the first day of the week holy—what, therefore, must we do?

All. Keep it holy.

Miss W. But are we not to serve God every day?

Sarah. Yes, all the days of our life.

Miss W. Just so; and unless we are striving to

do this, we cannot really serve God on Sunday. What, then, should be the difference between the service of God on Sundays and other days?

‘It is to be more public,’ said Rose.

‘And we are *only* to serve God on that day, and not to do work of our own,’ said Mary.

Miss W. Exactly; the *business* of Sunday is to be God’s service; it is to be *set apart for this*. Other days we are to serve Him in our daily work; on Sunday, by resting from it, and spending as much time as our frail nature will permit in the public and immediate worship of God. We are to serve Him in worship, as the Catechism teaches us. In what words?

Marg. ‘My duty to God is . . . to worship Him, to give Him thanks . . . to call upon Him, to honour His Holy Name and His Word, and to serve Him truly all the days of my life.’

Miss W. What, then, does the Church provide for us on Sunday more fully than on other days?

‘Service in church,’ said one or two.

Miss W. Yes; means of worship, and of hearing God’s word. She calls upon us to give the first and chief part of our time on this day to serve God in holy worship. What, then, are we bound to do on Sundays?

Several. To go to church, and worship God.

Miss W. And how do we break this commandment?

Emily. By not going to church.

Miss W. What does St. Paul warn us not to forsake?

Agnes. ‘The assembling of ourselves together.’ (Heb. x. 25.)

Miss W. What example did the Apostles give us of this? Where were they found on the Day of Pentecost?

Hester. Assembled together in one place.

Miss W. And while still living among the Jews,

we find them constantly going into the temple; teaching us to worship God in His temple. *We*, then, keep the Sunday holy—how?

Mary. By setting it apart for the public worship of God.

Miss W. To Whom, then, does the hour of service belong?

Several. To God.

Miss W. If, then, we spend the hour of service upon anything but His worship, (unless in case of necessity,) what are we doing?

‘Robbing God,’ said little Agnes, in a low voice.

‘Breaking the fourth commandment,’ said others.

Miss W. Agnes is right; we are robbing God,—of the time which is His due, and of the worship we owe to Him. And does it make any difference whether it is unnecessary business, or pleasure, which makes us neglect His worship?

Several. No, Ma’am.

Miss W. No; in either case we should be robbing God, and should break the spirit of this command, which bids us keep holy (by setting apart for God’s worship) one day in seven. I don’t think girls like you are much tempted to let business keep you away from the public worship of God, but I fear you have sometimes let pleasure do so.

As Miss Walton said this, the blood mounted into Anna’s cheek, and she wondered whether Miss Walton would think *she* had let pleasure keep her away that morning. Her conscience was not easy, but she could not quite make up her mind whether she had really been wrong or not, so she listened again to what Miss Walton was saying.

‘Perhaps,’ said she, ‘a pleasant Sunday may make you wish for a walk, or to go and see a friend, and you take your walk, or go to your friend’s, and quite neglect service in church; when, with a *little* contrivance, you might have done both. Or

perhaps you take a walk with the intention of being back in time for service, and then linger and linger until it is too late, forgetting that the time is not our own. Of what have you robbed God?

‘Of the time that ought to be given to Him,’ said he or two.

‘Of the worship which is His due,’ said Mary.

Miss W. Yes; would the walk in itself be wrong?

All. Oh! no, Ma’am, you often take us out walking on Sunday.

Miss W. Yes, but do I do so to the neglect of God’s worship?

All. No, Ma’am.

Miss W. What does our Saviour tell us to seek first?

All. The kingdom of God, and His righteousness.

Miss W. This should be the Christian rule for observing Sunday—seek first God’s worship—seek first to serve Him, and then He does not forbid you to rest your minds as well as bodies by innocent enjoyment, by happiness and cheerfulness; for is Sunday to be a day of gloom?

Several. No, Ma’am, a day of joy.

Miss W. Yes, of joy and thanksgiving for all the good things God has done for us,—for creation and redemption. Try, then, on this our Christian festival, first to show your gladness and thankfulness, by worshipping the Lord with holy worship,—by giving Him the honour due unto His Name; and then by cheerfulness, and enjoyment of those innocent pleasures (such as a walk in the fields, or intercourse with our friends) which He has provided for the rest of our bodies, and the refreshment of your spirits, on this day of rest. But never let either pleasure or unnecessary business tempt you to rob God of His time or worship. A holy Bishop says, ‘Those who labour hard in the week must be eased upon the Lord’s Day; . . . but let their refreshments be inno-

cent and charitable, and of good report, and not *exclusive of the duties of religion.*' For this reason, girls, I take you a walk sometimes, that you may be refreshed on this day of rest, after working hard all week. I want you to learn to feel rightly about the duties of Sunday, so that you may not turn a blessing into a snare. Now I have spoken mostly about public worship, for that is the *especial* duty of Sunday; but is the whole day spent in public worship?

Several. No, Ma'am, only some few hours.

Miss W. And is public worship the only worship due to God?

Margaret. No, Ma'am, we should worship Him in private too.

Miss W. And have you, who work hard all the week, much time to give to God's worship on ordinary days?

Hester. No, Ma'am, not much. We work pretty nearly from morning till night.

Miss W. What worship, then, should you be glad to give God on Sunday, besides public worship?

'Private,' said one or two.

Miss W. Yes, you should be glad of the opportunity of more reading and prayer, and instruction, than you can have on other days. The same holy Bishop says, 'He keeps the Lord's Day best, that keeps it with most religion, and with most charity:'* and there is plenty of time for both public and private prayer, as well as necessary relaxation on Sunday. I should be glad to think that you take advantage of this leisure day for reading the Bible, and prayer.

'Please, Ma'am, we always read the Bible with mother on Sunday evening, so that grandfather may hear us,' said Agnes.

'So do we,' said Emily. 'Alfred sometimes comes and reads with us.'

* See Jeremy Taylor's 'Holy Living.'

Miss W. And it is a pleasant way of spending Sunday evening, is it not?

‘Yes, Ma’am,’ they replied.

Miss W. Now, I think you can tell me how you should try and keep holy the one day in seven set apart for God’s service?

‘By going to church, and worshipping God in public,’ said three or four.

‘And by private prayer, and reading our Bibles at home,’ said Mary.

Miss W. Yes; and the rest of your time may be spent in innocent enjoyment, in rest, and refreshment of your minds and bodies. And now I won’t keep you any longer, (continued Miss Walton.) I dare say Anna would like to join her sister.

When Anna reached home, she was almost glad to find Lucy had not returned, and she went into her own room, to try and think over the lesson, and decide whether or not she had done wrong by neglecting God’s worship that morning. She sat down on her bed, and began to think. Why had she decided to stay away? she asked herself; and the answer was, ‘To please myself and my sister.’ ‘Should I have stayed away if it had been disagreeable?’ was the next question that suggested itself. Anna was honest, and answered ‘no.’ ‘Was I, then, right to stay away—to rob God of His time and worship (Miss Walton’s words came into her mind,) just for my sister’s and my own pleasure?’ Anna had now no longer any doubt of the answer. She knelt down and asked God to forgive her, to have mercy upon her, and incline her heart to keep this law; and scarcely had she done so, before she heard her sister’s voice and step coming up the stairs. She rose hastily, but her heart was more at ease now, and glad and thankful she was that evening to find herself again in the little church, giving God the worship due unto His Name.

LESSON XXXVII.

OUR DUTY TOWARDS GOD.

TO SERVE HIM WITH ALL OUR POWERS.

‘I WILL decide another time,’ was, if my readers remember, the thought that passed through Sarah’s mind, as she joined her companions, after Miss Walton’s conversation with her about going to the Holy Communion; and when she came to be alone again that same evening, the subject returned to her mind. Her wish, however, to go, was not so strong as it had been a few hours before. She had been walking with, and talking to Hester, and this always drove better thoughts from Sarah’s mind. Hester had even asked her what Miss Walton wanted, whether she had not said something about the Holy Communion; and though Sarah was vexed with her for asking, and would not tell her, Hester did not turn from the subject without saying,

‘Well! you won’t tell me, but I’m sure that’s what she wanted; but I shouldn’t think *you* would be persuaded to take to such strict ways, so it doesn’t matter.’ Sarah had answered, ‘I don’t know why I should not do the same as Margaret and Anna;’ and yet, when she began to ponder over the subject again, before going to bed, she shrank from the life she felt a communicant ought to try and live, more than she *had done* before, and she could not face the idea of *what Hester* would say. She had gone on so long

in a middle course, that she could not rouse herself to make a resolution, with the help of God, to serve Him with *all* her heart, and mind, and soul, and strength; and she knew it would be of no avail to her to go to the Holy Communion unless she did this. Still Miss Walton's few words had roused within her yearnings after better things, and she said her prayers that night with more than usual care; nor could she feel happy to make up her mind to go on just as she had done before. Oh! why did she not heartily turn to God, and ask Him to give her a more earnest, resolute will? to give her grace from that time to believe in Him, to fear and love Him, with all her heart, and mind, and soul, and strength? Sarah was not a 'bad' girl, not altogether unsteady; she had many good feelings, was, on the whole, regular at church, and very regular at school; what was it that held her back? We will join her, as she sits at work with Margaret and Mrs. Freeward, one afternoon in that week when she had taken her work, (as she sometimes did,) and asked if she might sit with them; and perhaps her conversation with Mrs. Freeward may answer this question. She broke a silence of some minutes, by saying,

'Mr. Walton will give notice of the Holy Communion next Sunday, won't he?'

'Yes,' replied Mrs. Freeward and Margaret in one breath, as though they had been looking forward to the Holy Feast with longing hearts; and Mrs. Freeward continued, 'Are you thinking of going, Sarah?'

'Miss Walton spoke to me about it,' she replied, 'last Sunday, but I can't make up my mind.'

'I don't think you would ever be sorry for having made up your mind to go, Sarah,' replied Mrs. Freeward, 'though it may cost you something just at first.'

'I don't think it would cost me anything if I lived with you,' replied Sarah. 'I shouldn't want, then, to

go out with Hester and the town girls; I should be satisfied with Margaret and Emily.'

'They are always very glad to see you now,' replied Mrs. Freeward. 'I don't think it is necessary for you to make friends of idle girls, because you don't live here.'

'I'll tell you what it is, Mrs. Freeward,' said Sarah, in a determined manner, 'though I suppose you'll say I'm very wrong. I know if I went to the Communion, Catherine (her sister-in-law) would always be throwing it in my teeth. I should not be able to speak to Hester, or Hannah, or any of that set, or take a walk in an evening, without hearing of it!'

'I don't think *that*, Sarah,' replied Mrs. Freeward; 'Catherine would not object to your being out, if you did not stay too late; and I think she only objects to your making *friends* of Hester and the others you mentioned.'

'But how can I help it, if we go to school together?' she exclaimed.

'I think you could help it if you wished,' returned Mrs. Freeward in a kind voice. 'I don't allow my girls to make friends of any of them, and, indeed, Sarah, you ought to be careful what girls you make friends of. Bad companions are the ruin of many a girl.'

'Well, I don't like to seem to think myself better than others,' she said.

'If you don't *really think* so, it does not matter, I should say; you must not be afraid of *being* different to others, Sarah,' said Mrs. Freeward. 'Don't you remember what Mr. Spencer said in his sermon last Sunday, that we must come out of the world if we would really serve God? I am afraid the fear of being thought religious keeps back many a girl; but it is a very wrong fear. You had better fear to offend God.'

Sarah did not reply, and, after a pause, Mrs. Freeward continued,

'You will find God's service give you much more

real happiness than the pleasures of the world, Sarah, my girl, if only you will turn to Him with all your heart.'

'That's just what I can't do,' said Sarah, and tears were in her eyes as she spoke.

'Perhaps going to the Holy Communion would help you,' said Mrs. Freeward.

'I don't know,' said Sarah. 'I must think about it. It is too soon to go next time.'

'It is never too soon to take a right step, and there is more than a week for prayer and preparation, and you are not ignorant as some girls. Besides, if you put off, how do you know that you'll live for another time?' returned Mrs. Freeward.

'I don't think there is much doubt about *that*,' said Sarah; 'I am well and hearty enough.'

Just as she said this, Emily, who had been out on a message, returned, and the conversation became general. Emily was in high spirits, and began laughing and talking, without sitting down to her work. She was trying to put her bonnet and shawl on in imitation of somebody she had seen in the town, who had amused her very much, and even her mother couldn't help laughing at the absurd figure she made herself.

'Well! mother, it's exactly like a woman I saw in town, and she walked along with such an air,' and Emily began to imitate her walk.

'Come, be quiet, Emily,' said her mother. 'You have forgotten church to-night, I think, or you wouldn't waste your time instead of getting on with your work.'

'So I had, mother!' she exclaimed, and hastily hanging up her shawl and bonnet, she sat down on a little stool, and plied her needle vigorously.

It was a pretty sight to see this little family party sitting at *their work*, Margaret and Emily's bright *golden hair brushed as smooth as possible*, though

the natural curl in both made Margaret's, which was tied up behind, all wavy, and Emily's, which was short and brushed back, curl behind her ears, while their white pinafores, and clean hands and faces, and fair complexions, gave them a peculiarly bright expression. They sat, one at each side of their mother, a calm, gentle, firm-looking person; and Sarah had a stool next to Margaret, her dark hair and black eyes showing, even to a stranger, that she was not one of the family. The elder daughter happened not to be at home that day, and Annie was at school, or the circle would have been larger. There was an air of peacefulness about the cottage which was very pleasant; and both Mr. and Miss Walton often sat talking to them for half-an-hour together. No wonder Sarah enjoyed taking her work and sitting with them. The party, however, to-day was soon broken up by the dusk coming on, and Sarah, bidding them good evening, went home.

‘Where have you been?’ asked Catherine, as she entered, in a displeased tone. ‘With Hester, I suppose!’

‘That I’ve not!’ replied Sarah angrily; and she went up stairs without telling her sister *where* she *had* been, intending to think about the Communion; but this false accusation had unsettled and vexed her, and she brooded over *it* instead, thinking it was no wonder she went out, and made a companion of Hester, and the like of her, when she could have no peace at home. Catherine called her down to get tea ready, before her thoughts had become collected again, and then she was busy until church-time.

When Sarah heard the invitation given on the Sunday that Lucy Hickley had been home, she had not made up her mind to go, and all that day she felt so unsettled by the sight of Lucy, and listening to her stories, that she never found time or inclination to think about it. In the course of the following

week, she was several times put out with her sister-in-law, and was wilful in her behaviour, so that no wonder the feast-day arrived, and found her unprepared to 'take and eat.' So she again turned away. Miss Walton was grieved, and Sarah's mind was not easy, but she kept her uneasiness to herself, and appeared at the lesson with Miss Walton as usual.

After the girls had repeated some of the Catechism, Miss Walton asked,

'On how many tables were the commandments written?'

All. Two. (See Ex. xxxii. 15, and xxxiv. 1.)

Miss W. For this reason how are they written up in our churches?

Several. On two tables.

Miss W. How many commandments does the first contain?

Sarah. The first four.

Miss W. And 'what dost thou chiefly learn by these commandments?'

'My duty towards God, and my duty towards my neighbour,' several answered, who were not paying attention.

'Is that a right answer?' asked Miss Walton. 'What was my question?'

'What dost thou chiefly learn by these commandments?' replied several.

Miss W. And of which commandments was I speaking?

'The first four,' said Mary.

Miss W. Then what should have been your answer? What do *these* teach you?

'My duty towards God,' they now replied.

Miss W. Yes; if you had been thinking, *that* would have been your first reply, but you answered like parrots, listening to the sound, not the meaning of my words. I don't like you to do that, girls.

‘Please, Ma’am, Agnes answered right the first time,’ said Emily.

‘She answered so low, I did not hear her among so many wrong answers,’ replied Miss Walton. ‘Now, tell me what is your duty towards God, which these four commandments teach you? You may say the answer altogether.’

All. ‘My duty towards God, is to believe in Him, to fear Him, and to love Him with all my heart, with all my mind, with all my soul, and with all my strength; to worship Him, to give Him thanks, to put my whole trust in Him, to call upon Him, to honour His Holy Name and His Word, and to serve Him truly all the days of my life.’

Miss W. I will to-day question you on this answer, and leave the fifth commandment for another Sunday; because—which commandments does this answer, as it were, connect together?

Several. The first four.

Miss W. Yes, and I have questioned you about them separately; but now we must consider them as a whole, for one leads on to the other, and it is hardly possible to break one without breaking all, or to explain one without touching upon the others. Altogether, what do they teach us?

Anna. Our duty to God.

Miss W. Our Saviour condenses all the commandments into two great ones. What is the first?

Margaret. ‘Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment.’

Miss W. And what is the second?

Agnes. ‘The second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.’ (St. Matt. xxii. 37–39.)

Miss W. And what does St. Paul tell us is the fulfilling of the Law?

Mary. ‘Love.’ (Rom. xiii. 10.)

Miss W. To love God, and to love our neighbour

is what all the commandments teach us. But the Catechism puts down for us, in fuller words, what the first table of the law teaches us. Three things are mentioned ; what are they ?

Ruth. To believe in God, to fear Him, and to love Him.*

Miss W. To believe in Him, that is—?

Rose. To believe with our hearts.

‘And to trust and hope in Him, and take Him for our God,’ added Mary.

‘Very good,’ returned Miss Walton ; ‘I see you have not forgotten past lessons. And to fear Him, with what sort of a fear ?

Agnes. The fear of a child to a parent.

Miss W. And to love Him, which, in truth, embraces everything else. And how is it our duty to do these three things ?

Hester. With all our heart, and mind, and soul, and strength.

Miss W. First, with the heart, or affections. Look what God asks for in Prov. xxiii. 26.

Harriet. ‘My son, give Me thine heart.’

Miss W. Yes, as a child gives its heart to a kind parent, and *believes* that parent’s word, *fears* his anger, and *loves* to obey him—how ?

‘With all its heart,’ said Agnes.

‘Freely,’ said Anna.

‘Cheerfully,’ said others.

Miss W. Yes, not coldly, as if it were a trouble, but warmly, cordially, confidingly, lovingly ; and in this way, we are to give our hearts to God. Can you give me a Bible illustration of one who thus *believed* from the heart ? Whom does our Saviour commend for his faith ?

Jane. The Centurion.

Miss W. What did Christ say of it ?

* For notices of believing, fearing, and loving God, see Lessons x. xiii. and xxxiii.

Jane. 'He marvelled, and said to them that followed, Verily I say unto you, I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel.'

Miss W. And how had he shown the heartiness of his belief?

Emily. By believing that Jesus could heal with a word: 'Speak the word only, and my servant shall be healed.' (See St. Matt. viii. 5-10.)

Miss W. His faith was warm and overflowing. He did not even wait to be *asked* if he believed, but voluntarily expressed his faith that Christ had but to speak the word, and his servant would be healed. And can you give me an illustration of hearty *fear* of God?

'Joseph,' said Agnes, quickly.

Miss W. Very good. How did he show that his fear of God was from the heart?

Several. By being afraid to sin against Him: 'How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?' (Gen. xxxix. 9.)

Miss W. He shrank back with pain from the thought of sinning against God. He feared to offend God far more than he feared to offend his wicked mistress: the fear of God held him back from sin, when it might have been committed in secret; and thus he showed that his fear of God was not only profession, but—?

'From the heart,' said Emily.

Miss W. You might give me many examples of *loving* from the heart, but we must only take one. Of whom did our Saviour say, 'She loveth much'?

Anna. The woman who anointed His feet.

Miss W. You may turn to St. Luke, vii., and then you can tell me how she proved the heartiness of her love. In whose house did she come to Jesus?

All. A Pharisee's.

Miss W. Yes, one who despised her as a sinner. What did she do to Jesus?

Rose. She anointed His feet with precious ointment.

Several. And she washed them with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head, and kissed His feet. (Verses 36–38 ; 44–47.)

Miss W. What did all this show?

All. How much she loved Him.

Miss W. Yes, it showed the warmth of her love, because, for His sake, she bore the unkind scorn of the Pharisee ; and she spent upon Christ the precious ointment, and mourned over those sins which she felt grieved Him. What, therefore, did Christ say of her?

All. ‘She loved much.’

Miss W. These three examples, then, illustrate how we may believe in, fear, and love God—how?

All. With our hearts.

Miss W. But what else, besides our hearts, are we taught we must employ in doing our duty to God?

All. Our mind, and soul, and strength.

Miss W. We are to serve God with our minds—that is, understandingly. How does St. Paul say he would sing and pray? (1 Cor. xiv. 15.)

Sarah. ‘I will pray with the spirit, and I will pray with the *understanding* also: I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the *understanding* also.’

Miss W. Yes, the words of prayer and praise should be spoken, as far as may be, with the understanding—that is, with a sense of their meaning. If I made you say a French sentence, would you understand it?

‘No, Ma’am,’ they replied, smiling.

Miss W. You would speak the words, but not with your understanding. Again, why are the Bereans so much commended? Look at Acts, xvii. 11.

Jane. ‘These were more noble than those in Thes-

salonica, in that they received the word with all readiness of mind, and searched the Scriptures daily, whether those things were so.'

Miss W. They did not ignorantly believe all St. Paul taught, but while they received the word with readiness, they strove to understand and prove it, that so they might believe—how?

Rose. With their minds.

Miss W. Yes; or with the understanding. And why do I teach you, instead of only letting you read the Bible for yourselves?

Ruth. Because we couldn't understand it by ourselves.

Miss W. The words would enter into your ears, but would often convey no sense to your minds, and so I try and help you to understand them, in order that you may believe in, fear, and love God—how?

'With our minds,' they all replied.

Miss W. But is *my* teaching alone sufficient to make you understand heavenly things—to open your minds?

Agnes. No, God must teach us also.

Miss W. What did our Saviour do for the two disciples whom He joined on their way to Emmaus?

Several. 'He expounded unto them in all the Scriptures the things concerning Himself.' (St. Luke, xxiv. 27.)

Miss W. And what are we told, a few verses further on, He did for them all?

Rose. 'Then *opened He their understanding*, that they might understand the Scriptures.' (Verse 45.)

Miss W. With their natural understanding they had, no doubt, in some measure, understood before; they had been able to follow His exposition, but now He taught them *spiritually*. He opened and *perfected* their understanding, to see the hidden, spiri-

tual things of His law. To Whom, then, must we look to open our minds to understand spiritually?

‘God,’ they all replied.

Miss W. We must use, to the best of our powers, in His service, the natural understanding He has given us, while we pray to Him to perfect it, and make it spiritual, that we may believe in, fear, and love him—how?

All. With our minds.

Miss W. Now, is it necessary that we should be *learned*, in order to have this perfect understanding? To whom has God revealed things hidden from the wise and prudent?

Agnes. To babes. (St. Luke, x. 21.)

Miss W. And what did He say of the children who cried, ‘Hosanna to the Son of David’?

Emily. ‘Have ye never read, Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast *perfected praise*?’ (St. Matt. xxi. 16.)

Miss W. God will perfect and spiritualize the understanding of the simplest child, who strives, with all her mind, to believe in, fear, and love Him. Look how He promises this in Prov. ii. 1–6, &c.

Margaret. ‘My son . . . if thou criest after knowledge, and *liftest up thy voice for understanding*; if thou seekest her as silver, and searchest for her as for hid treasures; then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord, and find the knowledge of God. For the Lord giveth wisdom; out of His mouth cometh knowledge and understanding.’

Miss W. To believe in, fear, and love God, then, with all your mind, you must use your natural understanding in His service, and ask Him to perfect it by making it—what?

‘Spiritual,’ said two or three.

Miss W. Yes; and He will surely hear you, whether you be rich or poor, learned or unlearned, old or young. What is *the next thing* mentioned

with which we are to believe in, fear, and love God?

All. Our souls.

Miss W. If I tell you that the 'soul' means the appetites, or natural desires, I am afraid you won't be much wiser, and it would take too long to make you understand it; but you *can* understand that, in order to serve God with our souls, we must be careful to do as St. Paul bids us in Col. iii. 5. Read the verse, Ruth.

Ruth. 'Mortify therefore your members which are upon the earth; fornication, uncleanness, inordinateness (or too strong) affection, evil concupiscence, (or desires,) and covetousness, which is idolatry.'

Miss W. St. Paul tells us we must not serve 'divers lusts; (Tit. iii. 3;) that is, we must not set our wishes on many things, or worldly things, or fleshly appetites, or desires, but on God alone. Look at 2 Cor. x. 5.

Bessie. 'Casting down imaginations, (or reasonings,) and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ.'

Miss W. What does St. Peter tell us 'war against the soul'?

Mary. 'Fleshly lusts.'

Miss W. Yes, fleshly desires, or appetites, will turn away the desires of our souls from God; but must we allow them to do so?

All. No, we must serve Him with all our soul.

Miss W. Yes, above all things we must desire—thirst after—God. Look at Isaiah, xxvi. 8, 9.

Anna. 'The desire of our soul is to Thy Name, and to the remembrance of Thee. With my soul have I desired Thee in the night; yea, with my spirit within me will I seek Thee early.'

Miss W. If we can say this with truth, that we

thirst after God above all things, then we shall believe in Him, fear and love Him—how?

‘With our soul,’ replied the girls.

Miss W. What is promised to those who hunger and thirst after righteousness?

All. They shall be filled.

Miss W. And *with* what shall we, then, hunger and thirst?

Several. The soul.

Miss W. How, therefore, does David say his soul shall be satisfied? (Psalm lxiii. 5.)

Harriet. ‘My soul shall be satisfied, even as it were with marrow and fatness, when my mouth praiseth Thee with joyful lips.’

Miss W. And, afterwards, he says that his soul hangeth upon God. (Verse 9.) And what does he say God does for the empty soul?

Sarah. ‘He satisfieth the empty soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness.’ (Psalm cvii. 9.)

Miss W. And now, lastly, what is said besides the heart, mind, and soul?

All. The strength.

Miss W. That is determination, or power of will: not lazily, but firmly—unwaveringly. What do you say of a child bent upon having its own way?

Several. That it is wilful.

Miss W. Yes, that is, full, or strong of will, determination, or purpose. Now, towards what are we to bend our will?

‘To believing in, fearing, and loving God,’ said Agnes.

Miss W. Can you give me a Bible illustration of strength of belief?

‘Abraham’s,’ said one or two.

Miss W. Very good. How is his faith spoken of in Rom. iv. 20, 21?

Hester. ‘He staggered not at the promise of God through unbelief; but was strong in faith, giving

glory to God ; and being *fully persuaded* that, what He had promised, He was able also to perform.'

Miss W. And how did God try his faith ?

Several. By bidding him offer up his son Isaac.

Miss W. Yes, after He had promised that the seed of Abraham should be great *through Isaac*. (See Heb. xi. 17-19.) If Isaac had died without children, what would have become of this promise ?

'Please, Ma'am, there could have been no promised seed,' said Rose.

Miss W. Just so. Yet, though Abraham was bidden to offer up his son, was his faith shaken in the promise ?

Several. No, Ma'am, he was 'strong in faith.'

Miss W. He believed with all his strength. And Whom did Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, *fear*, more than Nebuchadnezzar and the fiery furnace ?

'God,' replied three or four.

Miss W. How did they show the strength of their fear of offending Him ?

Ruth. By refusing to worship the image which was set up.

Miss W. Yes ; but what did they know would be the *consequence* of their refusal ?

Harriet. That they should be thrown into the fiery furnace.

Miss W. And, dreadful as this punishment was, what did they fear more than it ?

Several. To offend God.

Miss W. Yes, more than they feared the fire ; and thus showed that they feared God—how ?

Several. With all their strength.

Miss W. Of course I do not mean that it was only fear which kept them back from idolatry. No doubt their strong faith and love combined with their fear, to keep them true to Him in Whom they believed, and Whom they loved as well as feared. Now, can you give me a New Testament example of strength

of love? What did all the disciples do when our Lord was led to crucifixion?

Sarah. Forsook Him, and fled.

Miss W. Yes. *All*, we are told; yet which of them do we afterwards find standing by the cross?

Agnes. St. John.

Miss W. What, then, did his strength of love overcome?

Several. His fear.

Miss W. Yes, the strength of his love forced him, as it were, to overcome his fear, and thus he showed that he loved—how?

Several. With all his strength.

Miss W. But are we to give only a *part* of our heart, mind, soul, and strength, to God?

Several. No, *all*.

Miss W. Yes, we are to believe in Him, fear Him, and love Him, with *all*—?

‘Our heart, mind, soul, and strength,’ said all the girls.

‘That is, with all their powers,’ said Miss Walton. ‘It does not mean that we are not to love or fear anything else; for what does the second great commandment teach us?’

Jane. To love our neighbours.

Miss W. Yes, as well as God; but *He* must have the full powers of—what?

All. Our heart, mind, soul, and strength.

Miss W. This is the sum of what these words would teach you. *To serve God with every faculty He has bestowed upon you*, so that your service may be as complete as possible. When I asked you, Margaret and Anna, to help me to put the library books in order, did you dislike to come?

‘Oh, no, Ma’am!’ they replied, ‘we liked it so very much.’

Miss W. You came to the work with all your hearts, I think. And had you not, also, to apply

your minds to it? Do you remember how puzzled you were about arranging the volumes at first?

‘Yes, Ma’am, but we learned at last,’ they replied.

Miss W. Yes, because you gave your mind to learning. Would your service have been of much value to me, do you think, if you had not?

‘No, Ma’am,’ they replied; while Rose remarked, ‘It would have been more trouble than help, I think.’

Miss W. And did you not bend your wishes and desires to arrange the books as I taught you, or were you wishing all the time to do it in some other way?

‘Oh, no, Ma’am!’ said Margaret, ‘we couldn’t have done it at all if we hadn’t done it your way.’

Miss W. And did you do all this against your will,—lazily? would you rather have been at your glove making all the time?

‘I should think not!’ they replied, laughing.

Miss W. No, you willed to help me—you willed to give your minds—you willed to do all as I bid you—to do your best; and so your service to me was as complete and perfect as it could be. And this is what God asks from you all, girls, that you should will to serve Him with all your heart, and mind, and soul. But after you had done your best, girls, didn’t you sometimes make mistakes?

‘Yes, Ma’am: I remember,’ said Anna, ‘we put part I. and II. of the volumes wrong.’

Miss W. Others might have helped me better,—Mr. Walton, for instance, who would not have required to be told anything; but did that make your help less earnest?

‘No, Ma’am, we did as well as we could,’ they replied.

‘Exactly,’ replied Miss Walton, ‘and, therefore, your service was most acceptable to me; it was all I expected, or could have had from you. So God will

accept the service of the humblest, and poorest, and most unlearned, if it is given—how?”

‘With all their heart, and mind, and soul, and strength,’ replied the girls.

Miss W. Yes, if they serve Him with their whole powers, however weak they may be. And now, girls, I would ask, do you think you *all try* thus to serve God? (The girls were silent, and Miss Walton continued,) You gave up your own work to come and help me, did not you?

‘Yes, Ma’am,’ they replied.

Miss W. And do you think you are all as willing to give up your own work, or pleasure, or wishes, to serve God?

‘No, Ma’am,’ replied one or two.

Miss W. I am afraid not. You don’t like to give up companions, or pleasures, for God’s service. You don’t like the strict life which He requires from you. You love others more than Him, and fear the laugh of your companions more than His anger. Would *any* of you have refused to come and help me, if I had asked you instead of Anna and Margaret?

‘No, Ma’am,’ they all replied very warmly.

Miss W. Would you have said you couldn’t spare the time from your work?

‘No, Ma’am, we could have made up the time somehow,’ said Hester.

‘Yes, I think you could; or, to have helped me, you would have even lost the time from your work, would you not?’ asked Miss Walton.

‘Yes, Ma’am,’ replied Hester.

Miss W. And yet, do not some of you elder girls make your work an excuse for not coming to church on week nights? You can’t spare the time, you say. You could spare it for *me*; could not you, sometimes, spare it for *God’s* service?

Hester did *not* answer, but she looked down; for she had given that excuse herself, a few days ago,

when Miss Walton had called to see her, and expressed sorrow that she did not get to church as often as she had done previously.

‘Don’t you think,’ continued Miss Walton, ‘that if you were devoted to God’s service with *all* your heart, and mind, and soul, and strength, you would manage to make up the half-hour the service takes? How do *you* contrive it, Margaret and Emily? You don’t often miss.’

‘We used to have half-an-hour at dinner-time to do what we liked in,’ said Emily, ‘but now we do our work then, and take it at church-time, if we like, instead.’

‘That is a very good plan,’ replied Miss Walton, ‘and gives you an opportunity of showing a hearty willingness in God’s service, of denying yourselves the leisure half-hour, and giving it to God.’

‘Please, Ma’am, I’m sure it isn’t any self-denial,’ said Margaret, blushing as she spoke, ‘for we like to come to church.’

Miss Walton thought within herself, ‘all would not say this,’ and she hoped it was a proof that Margaret did indeed believe in, fear, and love God with all her powers, but she only answered,

‘I am glad to hear it. There is always pleasure in doing right sooner or later; we never lose that which we give to God;’ and then continued, ‘We must leave the end of this answer until next Sunday, for the lesson has been long enough.’

LESSON XXXVIII.

OUR DUTY TO GOD.

MISS WALTON was visiting in the village one day in the week after the Holy Communion, and passing Mrs. Freeward's cottage, she turned in, expecting to find the party, as usual, at work; but, on entering, she found Mrs. Freeward alone. 'It is an uncommon sight to find you sitting alone, Mrs. Freeward,' she said; 'what have you done with all your children?'

'Why, Emily is with Mrs. Best to-day,' she replied, 'and Anna came over to beg that Margaret might go and sit with her for a little bit; she is all alone at home to-day, and couldn't leave the house to come here. Ellen is gone up to her aunt's, and Annie is at school.'

'Emily likes nursing better than work, I think,' said Miss Walton.

'Yes, Ma'am; she's very anxious to go out to service, but I think she is too young yet to go far from home.'

'Indeed I think you are right; it is a pity she can't get a place near home, if she is so anxious for it.'

'Well, I don't feel in any hurry about it, if she will only be satisfied at home,' replied Mrs. Freeward. 'I don't think she is strong enough for regular service.'

The conversation went on for some time about Emily, and then Mrs. Freeward remarked,

‘I suppose, Ma’am, you know how ill Sarah Roberts is?’

‘No, indeed! I have not heard of it. What is the matter?’ returned Miss Walton.

‘They say it’s the erysipelas, I believe; but she only began to complain seriously yesterday morning, and I have not heard of her since last night.’

‘I will go and see her,’ said Miss Walton, rising up. ‘She seemed quite well on Sunday.’

‘I believe she didn’t feel quite well, but she didn’t complain. Poor girl! I feel sorry for her. I don’t think she is very happy with her sister-in-law,’ said Mrs. Freeward.

‘Indeed!’ said Miss Walton, pausing ere she left the cottage. ‘What makes her unhappy, do you think?’

‘I think Catherine manages her badly; she finds too much fault, and this vexes Sarah, and drives her to make companions of girls she had much better keep away from.’

‘I am afraid Sarah is not as steady as I could wish,’ said Miss Walton, ‘and perhaps her sister is *obliged* to find fault.’

‘I think Sarah is to blame too; she does not obey her sister as she ought to do; but I think if Catherine was not quite so hard upon her, she would be better,’ replied Mrs. Freeward. ‘Sarah sometimes talks to me, and I can’t help feeling sorry for her; and I thought perhaps, Ma’am, a word from you might help her. You’ll excuse me, Ma’am, for mentioning it. I wouldn’t say anything against Catherine except to you or Mr. Walton.’

‘I am glad you have told me,’ replied Miss Walton; ‘for if I know what Sarah’s difficulties are, I *shall* be better able to meet them.’

‘That’s just what I felt, Ma’am, and so I made

bold to tell you what I thought,' replied Mrs. Free-ward.

'Good morning, and thank you,' said Miss Walton, as she left the cottage, and bent her steps towards Sarah's home.

When she entered, she found Catherine sitting alone.

'I hear that Sarah is ill,' said Miss Walton. 'I've come to inquire after her.'

'Yes, Ma'am, she's very bad. I tell her she's brought it all upon herself. She wasn't well on Sunday, and yet she would go to church in the evening, though I told her she'd better not; and she didn't come straight home after church, either.'

Miss Walton thought within herself it was not very kind to reproach Sarah now, even if she had been wrong on Sunday, but she only asked,

'May I go up and see her, Mrs. Roberts?'

'Oh, yes! Ma'am, if you like,' she replied, and led the way up-stairs.

Miss Walton was shocked, on approaching the bed, to see the state poor Sarah was in. Her face was so swelled she would not have known her, and the skin looked almost as if it were on fire.

'Have you sent for the doctor?' asked Miss Walton, as she sat down by the bed.

'No, Ma'am, I haven't. I gave her some medicine, and I thought she would be better.'

Miss Walton begged her to go at once for him, she thought Sarah very ill, and, in the meantime, she said she would sit with her. Mrs. Roberts, after a little persuasion, yielded; and while she went for the doctor, Miss Walton sat by Sarah, and powdered her burning face with flour, which she knew would be a good thing.

Sarah seemed very *grateful*, and as she expressed her *thanks*, Miss Walton noticed her eyes filling *with tears*.

‘Are you in pain?’ she asked.

‘Yes, Ma’am, my head is very bad. I don’t know how to bear it,’ she replied; ‘but oh! Miss Walton, do you think I am going to die?’ she asked, in a tone of great anxiety.

‘I trust not, Sarah,’ replied Miss Walton kindly, ‘but you know, “in the midst of life we are in death;” we cannot tell what may be God’s will.’

‘All night long, Ma’am, I’ve thought about it, and I am so frightened. What shall I do?’ exclaimed Sarah.

‘Do not excite yourself so much, Sarah dear,’ returned Miss Walton, struck by her excited manner, and the almost wild expression of her eyes, as she said this. ‘It will make you worse. Try rather to pray to God, and ask Him to forgive you your sins, and to fit you for life or death, and then leave yourself in His Hand, and trust Him to do what is best for you.’

‘I have prayed,’ she said, still speaking eagerly, ‘but I wouldn’t try and be good when I was well; I wouldn’t prepare for the Holy Communion, though I knew I ought, after you spoke to me; and I have behaved so badly to Catherine. I am not fit to pray. It doesn’t do me any good. God won’t hear me. I have been so naughty, and I shall die! What must I do?’ and Sarah sobbed violently.

‘Sarah, my dear girl,’ said Miss Walton, taking her hot hand in hers, ‘your having done wrong will not prevent God’s hearing your prayer, if you trust in, and pray *through* Jesus, your Saviour. He has said, “Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.” You are heavy laden; throw yourself upon your Saviour, and beg for mercy through Him. Trust in Him, and He will not fail you. Shall I say some prayers with you?’ she asked, thinking that might perhaps calm *her better than talking.*

‘Oh! please, Ma’am,’ she answered most earnestly. ‘I longed for Mr. Walton last night.’

‘He shall come and see you,’ replied Miss Walton, as she knelt down and said the Confession in the Communion Service with her, and some other Collects, finishing by using as a prayer those beautiful words in the Visitation of the Sick—‘Almighty God, Who art a most strong tower to all them that put their trust in Thee, to Whom all things in heaven, in earth, and under the earth, do bow and obey, be now and evermore our defence; and make us know and feel that there is none other Name under heaven given to men, in Whom, and through Whom, we may receive health and salvation, but only the Name of our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.’

When she rose, Sarah was much calmer, and for a few moments they neither of them spoke. Then Sarah said,

‘It is turning away from the Holy Communion so long, and especially last Sunday, that hangs so heavy upon me. I *wouldn't* go when I was invited. You know, Ma’am, about the men in the parable.’

‘Those who made false excuses, you mean, and despised the Feast?’

‘Yes, Ma’am. I feel as if I had despised the Holy Communion when I was well; and now I shall die, and never be allowed to have it. Those men were destroyed.’

‘Yes, they were, Sarah, but God is dealing more mercifully with you. He did not cut you off in a moment, but has sent this sickness upon you, and by it is calling you to repentance. Do you remember that even the men in the parable were not cut off after the *first* message? It was when they despised the second, that their punishment fell instantly upon them;’ and Miss Walton opened her Bible and read, ‘“The King sent forth His servants to call them that were bidden to the wedding: and they would not

come. Again He sent forth other servants." This sickness is like the second call, which, if you obey, God will have mercy on you, and forgive you your former neglect.'

'But if I don't get well, I shall never be able to go,' said Sarah.

'Yes, Sarah, if you truly repent of your sins past, and determine, by God's grace, to amend, and your life seems in danger, Mr. Walton can administer the Holy Communion to you here.'

'And will he?' she asked.

'You must speak to him about it, Sarah; but if your life is in danger, and you wish it, I don't think he will refuse you.'

'And do you think, Ma'am, God will forgive me? Can I be fit to receive it?'

'God will surely forgive you if you are truly sorry, Sarah; the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.'

'If I had only repented when I was well!' she said. 'Mrs. Freeward said, perhaps I shouldn't live for another Communion, and I wouldn't mind her.'

'It would have been better and happier for you, certainly, but it is not too late. You remember your mother, Sarah?'

'Oh, yes, Ma'am!' she replied; 'dear Mother!'

'Well! Sarah, supposing you had done wrong to her, and had not been sorry for it until she punished you, and that then you saw your error, and went and confessed your fault to her, and asked her pardon; would you have felt any doubt of her forgiveness?'

'Oh! no, Ma'am, she would have forgiven me in a moment, I'm sure.'

'So, my dear girl, God will forgive you for Christ's sake. You must go to Him for pardon with the same trustful confidence that you would have gone to your mother; only be very sure you are truly *sorry*, not only frightened, because you are ill.'

Just as Miss Walton said this, she heard Catherine's footsteps entering the cottage, accompanied by the doctor. In another moment he was up-stairs, and Miss Walton waited to hear his orders, and see if she could be of any use, and to know his opinion. He pronounced it to be a violent attack of erysipelas, from which, he said, several were suffering; and having ordered what was necessary, he left, promising to call again in the evening, and desiring Sarah to keep herself quiet, for the fever ran very high.

Miss Walton felt quite sure Sarah had both talked and listened enough at that time, and, therefore, on Mr. Benthorp's leaving, she only said,

'I must leave you too, Sarah, for you have talked enough; but I hope you will try and keep calm, and trust in your Saviour, though your faults have been many.'

Her only answer was, 'Thank you, Ma'am: will Mr. Walton come?' but it was in a much calmer tone than that in which she had spoken before.

'Yes, he will; he did not know you were ill, or he would have been before. You ought to have sent for him at once. I will send you some cooling drink. Good morning.'

'Good morning, and thank you,' she again said.

'I hope you will keep her very quiet,' said Miss Walton to Catherine, on being alone with her. 'She seems very easily excited.'

'I don't know, Ma'am, she has not said much to me. She has done little else than cry since she was ill. I tell her it's very impatient.'

'I don't think it's impatience which makes her cry. Do not find fault with her for it. She is not happy. We have all faults to be sorry for.'

'That's true, Ma'am,' she replied. 'I should be glad to think she was sorry for her faults.'

'Indeed, I think she is,' returned Miss Walton, 'and needs very tender, kind words. But I must

say good morning, now,' she continued, as she rose up and left the cottage.

It was long past lunch hour when Miss Walton reached home, and she found her brother had gone out. He returned, however, in time to see Sarah before dinner.

She was still very ill on the following Sunday, though not considered in danger. Both Mr. Walton and his sister had seen her many times, and had had further conversation with her. Her sorrow for neglecting the Holy Communion, and other faults, continued very keen, but she was much calmer, and looked more trustfully to her Saviour for pardon.

Of course she was not at the lesson on Sunday, which we will now join.

'You must repeat again the answer which teaches you your duty to God,' said Miss Walton.

All. 'My duty towards God, is to believe in Him, to fear Him, and to love Him with all my heart, with all my mind, with all my soul, and with all my strength; to worship Him, to give Him thanks, to put my whole trust in Him, to call upon Him, to honour His Holy Name and His Word, and to serve Him truly all the days of my life.'

Miss W. And do you remember what we said last Sunday was the sum of what the first part teaches us?

• 'That we are to serve God with all our powers,' said Rose.

'That we are to serve Him as well as we can,' said Agnes.

'To do our best,' said others.

Miss W. Very good; and if we do this, it will lead us on to the fulfilment of the particular duties which this answer goes on to mention. If we believe in the High and Holy God with all our powers, what shall we offer to Him?

'Worship,' said Margaret.

Miss W. And what shall we give in return for the good things He bestows upon us?

‘Thanks,’ they all replied.

Miss W. And if we heartily believe in His power and goodness, what shall we feel in Him?

‘Trust,’ said Anna.

Miss W. And if we believe in His willingness to help us, what will it encourage us to do?

‘Call upon Him,’ they all replied.

Miss W. And if we fear God with all our heart, and mind, and soul, and strength, how shall we treat His Name and Word?

All. ‘Honour’ them.

Miss W. Yes, fear to use them lightly; for what is threatened to those who do not honour His Name?

Jane. ‘The Lord will not hold him guiltless.’

Miss W. And if we love God, how shall we employ our days?

Several. In His service. We shall ‘serve Him truly all the days of our life.’

Miss W. Yes; thus love embraces all—love will lead us with all the powers of our heart, mind, soul, and strength, to serve Him. Now, can you tell me how our Saviour has taught us that God must be worshipped?

Mary. ‘In spirit and in truth.’ (St. John, iv. 24.)

Miss W. That is, with the heart, and without hypocrisy. Why did He say the worship of the Jews was ‘in vain’? Look at St. Matt. xv. 8, 9.

Bessie. ‘This people draweth nigh unto Me with their mouth, and honoureth Me with their lips; *but their heart is far from Me.* But in vain they do worship Me.’

Miss W. But if we believe in, fear, and love God with all our powers, shall we offer Him such a worship as this?

Mary. No, Ma’am, but a hearty worship.

Miss W. How does David, in the Psalms, bid us worship God?

Emily. 'With holy worship.' (Ps. xxix. 2.)

Miss W. What must go along with our worship to make it 'holy worship'?

'Holiness of life,' said little Agnes.

Miss W. Yes; and it is holy also, because, to what sort of a God is it offered?

Several. A Holy God.

Miss W. What did God say of the censers of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, though they had rebelled against Him?

The girls did not know, and Miss Walton bade them read Numbers, xvi. 37, 38.

Hester. 'Speak unto Eleazar that he take up the censers out of the burning for they are hallowed for they offered them before the Lord, therefore they are hallowed.'

Miss W. So our worship is a holy worship, because it is offered unto—?

'A Holy God,' they all replied.

Miss W. And we should try to make it holy in ourselves by our holy lives; then will it be accepted, through—Whom?

'Jesus Christ,' they all answered.

Miss W. And what are we to give God in our worship?

Margaret. 'Thanks.'

Miss W. How does David say God looks upon our thanks and praise? Ps. l. 23.

Harriet. 'Whoso offereth Me thanks and praise, he honoureth Me.'

Miss W. God, then, looks upon our thanks as an—?

'Honour,' said two or three.

Miss W. He deigns to say that we honour Him by our thanks; if, then, we truly love Him, shall we neglect to thank Him?

‘Oh, no, Ma’am!’ said Rose, with some earnestness.

Miss W. Where, in the Bible, do we find words of praise most abundantly?

‘In the Psalms,’ they all answered quickly.

Miss W. Yes, they are so full of words of praise, that if we began to quote them, we might go on for hours. And does the Church teach us to use these words of thanks and praise?

‘Yes, Ma’am,’ they replied, and Anna added, ‘We read the Psalms through every month.’

‘That we may continually give God thanks,’ said Miss Walton. ‘And while we thus worship God, and give Him thanks, what further are we taught is our duty to God?’

Several. To put our whole trust in Him.

Miss W. And what do you mean by ‘trust’?

‘Confidence,’ said Rose.

Miss W. Yes; to have perfect trust, is to confide in, or rely upon, without questioning; and this is the trust we must place upon—Whom?

‘God,’ they all answered.

Miss W. And it is in God alone that we can thus trust; man might fail us, God cannot. Look at Ps. cxlvi. 2, and 4, 5.

Bessie. ‘O put not your trust in princes, nor in any child of man, for there is no help in them Blessed is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help, and whose hope is in the Lord his God Who keepeth His promise for ever.’

Miss W. An infant, or little child, is perhaps the best example we can have of perfect trust. In whom does an infant place perfect confidence?

‘Its mother,’ said several.

Miss W. Does it seem ever to doubt for a moment its mother’s love, or power, or word?

Several. No, Ma’am.

Miss W. No; it lies in its mother’s arms, and

nestles in her bosom with unquestioning, undoubting trust; and even when a mother has to give an infant pain, will it turn from her?

‘No, Ma’am,’ said Emily. ‘I’m sure, the other day, when Mrs. Best’s baby was ill, and she had to put a blister on, which gave the poor little thing so much pain, it clung to her more than to anybody.’

‘And did she dress the blister herself?’ asked Miss Walton.

‘Yes, Ma’am,’ replied Emily; ‘and it was so bad, I couldn’t help crying to see it; and though poor baby cried dreadfully, she wouldn’t leave her mother, but only clung closer to her.’

Miss W. I quite believe it. Her trust in her mother would not be shaken by the pain she was forced to give her. It is with even more of unwavering, unquestioning confidence that we may trust in God. Look at Isa. xlix. 15.

Anna. ‘Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea, *they* may forget, yet will *I* not forget thee.’

Miss W. A mother may betray a child’s confidence, God will never betray ours; therefore our duty to Him is to put our—?

‘Whole trust in Him,’ said Mary.

Miss W. How does David speak of those who trust in God?

Margaret. ‘They that put their trust in the Lord shall be even as the mount Sion, *which may not be removed, but standeth fast for ever.*’ (Ps. cxxv. 1.)

‘O taste, and see how gracious the Lord is; *blessed* is the man that trusteth in Him,’ said Anna (xxxiv. 8.)

‘All they that put their trust in Him shall *not be destitute,*’ repeated Jane. (Ver. 22.)

Miss W. And Solomon says, ‘Whoso putteth His *trust in the Lord shall be safe.*’ (Prov. xxix. 25.)

We have every reason, then, to trust in God. But you say the infant's trust was not shaken by pain. What does God sometimes send upon us?

All. Sorrow and pain.

Miss W. But must we, therefore, cease to lean upon Him?

'No, Ma'am,' said Agnes, slowly, 'but cling closer, like the little baby.'

Miss W. Do you remember how Job expresses his unbounded trust? Job, xiii. 15.

Anna. 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.'

Miss W. He would still believe God was doing what was best for him; still lean upon Him. And thus God bids us do by the Prophet Isaiah, chap. 10.

Jane. 'Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of His servant, that walketh in darkness, and hath no light? *let him trust in the Name of the Lord, and stay upon his God.*'

Miss W. How can we show our trust in God's Word?

Emily. By believing all that He tells us.

Miss W. And how can we show our trust in His dealings with us? If a child complained of all another did for it, would that be trust?

Several. No, Ma'am.

Miss W. Then we show our trust in God's dealings with us—how?

Anna. By not complaining.

Miss W. And if a child argued against its mother's treatment, and wished for things different, would that be trust?

'No, Ma'am,' said Rose, 'that would show the child didn't think its mother knew best.'

Miss W. Then we must show our trust in God's dealings with us, not only by not complaining, but—?

'By submitting,' said Margaret.

Miss W. Yes, without questioning, without thinking we know better ourselves. And when a child is in danger and difficulty, how does it show trust in a mother?

‘By looking to her for help and comfort,’ said one or two.

Miss W. Then, in our troubles and sorrows, how are we to show trust in God?

Hester. By praying to Him.

‘By leaning upon Him,’ said Miss Walton. ‘What does St. Peter tell us to cast upon God?’

‘Our care,’ said Mary. (1 Pet. v. 7.)

Miss W. And if a child *wants* anything, how does it show trust in a mother?

‘By going and asking her for it,’ said Harriet.

‘And believing that she will give it,’ added Rose.

‘Rather believing that the mother will do what is best,’ said Miss Walton. ‘And St. Paul teaches us that we may have the same trust in God. He says, “Be careful for nothing.” Why? What can we do, instead of being troubled ourselves?’

Mary. ‘In everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let our requests be made known unto God.’ (See Phil. iv. 6.)

Miss W. Yes; therefore, after saying in this answer, that it is our duty to put our whole trust in God, what do we go on to say it is our duty to do?

‘To call upon Him,’ they all replied.

Miss W. As a child’s trust in her mother will lead her to ask for what she wants, so our trust in God should lead us to—?

‘Call upon Him,’ they replied, ‘for what we want.’

Miss W. What is the difference, do you think, between worshipping God, which we have mentioned before, and calling upon Him? (The girls could not answer this question, so Miss Walton said again,) What is the object of worship? Whom do we *adore*?

‘God,’ they all replied.

Miss W. The end of our worship, then, should be to give God—what?

‘Honour,’ replied Rose.

Miss W. Yes, the honour and adoration due to Him; but when we ‘call upon Him,’ is it to give *Him* worship only, or for our *own* benefit also?

‘Our own benefit,’ said Jane.

‘To ask for what we want,’ said Emily.

Miss W. Just so. We *call* upon God, when we ask for what we want, we *worship Him* when we offer to Him His due honour, that is, when we adore and praise Him.

‘But, please, Ma’am, are not all our prayers called worship?’ asked Anna.

Miss W. Yes, Anna, very often, because we *do* adore God while we ask, and *in* asking Him for what we need for ourselves, but we ought not to forget that the object of our prayers should not always be to ask for benefits for ourselves, but—what?

‘To give God honour and glory,’ she and others replied.

Miss W. Our Saviour taught us this in the Lord’s Prayer. What are the first three petitions?

Several. ‘Hallowed be Thy Name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done.’

Miss W. Yes, do they chiefly concern ourselves, or God?

Rose. God.

‘That the worship of God should be our first object, is, I am afraid, too much forgotten,’ said Miss Walton. ‘Do we have daily service only to ask for blessings for ourselves?’

‘No, but to give God honour also,’ replied Ruth.

Miss W. Yes; and, therefore, we sing psalms of praise, (See Ps. viii,) and give God titles of honour, and magnify Him *for His own excellency*; and can we do this too often?

‘No, Ma’am,’ they replied.

Miss W. No; even if we did not need blessings for ourselves every day, we ought to go to church to offer God worship and reverence both in act and word. But we *do* need blessings ourselves which we may ask for. Has God given any promise of hearing us if we call upon Him?

‘Oh, yes, Ma’am, many,’ replied Mary.

Miss W. Give me some.

‘Ask, and it shall be given you;’ she repeated, ‘seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you: for every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.’ (St. Matt. vii. 7, 8; also 11.)

‘Call upon Me in the time of trouble: so will I hear thee, and thou shalt praise Me,’ repeated Margaret. (Ps. l. 15.)

‘And all things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive,’ said Anna. (St. Matt. xxi. 22.)

‘That will do,’ continued Miss Walton. ‘And now I want you to think, girls, what a comfort it is that we may thus trust in, and call upon God, and especially to the poor. Sometimes you have much to suffer in this world, perhaps cold, and hunger, and thirst, but on Whom may you cast your care?’

‘God,’ they all replied.

Miss W. And though troubles may press very hard,—things seem, as it were, to go against you—if you trust in God, what will you feel quite sure of?

‘That all is for the best,’ said Margaret. ‘Mother often says that.’

Miss W. Yes; and you may feel quite sure that God will not send upon you more trouble than He will give you strength to bear. Look how He promises this. Deut. xxxiii. 25.

Jane. ‘As thy days, so shall thy strength be.’

Miss W. And again, 1 Cor. x. 13.

Bessie. 'God is faithful, Who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will, with the temptation, also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it.'

Miss W. A firm trust in God will save you from much anxiety and unrest, for you may lean upon Him in all your sorrows, and call upon Him in all your needs, for He 'will not fail His people.' (Ps. xciv. 14.) Look also how David speaks of God's faithfulness in Ps. ix. 10.

Harriet. 'They that know Thy Name will put their trust in Thee: for *Thou, Lord, hast never failed them that seek Thee.*'

'We must now go on with the answer in the Catechism,' said Miss Walton. 'If we believe in, and fear God with all our heart, and mind, and soul, and strength, how did you say we should treat His Name and Word?'

'Honour them,' replied the girls.

Miss W. And what way have you just mentioned in which you can show honour to His Name?

'By worshipping Him,' replied several.

Miss W. Yes, we must honour His Name not only by using it carefully, but by praising and glorifying Him. The Psalms are full of words of honour given to God; whole Psalms are devoted to it. Look at Ps. xcix.

They all turned to it, and read it through, verse by verse, and then Miss Walton said again, 'Read also Ps. xcvi. 2-4. 7-10.'

All. 'Sing unto the Lord and praise His Name, be telling of His salvation from day to day. Declare His honour unto the heathen, and His wonders unto all people. For the Lord is great, and cannot worthily be praised: He is more to be feared than all gods . . . Ascribe unto the Lord, O ye kindreds of the people: ascribe unto the Lord worship and power. Ascribe unto the Lord the honour due unto His Name:

bring presents, and come into His courts. O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness: let the whole earth stand in awe of Him. Tell it out among the heathen that the Lord is King . . . and how that He shall judge the people righteously.'

Miss W. The xcviith Psalm, which we chant in church, is another example of giving God the honour due to His Name. But we are not only to honour His Name, but His—

'Word,' they all replied.

Miss W. Where do we find His Word?

All. In the Bible.

Miss W. And how can we honour it?

'By reading it carefully,' said some.

'By obeying it,' said others.

'And by trying to spread it,' added Miss Walton, 'in those heathen lands where it is not known. And have we any means of hearing God's word?'

Several. Yes; in church.

Miss W. What part of the service is from the Bible?

'The Lessons and Psalms,' said some.

'And the Epistle and Gospel,' added Jane.

Miss W. Who, then, speaks to us in those portions of the service?

'God,' they all replied.

Miss W. And how should we listen to His Word?

Margaret. With reverence.

Miss W. We should show our honour to it by listening with reverence. I fear we do not listen to the Lessons as we ought; we forget that they are God's Word, which it is our duty to honour. Why do I like you to have your Bibles at church?

Several. That we may read them at the same time.

Miss W. Yes, to help your attention, because it is your duty to give your attention to God's Word. Which is generally listened to with the most attention, do you think, the Lessons, or the sermon?

‘The sermon,’ they replied.

Miss W. Yet which is most truly God’s Word?

Several. The Lessons.

Miss W. Then which claims most attention?

Several. The Lessons.

Miss W. Yes, indeed. And how do we sum up our duty to God?

‘We are to serve Him truly all the days of our life,’ said Rose.

Miss W. These words need no explanation, they do but need that you should set yourselves heartily to obey them—to try every day to serve and please God—in great or little things?

‘Little things,’ said some.

‘Both,’ said others.

‘Both, is the right answer,’ said Miss Walton. ‘But if you do it in *little* things, you are less *likely* to *fail* in *great* ones.’

‘I cannot read to you to-day, girls,’ Miss Walton continued, as she shut her books. ‘I have promised to go and see poor Sarah.’

‘Please, Ma’am, mother saw her this morning,’ said Margaret, ‘and thought her cooler and better; she had had a better night.’

‘I am glad to hear it,’ returned Miss Walton. ‘She has suffered a great deal.’

I must not, however, tell my readers now how Miss Walton found her; but they shall hear something more of her another time.

LESSON XXXIX.

THE FIFTH COMMANDMENT.

HONOUR DUE TO PARENTS.

WHILE Sarah was laid up with the erysipelas, both Miss Walton and her brother saw her many times, and were pleased to find that, as the fear of death passed away, her sorrow for her faults did not pass away also. For a few days she was very feverish and poorly, but Mr. Benthorp did not think her in any danger, (though she had been alarmed herself,) and, therefore, Mr. Walton thought it better she should not receive the Holy Communion privately, (as it was the first time,) but wait until she was able to go to church. He thought it better she should calmly make her choice when the fear and excitement of sickness had gone, and then it would be less likely that she would repent of her choice; and if she continued as anxious to go when better as now while ill, he hoped it would be a good sign of the reality of her repentance.

About a week after she had been taken ill, Miss Walton called to see her, and found her looking much better in health, but not happy. She had evidently been crying, and seemed excited.

‘Are you not better to-day?’ asked Miss Walton in a cheerful tone.

‘Yes, Ma’am,’ she replied, ‘I’m much better. I *want to get up*, but Catherine won’t let me.’

I think she is quite right not to let you,' returned Miss Walton kindly, though in a decided manner. 'She is very cold, Sarah, and a chill would throw you out of bed, and make you worse than ever. Do you think she is very hard upon you?' she asked, smiling.

'Not you, Ma'am; but you say it differently to Catherine,' she replied, colouring.

'Perhaps, because you are more willing to submit to her than you are to Catherine, so I can afford to speak differently. Is not that it, Sarah?' she asked. Sarah did not answer, and Miss Walton continued, 'Now is the time for you to show that you were really sorry for your past faults towards Catherine, submitting cheerfully to her judgment.'

'If she would only not speak as if she thought I wasn't going to mind her, it wouldn't be so bad,' said Sarah.

'I don't quite understand you, Sarah.'

'Why, just now,' she replied, 'when I talked of getting up, she said it was no use her saying anything, she knew; but if I *did* get up, she wouldn't leave me if I was ill again: and, please, Ma'am, I didn't mean to go against her,' said Sarah, beginning to cry, 'I only talked about getting up, and said I was tired of bed.'

'I am sure you must be tired,' returned Miss Walton, 'but then, your sister knows it would not be safe for you to get up, and you must remember, Sarah, that you used often to go against her, so no wonder she expects it. You must prove yourself obedient to her before you can expect her to trust you.'

'Well, Ma'am, I won't get up,' she replied. 'But it is very hard when Catherine is so cross. Oh! I wish my poor mother was alive, I shouldn't have minded obeying her.'

'Poor Sarah!' said Miss Walton, kindly, 'no one could make up to you for your mother; but isn't she leave you under the care of your brother and sister?'

‘Yes, Ma’am, William was married just before mother died, and she asked them to take care of me, and they said they would; and William is always very kind to me.’

‘And didn’t she say anything to you, Sarah, about obeying them?’

‘Yes, Ma’am; she said that they would be to me in the place of her, and I must mind them; and I said I would; but it is not like having her.’

‘I am sure it isn’t, Sarah, but don’t you think your mother would wish you to obey Catherine? Don’t you think she would tell you to do so, if she could speak to you?’

‘Yes, Ma’am, I suppose she would.’

‘And don’t you like to think you can do things she would have wished?’

‘Yes, Ma’am, I always try and do things poor mother told me. She told me always to go to church, and I have always tried to mind her.’

‘Well, then, Sarah, in obeying Catherine, are you not doing as your mother would wish you to do? Are you not, in fact, obeying *her*, because *she* told you to mind *them*? If you remember this, don’t you think it will make obedience easier, even though Catherine does not always speak quite kindly?’

‘I never thought of that before,’ she replied, sitting up in bed, and looking at Miss Walton. ‘Oh! Ma’am, I will try to mind Catherine better; I am very sorry I said so much about getting up.’

‘Then do you think you said too much?’

‘Yes, Ma’am; when *she* said *that*, I answered, that if it was no use her saying anything, I should do as I liked. I am very sorry, but I felt so vexed with her.’

‘Indeed, that was not a right answer,’ returned Miss Walton; ‘it was disrespectful to your sister; and you know, as she stands to you in the place of *your* parents, you should honour her as you are bid

by God to honour them. I cannot wonder that Catherine is not pleased with you, if you answer her in that way.'

'I thought I wouldn't any more,' said Sarah, in a humble voice. 'Mr. Walton told me of it, and I thought I wouldn't. I am very sorry.'

She had hardly said this, when Catherine entered the bed-room, (she had not been in the house when Miss Walton first came.) 'I am glad to see Sarah so much better to-day,' said Miss Walton.

'Yes, Ma'am, she's better, but she'll soon be ill again if she's so wilful. She is determined to get up to-day, against all I can say.'

Sarah looked up, flushed, and caught Miss Walton's eye looking towards her, as much as to say, 'You answer, but take care how you do it.' Her colour deepened, but with an effort she replied,

'No, Catherine, I won't get up if you don't wish it;' and then, almost gasping for breath, she continued, 'I'm sorry for speaking to you as I did just now, but I never really meant to get up.'

This was the first time Sarah had ever humbled herself to Catherine, and it took her quite by surprise. She answered, however, with some kindness of manner,

'That's a good girl. I'm glad Miss Walton has persuaded you.'

'Don't give me the credit,' returned Miss Walton, smiling; 'I assure you, Sarah told me she did not intend to go against your wishes, Mrs. Roberts. You misunderstood her when she first spoke, I think. To-morrow I hope there will be no danger in her getting up, and going down when the lower room gets warm.'

'No, Ma'am, every day makes a difference,' returned Mrs. Roberts, as she again left Miss Walton alone with Sarah. She talked to her for a little while longer, and Sarah was very anxious to know if

Miss Walton thought she might go to school the following Sunday, but Miss Walton durst not raise her hopes, and Sarah promised to try and be patient, and be guided by her sister.

‘And please, Ma’am, I think it will be easier now, when I remember Mother,’ she said.

‘If, at the same time, you ask God to help you, and remember that He has told children to obey their parents, it will, I am sure, Sarah,’ returned Miss Walton; ‘and you will find a blessing, my dear girl, in thus trying to obey your mother, although she has been taken from you. You can only show your love and obedience to her by cheerfully obeying those she placed over you.’

On Miss Walton’s leaving Sarah, she walked on to Mrs. Freeward’s, to speak about some needle-work.

When she reached the cottage door, she found them all talking eagerly, and Emily holding a letter in her hand, and saying in earnest tones,

‘Don’t say no, Mother; *do’e, do’e*, think about it.’

Miss Walton was going to turn away, saying she would call again, but Mrs. Freeward, (who, though evidently much agitated, retained outward calmness,) begged her to come in, saying,

‘I should be much obliged to you, Ma’am, if you would read this letter, and tell me what you think about it. It is from Lucy Hickley; she has sent word of a nurse-maid’s place, and wants Anna to go, but she won’t leave home, and Emily is very anxious to go instead.’

Miss Walton took the letter from Emily’s hand to read it, while she stood by, watching eagerly Miss Walton’s face, as if trying to read her thoughts about it, and every now and then glancing at her mother with an appealing look.

When Miss Walton had finished, she said, ‘It appears as if it might be a comfortable place, but *what are your wishes*, Mrs. Freeward?’

Before she could answer, Emily exclaimed, 'Oh! Mother never wants me to go out; but I must go "somewhen."'

'I am afraid that is it, Ma'am; I can't bear the thoughts of parting with her, but if it is a good place, perhaps I oughtn't to say anything against it. She is so anxious to go herself, but I don't like her going without knowing something more of Mrs. Eaton, and it is so far for her to go.'

'Oh! but Mother,' returned Emily, 'Lucy is there.'

'Don't be so very anxious, Emily, my child,' said Miss Walton. 'Let your mother think calmly over it; I'm sure she will try and decide what is best for you.'

'Indeed, Ma'am, that's what I wish to do,' replied Mrs. Freeward, her eyes filling with tears. 'Please, Ma'am, do you think Mr. Walton could learn anything from the clergyman about Mrs. Eaton?'

'I will ask him about it,' said Miss Walton. 'It is certainly desirable you should know something about her.'

'But Lucy says an answer must be sent directly,' interposed Emily. 'If we wait for that, I shall lose the place.'

'Mother,' said Margaret, 'perhaps Mrs. Bentwick might know something about her. You know she came from near them.'

'That is a very good thought, Margaret,' said Miss Walton. 'You might go and ask her, I think, Mrs. Freeward.'

'Do you think, Ma'am, I might make so bold?' she replied. 'It would help me to decide if I could hear something about her.'

Miss Walton said she was sure Mrs. Bentwick would gladly see Mrs. Freeward, and she arranged to go that very afternoon. Miss Walton asked her to call at the Vicarage on the way back, and she

could then consult with Mr. Walton also, and write by the next day's post.

'And please, Ma'am, you won't try and persuade Mother against my going,' said Emily, intreatingly.

'Trust your mother, Emily, my child,' said Miss Walton, gravely. 'I am sure she will consider your wishes as much as she ought; but you know you must yield your will to hers cheerfully, whatever she decides. Will you try and do this?'

Emily seemed as if she durst not answer; she looked first at her mother, and then at Miss Walton, as she stood up to go, but was silent. 'Won't you promise to try and do this?' said Miss Walton again. 'Come along a little way with me, Emily, for I can't stay, and let us talk about it.'

She obeyed, and Miss Walton talked to her as she went along, until at length Emily said,

'Well, Ma'am, I will try; but oh! I hope she won't say no. I do so want to go.'

'Don't trust to your own strength, Emily, but pray to God to enable you to yield a willing obedience to your parents, and do not try and influence them more than you ought; try and leave the decision in their hands. They know your wishes, and will consider them, I'm quite sure.'

As Emily turned away from Miss Walton, she met Bessie Mason, and in eager conversation with her, forgot Miss Walton's advice to pray to God to help her.

The account Mrs. Freeward heard of Mrs. Eaton was not as full as she wished, but after much consideration, and talking it over with her husband and Mr. and Miss Walton, as Emily was so anxious about it, she ventured to consent; and Miss Walton wrote to Mrs. Eaton for her, to offer Emily, and make agreement with her. She had not received an answer by the following Sunday, so that it was still uncertain whether Emily went or not. It was not considered *safe* for Sarah to be out, so she was forced again to

miss the lesson; but Miss Walton was glad to hear that she submitted without a complaint, and to make the day less long and tedious to her, Miss Walton spent an hour with her, reading and talking, as soon as the following lesson with the rest of the girls was over.

‘What do the last six Commandments teach us?’ asked Miss Walton.

Several. Our duty to our neighbour.

Miss W. What is thy duty to thy neighbour? You may say the answer, sentence by sentence, in turn.

The girls stood up, and Jane began, ‘My duty towards my neighbour is to love him as myself, and to do to all men as I would they should do unto me.’

Anna. ‘To love, honour, and succour my father and mother.’

Agnes. ‘To honour and obey the queen, and all that are put in authority under her.’

Bessie. ‘To submit myself to all my governors, teachers, spiritual pastors, and masters.’

Harriet. ‘To order myself lowly and reverently to all my betters.’

Rose. ‘To hurt nobody by word or deed.’

Hester. ‘To be true and just in all my dealing.’

Mary. ‘To bear no malice nor hatred in my heart.’

Margaret. ‘To keep my hands from picking and stealing, and my tongue from evil speaking, lying, and slandering.’

Ruth. ‘To keep my body in temperance, soberness, and chastity.’

Emily. ‘Not to covet nor desire other men’s goods; but to learn and labour truly to get mine own living, and to do my duty in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call me.’

‘Very good. I am glad to hear you say it in that way without a mistake,’ said Miss Walton. ‘And

now tell me which is the first commandment that teaches you your duty to your neighbour.'

All. The fifth, 'Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.'

Miss W. Now, can you tell me how much of the answer on your duty to your neighbour this commandment embraces?

'To love, honour, and succour my father and mother,' repeated Rose. 'To honour and obey the queen, and all that are put in authority under her. To submit myself to all my governors, teachers, spiritual pastors, and masters,' and there she stopped.

'One more clause,' said Miss Walton; and Bessie repeated—'To order myself lowly and reverently to all my betters.'

Miss W. Our father and mother, as being the nearest and dearest neighbours, and those to whom our love and honour are most due, are named, and represent *all those* who are above us, all our betters. I read the other day, girls, that in China the people call all those in authority, as for example, the Emperor and Mandarins, or chief magistrates, Father and Mother; and their whole idea of duty, as a people, to their governors, is as of the duty of children to their parents.* But it is upon your duty to your parents alone, or those who stand in their place, that I would speak to you to-day. How does the command bid you behave to them?

Agnes. To honour them.

Miss W. But what must honour proceed from? What is the fulfilling of the law?

'Love,' they all replied.

Miss W. Therefore the explanation of this command says—what?

'Love, honour, and succour,' said Margaret.

* See 'The Chinese Empire.' By M. Huc.

Miss W. How can you show honour to your parents?

Several. By obeying them.

Miss W. Yes, obedience is the best way of showing honour. Can you give me any texts bidding children be obedient?

Several. 'Children, obey your parents in the Lord: for this is right.' (Eph. vi. 1.)

Margaret. 'Children, obey your parents in all things: for this is well pleasing unto the Lord.' (Col. iii. 20.)

Miss W. Look also at Prov. i. 8, 9.

Jane. 'My son, hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother; for they shall be an ornament of grace unto thy head, and chains about thy neck.' (See also iv. 1; vi. 20-23.)

Miss W. Yes, obedience to parents is the one great duty set before children; and do you remember the punishment which God appointed among the Jews for a rebellious, disobedient child? Look at Dent. xxi. 18-21.

Harriet. 'If a man have a stubborn and rebellious son, which will not obey the voice of his father, or the voice of his mother, and that, when they have chastened him, will not hearken unto them: then shall his father and his mother lay hold on him, and bring him out unto the elders of his city, and unto the gate of his place; and they shall say unto the elders of his city, This our son is stubborn and rebellious, he will not obey our voice . . . and all the men of his city shall stone him with stones, that he die.'

Miss W. So great did Almighty God consider the sin of disobedience to parents; and do you remember how it is spoken of in the book of Proverbs, xxx. 17?

Ruth. 'The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it.'

Miss W. It would seem from this, as if the body of the rebellious child was left, after being stoned,

without burial, for the fowls of the air to devour. What would God show by all this?

‘The great sin of disobedience,’ said Margaret.

Miss W. Yes, because the command to obey your parent is the one command especially given to children; and it is by obedience to it, that you can best show love and obedience to God. In obeying your parents, Whom do you please?

‘God,’ they all answered.

Miss W. Just so. For He has placed them over you, and bids you obey them. Supposing your parents went away for a week, and left a friend in the house to take care of you, and, on taking leave, said to you, ‘You must do everything your guardian bids you,’ whose commands would you be minding in each act of obedience to your friend?

‘Our parents,’ they replied.

Miss W. And could you be said to be obeying your parents if you did *not* obey the guardian they had placed over you?

‘No; disobedience to her would be disobedience to them,’ said Rose.

Miss W. Just so; thus it is with God and your parents; therefore, when St. Paul says, ‘Children, obey your parents,’ what does he add?

Several. ‘In the Lord.’ (Eph. vi. 1.)

‘Or in obedience to Him,’ said Miss Walton, ‘feeling that in obeying them you are obeying Him, by loving them you are showing your love to Him. Supposing the friend your parents left with you was one whom you loved very much, would it be disagreeable and difficult to you to obey her?’

‘No, Ma’am,’ said Agnes, ‘we should be glad to please her for her own sake.’

Miss W. Then should it be difficult and disagreeable to you to obey the parents whom God has placed over you?

‘No, because we love them,’ said three or four.

Miss W. And you must love them 'in the Lord,' as being those whom He has kindly given you. But there is another meaning of this verse—obeying in the Lord. Suppose, for a moment, a parent should bid a child do a thing which God has actually forbidden, such as to steal, or tell a lie: which must, then, be obeyed?

'God,' answered all the girls.

Miss W. Yes, because you are bid to obey your parents—how?

'In the Lord,' said several.

'It is indeed, I should hope, very seldom that a child is put into such a trying position as to have to choose between disobeying God or her parents; but if it ever should be so, God must be obeyed *first of all*, though anger and punishment from earthly parents should be the consequence,' said Miss Walton. 'None of *you*, however, I am sure, are likely, with your parents, to be put to such a trial; rather you may feel quite sure that you are best obeying God in obeying them; for it is only when their command is in plain and direct contradiction to God's law, that *children* need have any doubt as to the duty of obedience to their parents. Who has set us the great example of obedience to parents?'

'Jesus Christ,' said two or three.

Miss W. When?

Ruth. When He was twelve years old, and stayed behind His parents at Jerusalem.

Miss W. Whose business did He say He was about?

Mary. God His Father's.

Miss W. Yet, when His parents found Him, did He refuse to accompany them?

Emily. No, 'He went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and *was subject unto them.*' (St. Luke, ii. 51.)

Miss W. Yes; He Who was their God submitted

Himself, or 'was subject' unto His mother and reputed father, that He might fulfil the law, and be an example to you. Do you think you all follow this great Example as you ought? (The girls did not answer, and Miss Walton continued,) It is not *only* by directly disregarding a plain command, that you can show want of obedience. Supposing your parents show you plainly what their wishes are, without giving a distinct command, what will real obedience teach you to do?

'Mind their wishes,' said Margaret.

Miss W. Just so. A child who disregards the known wishes of a parent, is disobedient in God's sight. For is your obedience to be only outward and forced?

Rose. No, willing.

Miss W. And if it is willing, and from the heart, will not the known wishes of your parents be enough to guide you?

'Yes, Ma'am,' said one or two.

'But I am afraid it does not always, girls. Let us take an instance or two,' said Miss Walton. 'Your mother, perhaps, sends you on a message, without saying, "Don't delay on the road." Yet, what should your knowledge of her general wishes lead you to do?'

'To be as quick as we can,' said several.

Miss W. Or, again, she may have told you that bad companions will do you harm, without mentioning any particular names. How can you show obedience to her?

'By only making companions of steady girls,' said Margaret.

Miss W. Just so. When you are at play and at school, and thus out of your mother's sight, so that she cannot direct you in each particular case, her *wishes* will be the rule of the obedient child; you will only make companions of those of whom you

know she would approve—with whom you would not mind her seeing you at play, or in conversation. So, in many instances, girls, a parent's known wish may be your rule, and unless it is, you are disobedient in God's sight. And there is another way in which, I fear, some of you, even those who would be shocked at open disobedience, disobey in God's sight. If you set your heart on anything of which you know your parents disapprove, and fret and tease until you gain your point, have you been obedient?

'No, Ma'am,' said Agnes, while Emily blushed, for the memory of her wish to go out to service, notwithstanding her mother's wish, came into her mind.

'No,' said Miss Walton. 'Your parents may be persuaded to withdraw their opposition, and you may gain your will, but you will have lost the blessing of obedience. And worse still is it, if a child manœuvres to get her way. Do you know what I mean?'

'No, Ma'am,' said Margaret and Emily, and one or two more; and as they answered, Miss Walton felt pretty sure they did *not* know, for that they were too truthful and straightforward ever to be guilty of it; but she could not feel equally sure of Harriet or Bessie and others, so she continued, 'I mean if a child, by management or contrivance, persuades a parent to yield consent to what has been forbidden, or to withdraw a command. Supposing your mother gives you a piece of needlework to do which is disagreeable to you, and you get her to let you off by pretending you have a headache—of what would you be guilty?'

'Oh, that would be as bad as a story!' cried Margaret.

'Indeed it would,' said Miss Walton. 'But would the child who thus escaped from her work have been obedient?'

'No, Ma'am,' replied *several*.

Miss W. No, in God's sight she would be just as guilty, as if she had plainly refused to do the work; nay, more so, for she would have added deceit to disobedience. I trust indeed, girls, none of you would be thus guilty; but don't make up your minds at once that you are innocent, for the heart is very deceitful. You may have been tempted by some such plan as this to gain your own wishes against your parents' wishes, and never have thought of the great sin of which you have been guilty. But can you not tell me any other way in which you must honour your parents, as well as by obedience?

The girls did not answer, and Miss Walton said, 'How does this command teach you to behave to all your betters?'

'Lowly and reverently,' said Anna.

Miss W. And are not your parents your betters?

All. Yes, Ma'am.

Miss W. How, then, must you behave to them?

'Lowly and reverently,' said some.

'Respectfully,' said Rose.

Miss W. Just so. You must show them honour by your manner both of speaking and acting. If I found fault with any of you, would you turn round and answer me saucily?

'Oh! no, Ma'am,' said one or two.

Miss W. Or if I asked you to do anything for me, would you grumble, and show me that you thought it a trouble?

'No, Ma'am,' said some.

'Please, Ma'am, we *shouldn't* think it a trouble,' said Emily.

Miss W. At all events, if you *did*, you would not be so disrespectful as to show me that you did. But are you as careful to honour your parents, your mothers especially?

Emily answered, 'No, Ma'am,' in a low voice, *and yet she was far from being the most guilty. If*

she *did* now and then forget herself, it was either in her high spirits, or when she was put out with her work; in heart, she honoured and loved her mother very deeply.

‘Look,’ continued Miss Walton, ‘for *what* a child is said to be cursed in Deut. xxvii. 16.’

Jane. ‘Cursed be he that setteth light by his father or his mother.’

Miss W. That is, who fails to honour, who despises his father or his mother, thinks little of them; and surely, if you scorn a mother’s reproof, or behave rudely to her, it is ‘setting light’ by her; and what is threatened to such conduct?

‘God’s curse,’ they replied, in low voices.

Miss W. It will help you to find out whether you are guilty of disrespect to your mothers, if you will try and think whether you show them as much respect as you show me. I don’t mean in little actions, such as making a courtesy, but in attention to their words of advice, or reproof. Look again what Solomon says in Prov. xxiii. 22.

Bessie. ‘Hearken unto thy father that begat thee, and *despise* not thy mother when she is old.’

Miss W. Solomon also sets a beautiful example of respect to his mother. When Bathsheba went in to speak to him after he was anointed king, how did he receive her? (1 Kings, ii. 19.)

Jane. ‘The king rose up to meet her, and bowed himself unto her, and sat down on his throne, and caused a seat to be set for the king’s mother; and she sat on his right hand.’

Miss W. The seat of honour he gave to her, and in every action showed her honour and respect. It is to your parents, above all others, you should show respect; for, first of all, what does the commandment bid you?

‘Honour thy *father* and thy *mother*,’ they all replied.

Miss W. But there is still another way in which children may honour their parents. We are taught to love, honour, and—?

‘Succour,’ they all replied.

Miss W. What do you mean by ‘succour’?

‘Help,’ said one or two.

Miss W. Very good. Now, there are many ways in which you may succour and aid them, but there is one I want you, elder girls especially, to think about. Many of you work for yourselves, do you not?

‘Yes, Ma’am,’ cried Hester, Anna, and Jane.

Miss W. But do you think your parents have no claim upon you for any of your earnings?

‘Please, Ma’am,’ said Hester, ‘we want all we can earn.’

Miss W. You mean to say you can use it, Hester. Supposing your parents had said the same of their earnings before you were able to work for yourselves, what would have become of you?

Hester was silent, but others answered, ‘We should have starved.’

Miss W. They succoured you in your infant days: should you not now be glad to help them by your earnings?

‘Yes, Ma’am,’ said Margaret, ‘mother always takes our earnings, all go together, and she does the best she can with them.’

‘And a much better plan I think it is, as long as you are girls, until you have really grown up into womanhood. But if your parents have allowed you to consider your earnings your own, still does not the duty of succouring your parents remain?’

‘Yes, Ma’am,’ said Anna.

‘Indeed it does. I don’t mean that you are to give them *all*, but I do mean that it is your duty to add to their comforts all you can, and not to think that all your earnings belong to yourselves by *right*.’

‘Please, Ma’am,’ said Emily warmly, ‘Anna

it a dress for her mother out of her own earnings the other day.'

'I am glad to hear it,' said Miss Walton, looking at her with an approving smile, while the colour came into her cheeks at hearing Emily's words.

'It gave you real pleasure, did it not?' asked Miss Walton, 'I had been saving it for a long time.'

'Well,' said Hester, 'you must earn more than I can. I couldn't buy mother a dress.'

'Perhaps she spends less, Hester. I don't suppose she could do it without self-denial, but I am sure she was rewarded for it,' said Miss Walton.

'It will be your hearty endeavour to help your parents in their need by your earnings; don't look at them all as yours by right, and you will find many little ways of doing it, I am sure. As long as you are living at home upon your parents, if they give you your earnings, they have a right to claim them. If you do not do this, your happiness should be to them all you can, whether you are living at home, or have gone out to service, or even if you are married. I wonder whether you can give me an example of one who succoured his father in his old age.'

'Joseph,' said Margaret.

'Yes W. He sent for his father to be near him in his old age, and how did he show his anxiety for his father's comfort?' asked Margaret.

'By sending wagons and food for the old man,' said Margaret.

'Yes W. And look what we are told in Gen. 28: 12.'

'And Joseph nourished his father, and all his father's household, with the best of the land of Egypt, according to their families.'

'Yes W. He is a beautiful example to us of filial care for a parent. But do you think

there is no way of succouring them except by giving them money?

‘Yes, Ma’am,’ said several, ‘by working for them, and nursing them if they are sick.’

‘And doing little things for them,’ said Agnes.

Miss W. Just so. Then, cannot even the youngest of you do little things for your parents? Can you not fetch them water? or nurse the baby? or wait upon them in illness? or read for them in an evening? Your grandfather likes to be read to, does he not, Agnes?

‘Yes, Ma’am,’ she replied. ‘We always read on Sunday evenings.’

‘But don’t you think he would sometimes like it on weekday evenings too? Could not you *offer* to read for him sometimes?’ asked Miss Walton.

‘Yes, Ma’am,’ she replied, in a whisper.

Miss W. Indeed, girls, you should look upon it as your greatest happiness to succour your parents in every little way you can. Daily, almost hourly, you can if you are willing. And is there not a blessing promised to those who honour their parents?

Several. Yes. ‘That thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.’

Miss W. I will not explain this promise to you to-day, not till we have considered other things which this command enjoins. It shows you, however, that God will look with especial favour upon, and give a special blessing to—whom?

All. Those who honour their parents.

Miss W. And what are the three ways in which you must honour them?

‘By obedience, and respectful manners, and by succouring them,’ answered one or two.

Miss W. And what is all to proceed from?

‘Love,’ said Mary, who, poor child! could take but little part in answering about special duties to *parents*, having never known the blessing of them.

‘Yes,’ said Miss Walton, ‘and love to God, showing itself by love and obedience to your parents, by honouring and succouring your father and mother, or those who stand in their place.’

As she finished the lesson, she said,

‘I must leave you again, girls, to see poor Sarah. You will willingly give up your story for that, will you not?’

‘Oh! yes, Ma’am,’ returned several. ‘We shall be so glad when she is well again.’

‘Please, Ma’am, will you give her my love?’ said Agnes, ‘and tell her mother wouldn’t let me come and see her for fear I should catch the erysipelas.’

‘And mine, and mine,’ said several others.

‘Yes,’ returned Miss Walton; ‘though I don’t think there is any danger of infection. Erysipelas is not catching, I think. It has been more dull for her, so many being afraid to go to her.’

LESSON XL.

THE FIFTH COMMANDMENT.

OBEDIENCE TO ALL IN AUTHORITY.

SARAH was rewarded for her submission to her sister-in-law, after Miss Walton's conversation with her, by a rapid recovery. The next day, Friday, she came down-stairs in the evening, and Mr. Spencer called in to see her, and sat and talked with the family for some time. She liked to listen to him, though she did not say much before her brother and sister. As I told you before, it was not thought prudent for her to be out on the Sunday, but she submitted very cheerfully, and on Wednesday morning she was once more at church, returning thanks to God for His late mercies vouchsafed unto her. Many of the girls had been in to see her on the two previous days; but she had felt rather hurt to see nothing of Hester; nor did she again see her on the Wednesday, as she was seldom at the morning service. Sarah determined in her own mind that *she* would not call to see Hester, for she had resolved during her illness not to make her so much of a companion as she had done previously. Yet she could not help feeling somewhat hurt at Hester's neglect.

'It's all the better,' she thought, 'it will make it easier for me, but it's very strange. I thought Hester did care for me.'

Emily and Margaret were the first who came in,

and no sooner had they greeted her, and asked her how she was, than Emily exclaimed,

‘Do you know, Sarah, I am going out to service? Lucy Hickley has got me a place!’

‘Are you?’ exclaimed Sarah. ‘When are you going?’

‘In about three weeks,’ she replied. ‘Miss Walton heard about it this morning. I am going to be nursemaid. I’m so glad!’

‘How many children are there?’ asked Sarah.

‘Oh! I don’t know, but there is an upper nurse, and I am to be under nurse, so I suppose there are a good many children.’

Emily has now told her own tale. Miss Walton had heard from Mrs. Eaton that very morning, and had been down to Mrs. Freeward. She had not been altogether satisfied with the letter, for Mrs. Eaton had not noticed several things Miss Walton had said, and appeared not to know much about her servants. She said Emily would be under the upper nurse, and she had no doubt would be well taken care of. It was a large household, and she had very little leisure to look after the under servants; she was obliged to leave *them* to the care of the upper servants; but she promised to read what Miss Walton said about Emily to the upper nurse, and charge her to be careful of her.

After much anxious thought, Mrs. Freeward consented, and that very day Miss Walton was to write, to fix about Emily.

Mrs. Eaton did not want her for about three weeks, and now Emily was in the first flush of enjoyment at the prospect. She could not settle down to anything, and had quite worried her mother by her spirits and excitement. Margaret hardly knew how to sympathize with her sister, for she did not at all like the thought of losing Emily’s companionship, and she wondered how Emily could

be so glad to leave her father and mother, and all of them; and Margaret read the anxiety on her mother's face, and saw that it was with evident reluctance that she had consented.

'How came your mother ever to consent?' asked Sarah. 'I thought she didn't wish you to go out at all.'

A momentary shade passed over Emily's countenance, and then she replied, with assumed carelessness of manner,

'Oh! I don't think she does like it much, but she won't mind when she hears I am comfortable; she'll be glad then. I begged her not to say "No," and so she didn't.'

'I'm afraid she's very unhappy about it,' said Margaret, half addressing Emily, and half speaking to herself.

'Well, I can't help it, she is sure to be unhappy,' exclaimed Emily, rather pettishly.

Margaret said no more, and Emily went on talking to Sarah, but her tone was not quite as light-hearted as before.

When they left Sarah, Margaret went home to her work, but Emily said,

'It's no use! I can't work! I'll go and tell some of the rest of the "maidens;"' and the two sisters parted, Margaret to sit with her mother, and try and suggest every hopeful thing she could to ease her mind, and Emily to talk over the matter with her school-fellows, and grow more excited. She had not yet given herself time to think what it would be to leave her parents and friends, or to suppose that there *could* be anything but pleasure in really going out to service.

When Sunday came, Sarah was rejoiced to be well enough to go to school again; indeed, she was no longer looked upon as an invalid. The rest of the girls, however, were very glad to see her among

them ; and now, for the first time, she met Hester, who, she found, had not been at home for two or three days.

‘I did look for you on Monday or Tuesday,’ said Sarah, in something like an injured tone. ‘You were at home *then*.’

‘Yes, I was at home then,’ replied Hester, carelessly ; ‘but I was not going to catch the erysipelas, so I kept at a distance. I can’t afford to be laid up.’

It was just as she said this, that Margaret and Emily, with several others, joined the party. Emily’s going away was the subject of conversation.

‘What’s that?’ asked Hester, (who, from being away, had heard nothing,) ‘Are you going away?’

Emily told her tale, in not quite so excited a manner as when she had gone in to see Sarah, for some days had now gone by, and she was beginning a little to realize that there would be pain in going away ; and just at that moment one of the girls had remarked that she supposed that there would only be two more Sundays before Emily went away, and the thought of leaving Mr. and Miss Walton had for a moment damped Emily’s spirits.

‘But you *are* a fortunate “maid !”’ exclaimed Hester, as she began to ask many questions about the place, &c. Harriet and Bessie gathered round to listen, while Emily told all she knew ; and in the pleasure of telling, again became wild and excited. It was while they were in the midst of eager talking, outside the school, that Miss Tule opened the door, and told them it was time to come in.

‘It isn’t time, Miss Walton hasn’t come down yet,’ exclaimed Hester.

‘Yes, she has ; I saw her go in as I first joined you down the road,’ returned Emily. ‘Come along ;’ and while talking and laughing, they entered the school, in a manner far from regular and quiet. It was only the Sunday before that Miss Tule had

spoken to them about coming in gently, yet now Hester, who was last, let the door fly shut, and being annoyed at having to come in at Miss Tule's call, took her place anything but quietly, and together with Emily, Harriet, and Bessie, neglected to make a courtesy. Miss Walton was speaking to one of the teachers, and did not particularly observe it, though she did turn round as the door flew shut, yet thinking it was only an accident, said nothing. When, however, she came to her place, Miss Tule told her what had passed the Sunday before, and the marked carelessness of the girls that day. Miss Walton was displeased, and, turning to the four girls, said,

‘You must all go out of the school again, and come in properly.’

Neither Emily nor Harriet hesitated a moment; the former, indeed, had offended more from carelessness than wilfulness; the other two, however, did not move with so much alacrity, and Miss Walton had to speak again.

‘Did you not hear me, Hester and Bessie?’ Then Bessie rose with a toss of her head, and Hester, after a moment's hesitation, followed her example. They all entered again properly, and Miss Walton said no more to them at that time, but immediately opened school.

At church that morning Sarah again heard notice given of the Holy Communion, which was administered once in every four Sundays at Forley. What she thought about it now that her health had returned, I will tell you after we have gone through the afternoon lesson, which began by Miss Walton's asking,

‘What does the Fifth Commandment teach us, besides our duty to our parents?’

‘To honour and obey the Queen, and all that are put in authority under her,’ answered all the girls.

Miss W. Yes; as I said last lesson, father and other are alone mentioned, but they represent to all who are placed above us—all our betters—and at which we are bid to give to our parents we must so give, in due measure, to all in authority. Do you remember what the prophet Isaiah says kings and queens shall be to God's people? (Isa. xlix. 23.)

Sarah. 'And kings shall be thy nursing-fathers, and their queens thy nursing-mothers.'

Miss W. Kings and queens are the fathers and mothers of the people committed to them. And what are their people to give to them?

'Honour and obedience,' said Rose.

Miss W. And not only to the King—(or Queen, we will say, as we are living under the rule of a queen,) but to whom else?

Several. 'All that are put in authority under her.'

Miss W. Yes, all who are put by her in authority over the people. For whom do we pray in the litany, after praying for the Royal Family?

'For all the lords of the council, and all the nobility,' said Emily.

'And the magistrates,' added Ruth.

Miss W. Just so; as being those who are placed by the Queen in authority over us. From whom does Solomon tell us kings or queens receive their authority?

Mary. From God. 'By Me kings reign, and princes decree justice. By Me princes rule, and nobles, even all the judges of the earth.' (Prov. viii. 15, 16.)

Miss W. Kings receive their authority from God, and by that authority they commit authority to lords and nobles, rulers and magistrates; and so all authority comes from—Whom?

'God,' they all answered.

Miss W. Then what must we yield to it?

Several. Obedience.

Miss W. And to the persons of those in authority, what must be given?

‘Honour,’ said Rose.

Miss W. It is on this ground that St. Paul exhorts to submission and obedience. You may turn to Rom. xiii. 1–7. (When the girls had read the verses, Miss Walton told them to keep their Bibles open, and asked,) To whom are we bid to be subject?

Anna. Unto the ‘higher powers.’

Miss W. Why?

Hester. ‘There is no power but of God: the powers that be are ordained of God.’

Miss W. Therefore, in resisting them, what are we resisting?

Jane. ‘The ordinance of God: and they that resist shall receive to themselves damnation.’

Miss W. And whose minister is the ruler said to be?

Agnes. ‘The minister of God . . . for good.’

Miss W. Yes, for *good* to the obedient; but what to the evil?

Anna. ‘A revenger, to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil.’

Miss W. Therefore, seeing that the ruler is God’s minister for good, or for punishment, what does St. Paul go on to say?

Several. ‘Ye must needs be subject, not only for wrath, but also for conscience’ sake. For for this cause pay ye tribute also.’

Miss W. Yes; and then he goes on to say, that whatever may be the amount of authority, we must do—what?

Harriet. ‘Render, therefore, to *all* their dues; tribute to whom tribute is due; custom to whom custom; fear to whom fear; honour to whom honour.’

Miss W. And thus we are taught that we must honour and obey—?

‘The Queen, and all that are put in authority under her,’ continued the girls.

Miss W. And why?

Agnes. Because they are God’s ministers.

Miss W. Yes, their authority comes from Him. What did our Saviour say we were to render to earthly princes?

Margaret. ‘Render, therefore, unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar’s, and unto God the things that are God’s.’ (St. Matt. xxii. 21.)

Miss W. And if this was said with regard to a heathen king, much more is it our duty to render to our Christian Queen her due of honour and obedience. Can you give me any other text which bids us be subject to the Queen and those in authority?

Mary. ‘Submit yourselves to every ordinance of man, for the Lord’s sake : whether it be to the king, as supreme; or unto governors, as unto them that are sent by him for the punishment of evil-doers, and for the praise of them that do well. For so is the will of God.’ (1 St. Pet. ii. 13-15.)

Miss W. And are we told expressly to *honour* the king?

Several. Yes. ‘Fear God. *Honour the king.*’ (Verse 17.)

Miss W. And of what does St. Paul bid Titus to remind his people?

Rose. ‘Put them in mind to be *subject to principalities and powers, to obey magistrates, to be ready to every good work.*’ (Tit. iii. 1.)

Miss W. Do you remember how, on two occasions, David, although appointed to be king in Saul’s place, showed honour to him, and his sense of the king’s authority being directly from God?

‘Please, Ma’am, when David found Saul in the cave, and the men wanted David to kill him,’ said Agnes.

Miss W. Yes, that is right. Although Saul was seeking his life, would David kill him?

Several. No, Ma'am.

Miss W. What *did* he do?

Agnes. Cut off Saul's skirt.

Miss W. Yes, to produce afterwards as a witness of Saul's having been in his power. Yet, afterwards, did not David regret having done even this? Look at 1 Sam. xxiv. 5, 6.

Bessie. 'It came to pass afterward, that David's heart smote him, because he had cut off Saul's skirt. And he said unto his men, The Lord forbid that I should do this thing unto my *master, the Lord's anointed*, to stretch forth mine hand against him, seeing he is *the anointed of the Lord*.'

Miss W. Can you tell me the second instance?

Rose. When David took the cruse of oil from Saul's bolster.

Miss W. Yes; why did he refuse to kill Saul according to Abishai's counsel? (1 Sam. xxvi. 9-11.)

Anna. 'David said . . . Destroy him not : for *who can stretch forth his hand against the Lord's anointed, and be guiltless?* . . . The Lord forbid that I should stretch forth mine hand against the Lord's anointed.'

Miss W. And when the Amalekite brought word that Saul was dead, and that he had killed him, what was David's answer? (2 Sam. i. 1-16.)

Sarah. 'How wast thou not afraid to stretch forth thine hand to destroy *the Lord's anointed*? And David called one of the young men, and said, Go near, and fall upon him. And he smote him, that he died.'

Miss W. Thus does holy David teach us a lesson of loyalty. Whom must we likewise look upon as God's anointed?

Several. Our Queen.

Miss W. Then what do we owe to her?

Several. Honour and obedience.

Miss W. Did our blessed Saviour show obedience to those who were in authority among the Jews? What did He do when they asked Him for tribute?

Margaret. He said to St. Peter, '*Lest we should offend them*, go thou to the sea, and cast an hook, and take up the fish that first cometh up; and when thou hast opened his mouth, thou shalt find a piece of money: that take, and give unto them for Me and thee.' (St. Matt. xvii. 27.)

Miss W. I have asked you these questions, not that I think you are much tempted to disobey your Queen, and those in authority under her, but that, remembering from whom she receives her authority, you may reverence her and honour her as you ought. And there is one thing you can do for her, girls. Can you tell me what I mean?

'Do for the Queen!' exclaimed Hester. 'What can we do for *her*?'

'*Something* you can do for her, which will prove that you really honour her as you ought,' returned Miss Walton, again waiting for them to tell her what.

'Pray for her,' whispered Agnes.

'Just so, Agnes. You can all pray for her, that she may use her authority to God's glory, and for the good of her people. Are we not told in the Bible to do this?' asked Miss Walton.

'Yes, Ma'am,' said several, while Jane repeated,

'I exhort, therefore, that, first of all, supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks, be made for all men, for kings, and for all that are in authority.' (1 Tim. ii. 1, 2.)

Miss W. Very good. Do we not, in the daily service, do this?

Several. Yes, Ma'am, many times.

Miss W. You can also, in your private prayers, ask God to bless your Queen; and if you do this heartily, you are showing that you love and honour her, and you will not then be likely to disobey her, or those whom she has placed in authority over you.

But what further does this fifth commandment teach you?

All. 'To submit myself to all my governors, teachers, spiritual pastors, and masters.'

Miss W. Do you ever hear any one called a governor?

'Please, Ma'am, Mr. Steel is called the governor of the Union,' said Hester.

Miss W. Yes, because he is deputed to rule the house. And what is a lady called who has the care of young ladies?

'A governess,' said one or two.

Miss W. It is not every one who can be said to be under a governor, (except so far as the rulers of the land are governors,) but if any of you should be thus placed, what would be your duty towards your governor, or governess?

'To submit,' said Mary, calling to mind her unwillingness to submit to the mistress, or governess, of the London Union.

Miss W. Yes, to obey their regulations, and to show them respect. Thus St. Paul acted when carried to the castle. He wanted to speak to the people: did he do it without permission? Look at Acts, xxi. 37-40.

Jane. 'As Paul was led into the castle, he said unto the chief captain, May I speak unto thee? Paul said . . . I beseech thee suffer me to speak unto the people. And when he had given him license, Paul stood on the stairs . . . and spake unto them in the Hebrew tongue.'

Miss W. With all respect he asked permission of the chief captain, (who, for the time being, was his governor,) to speak to the people, teaching us to submit to our governors, whoever they may be. Children who work in factories have to submit to the governors who overlook the work, though sometimes perhaps they are hard rulers.

‘Oh! I shouldn’t like to work in a factory,’ cried Bessie. ‘When I went to see my sister, I used to watch the children coming out, and they did look so tired, and the great bell used to ring at six o’clock in the morning to call them to their work, and the children durst not be a minute late.’

‘I don’t suppose any of you would like it,’ said Miss Walton, ‘and yet those who try to be dutiful—diligent over their work, and submissive to their masters—are often very happy, and God’s blessing will accompany the dutiful child in the factory as well as anywhere else. However, I need not speak more to you of this duty, as you are not under any governor; but to whom else are you to submit?’

‘Teachers,’ they all replied.

‘This more nearly concerns you,’ said Miss Walton. ‘Who are your teachers?’

‘Please, Ma’am, Miss Tule,’ said three or four who attended the daily school.

‘Miss Tule is not our teacher, I’m sure,’ said Hester in an under tone. ‘We’ve nothing to do with her.’

Miss Walton overheard the words, but did not then remark upon them.

‘And, please, Ma’am, you are our teacher,’ said little Ruth.

‘You are quite right, Ruth, and I am glad to say I don’t find you very rebellious,’ said Miss Walton, smiling. ‘But tell me what is the *best* way of showing submission and obedience to your teachers?’

‘To mind what they teach us,’ said Rose.

‘Just so, Rose. To act upon the teaching you receive—that is the best way of showing that you honour your teachers. I wonder whether you are as careful to do this as to show me outward honour?’

‘That is not so easy,’ said Margaret.

Miss W. No, perhaps not; but do you think you all even *try* to do it? You come to me Sunday after

Sunday to teach you, and I am glad you do; but how many of you really *intend to act* upon what I teach you? Look at Prov. iv. 13, how Solomon bids you mind instruction.

Bessie. 'Take fast hold of instruction; let her not go: keep her; for she is thy life.'

Miss W. And, in the next chapter, see how he speaks of the mourning of those who have not done this, chap. v. 11-13. He begs them to turn their feet from sin, lest—?

'Thou mourn at the last, and say, . . . How have I hated instruction, and my heart despised reproof: and have not obeyed the voice of my teachers, nor inclined mine ear to them that instructed me,' read Anna.

Miss W. It is of very little use coming to be taught unless you *intend to act upon the instruction* with God's help; unless you *try* to hold it fast. How can you hold it fast?

'By remembering it,' said one or two.

Miss W. Yes, and acting upon it when opportunity occurs. And do you think you really submit to your teacher if you despise her reproof? If, when told of your faults, you refuse to acknowledge them and correct them? When Miss Tule spoke to you all about coming into the school with so much noise, how did some of you take her reproof? Indeed, I was much shocked and pained. Some of you muttered that *she* had nothing to do with it, that you belonged to my class, and that you didn't make more noise than others. And only a few of you, I was sorry to see, tried to be any more quiet this morning.'

The girls looked down, and Hester replied, 'She said we made as much noise as the boys.'

'She said what was quite true, Hester. When *you all* come in together you *do* make quite as much,' returned Miss Walton. 'And what ought you to have done after she spoke?'

‘Tried to be more quiet,’ said one or two.

‘Yes, taken her reproof in good part, and acted upon it; instead of which you despised it, and you despised my teaching too,’ said Miss Walton, ‘because you went directly against it. Have I not often told you that Miss Tule is to be obeyed by *you all* in the Sunday school, not only by the daily scholars? although she is not the mistress in the same way in the Sunday as in the weekday school. She only assists in the Sunday school from kindness, but I expect her to be obeyed and honoured just the same. I am sorry to say I cannot only *speak* this time. I shall take away the conduct tickets of those who showed her disrespect. Hester, Harriet, Bessie, and Emily, you must all lose your conduct tickets to-day, and let me see that you do wish to submit to your teachers by a more careful obedience in future.’

The girls felt the loss of a conduct ticket very much, but only Emily now showed much sorrow; her eyes filled with tears; it was so long since she had lost one before, and it was so near the time of her leaving. She could not recover herself sufficiently to answer just at first, as Miss Walton went on:

‘Some of you, I think, work at your glove-making under a teacher, do you not?’

‘Yes, Ma’am,’ said Jane; ‘Harriet and I work at the gloving school.’

‘I used to do,’ said Anna, ‘but I work at home now.’

Miss W. And how can you show submission to the teachers there?

‘By trying to work in the way they show us,’ said Anna.

Miss W. Yes, and by being regular at the hours of work, and cheerful over your appointed tasks. A child who is told not to jerk her thread, as I heard one of you told the other day, and yet takes no pains to *draw it out more gently*, is not submissive, is she?

‘No, Ma’am,’ they all replied.

Miss W. You can show submission to your teachers in little things as well as great ones ; indeed, it is almost entirely in little things that you have to do it. What command do you break by want of submission to your teachers ?

‘The fifth,’ they all replied.

‘Yes, and I am sure if you think over your conduct to your teachers, either to Miss Tule or to me, or to those who teach you glove-making, you will remember many instances wherein you have failed. Don’t you think you will ?’ asked Miss Walton.

‘Yes, Ma’am,’ replied two or three, Emily among the number.

Miss W. And whose pardon must you ask ?

‘God’s,’ they all replied.

Miss W. In what words are you taught to ask it ?

All. ‘Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.’

Instead of giving you Miss Walton’s story, which she read this day to the girls, I will tell you something more of Sarah. When Mr. Walton first told her that unless her life were considered in danger, he thought it would be better and safer for her to wait until she could go to church to receive the Holy Communion for the first time, she was much disappointed. Her regret for past neglect was very sincere, and she did really wish to make up for it as quickly as possible. But Mr. Walton knew well how easily people in sickness, when their feelings are excited and fears roused, satisfy their consciences by receiving the Holy Communion, and then when health returns, and their fears have passed away, go back again to their careless life, and cease to be communicants ; and, therefore, though he was sorry to disappoint Sarah, he told her plainly his reasons for wishing her to wait, promising at the same time, in case of danger, to come to her immediately.

‘You know, Sarah,’ he said, ‘how easily your good

resolutions passed away when you were well; how can you be sure they are not equally unstable now?

‘Oh! Sir, I hope they are not,’ she said. ‘I think if I do get better, I shall always wish to go to the Holy Communion.’

‘I trust you will, my dear girl; but it will be a good proof of your sincerity to wait patiently now, and to choose calmly when your health returns.’

‘I am sure, Sir, you know best,’ she replied with submission. ‘Only if I am worse, will you come? I could not bear to die without it.’

‘Indeed, I will, Sarah; send for me at any moment, at any hour of the night, and I will come,’ he replied.

‘Thank you, Sir, you are very kind,’ she replied.

‘I am only doing my duty,’ he said. ‘The shepherd must be ever ready to feed his flock when they are in need of food.’

With this promise, Sarah felt satisfied, and though she continued to think upon the subject, she submitted to wait for the fulfilment of her wishes until she was able to go to church, and now, as I said before, she once again heard notice given of the Holy Communion, and herself invited to take and eat. But, though Sarah still wished to go, some doubts had risen in her mind.

Before saying her evening prayers that night, she asked herself, ‘Am I fit to go when I lose my temper so often with Catherine? I thought when I was ill that I would behave so differently to her when I got better, and yet I have over and over again been saucy, and have vexed her.’ This was the thought that troubled poor Sarah. It seemed to her that she had broken her resolutions, and, therefore, she could not be worthy to draw near to that Holy Feast; and yet to stay away without saying any thing, to seem to have forgotten all her resolutions, was a thought she could not bear. Could she speak to Mr. Walton? She would like to do so, she thought. She wished he

would speak to her: then, she thought, she could tell him her difficulties, but she could not face the idea of seeking him, of asking to speak to him. Perhaps had she known how anxious he was about her, how he was watching for a word from her, and intending himself to speak, if she did not in the course of a day or two, she would have been less afraid. But Sarah's want of moral courage now stood in the way, and she could not make up her mind to seek him.

The next day, at twelve o'clock, Catherine said she would take her husband's dinner to him. Sarah offered to go for her, but Catherine said she would rather go herself, she wanted to speak with her husband, and Sarah was left alone at her work. Immediately her thoughts turned again to the question of the Holy Communion; but hardly had Catherine got twenty yards from the house, when a sharp rap came at the door, and in walked Hester, and Lucy Trench, who, notwithstanding the affair of the bonnet, had made friends again with Hester.

'Well, Sarah, you complained that I did not come to see you,' exclaimed Hester, 'so I've come now. I've been waiting about ever so long, hoping Catherine would go out with her husband's dinner, for I've seen her pass our house with it two or three times lately, and then I thought we should find you alone.'

'Why should you wish to find me alone?' asked Sarah, not well pleased with the interruption and Hester's manner.

'Oh! I couldn't stand Catherine's black looks,' she replied; 'besides, I didn't know whether she would let me in with Lucy. I know she thinks herself much too good to speak to us.'

Sarah was vexed to hear her sister spoken of in this way, though, before her illness, she would not have cared; and she now asked Hester to sit down, and Lucy too, though very unwillingly.

 'We haven't much time,' said Hester, 'so I had

letter tell you at once what we've come about. We are going to learn some carols, and we want you to come and learn them with us. Can you come this evening to my house ?'

The blood mounted into Sarah's cheeks, but with a great effort she replied,

'No, I'd rather not learn any, except what Mr. Walton teaches us. I shouldn't go to sing them if I did.'

'Nonsense,' said Hester, 'we can't do without you; you know our voices go so well together. Do come, Sarah.'

'We intend to have a regular party to go round, and it will be such fun,' said Lucy; 'and we shall get I don't know how much money. My share was one shilling and sixpence last year.'

'Why, Hester, how can you think of going with them if they sing for money?' asked Sarah. 'You know Mr. Walton doesn't allow it.'

'I can't help that,' returned Hester; 'but I didn't say I was going round with them. I told Lucy I couldn't promise that, but that's no reason why we shouldn't learn the carols. I'm sick of the old ones.'

'Yes, but Mr. Walton said he had got some new ones this year,' returned Sarah. 'Why can't you be satisfied with them?'

'Because they won't be half as good as what we've got,' returned Lucy, 'I'm sure; one of the town singers gave them to my brother. You know he sings with the town choir sometimes.'

'So, of course,' added Hester, 'they'll be very fine. Do come and learn them, Sarah.'

Sarah's courage had been rising as the conversation went on, and she again replied, with more firmness, that she had rather not.

'Well! it is tiresome! What has come to you?' exclaimed Hester. 'Why won't you come?'

Again the colour rose in Sarah's face, and her voice quite trembled as she replied,

‘Hester, I don’t intend to go on as I did before I was ill, and I am quite sure, therefore, that I had better keep away from the singing, so don’t ask me any more. I would rather not come.’

As Sarah said this, Lucy burst into a rude laugh, and exclaimed, ‘Now, Hester, what do you say to *that*?’

Hester was vexed with Sarah, and vexed with Lucy’s laugh, which she thought had spoiled all. She could have brought Sarah round if it hadn’t been for that, she thought, so she rose from her chair, hastily saying,

‘Well! if you won’t, you won’t, so I shan’t waste any more time over you. Let us go, Lucy.’

‘She’s vexed,’ thought Sarah, ‘but I couldn’t help it; yet I didn’t want to vex her;’ and, for one moment, Sarah half regretted her refusal. It was but for a moment, and then her conscience told her she had done right—that she had resisted a temptation, and had done what she knew Mr. and Miss Walton would have wished, and what would please Catherine; and for the few moments she sat alone she felt quite happy, almost joyous.

It was only a short time, however, before Catherine returned, and her first words were,

‘So you are not to be trusted half-an-hour alone, but you must get those two girls with you. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Sarah.’

‘I had nothing to do with getting them in,’ she replied, with kindling anger. ‘How could I help their coming?’

‘If you didn’t encourage them they wouldn’t come, I’m sure,’ replied Catherine; ‘and they took care to watch till I was out of sight. I thought they were after some mischief when I saw them loitering about; but I hoped you were to be trusted after your illness, or I should have come back.’

‘You are very unjust, Catherine!’ exclaimed Sarah, bursting into passionate tears. ‘I tell you

nothing to do with their coming, but I know I
t as well hold my tongue as speak to you.'

'is a pity you can't hold your tongue,' returned
erine, 'unless you can learn to speak properly.'

'is you who have to learn *that*, I think,' return-
arah bitterly; but no sooner were the words out
r mouth, than she would have given worlds to
them; and, throwing down her work, she ran
airs, flung herself upon a chair, and cried
ly.

therine thought it was all passion, and, with-
remembering how much her own words had
d the poor girl, condemned her as being as
s ever, and wished Mr. Walton knew how she
on.

t it was something very different from passion
made poor Sarah cry so bitterly. She was
by her sister's want of confidence, and that, too,
a just after she had taken a step which she
l would have pleased Catherine. She bitterly
tted her own angry, saucy words, and she
ght of the Holy Communion only to feel that,
d, she was not fit to go, and that she never
d be fit. After resisting Hester's invitation, she
ght she had given proof of her sincerity, and
t go; but now, after such a fall, she durst not
of it.

or Sarah! she had yet to learn that victory
s not without many a struggle, and perhaps
' a fall; that Christ came not to call the righ-
, but sinners, to repentance; that He invites to
Feast not those who are full, and in need of
ng, but the hungry, and those who feel that
are poor and miserable, and,—unable to help
selves,—are in need of everything; that such He
as with the gracious words,
come unto Me, all ye that labour, and are heavy
, and I will give you rest.' (St. Matt. xi. 28.)

No such thoughts came to Sarah's mind. She only thought how vain it was for her to try to be good. What would Mr. and Miss Walton think if they knew? How should she bear to see all things prepared the next Sunday, and she be obliged to turn away from the sacred Feast?

LESSON XLI.

THE FIFTH COMMANDMENT.

SUBMISSION TO SPIRITUAL PASTORS.

ABOUT half-an-hour after Sarah had run up-stairs in such grief, she came down again, and taking up her glove work, put on her bonnet to go to Mrs. Freeward, hoping to gain some comfort in talking to her.

‘Where are you going, Sarah?’ asked Catherine, in a tone which showed that she had not forgotten the quarrel.

‘To Mrs. Freeward’s,’ she replied; ‘she told me I might take my work there whenever I liked.’

Catherine made no reply, and Sarah left the cottage. Hardly had she got out of sight when Mr. Walton called.

‘Oh, Sir!’ said Catherine, ‘I’m glad to see you; I want to speak to you about Sarah, Sir. I don’t know whether she’s thinking of going to the Communion next Sunday, but I think, if you knew the way she went on, you wouldn’t let her.’

‘She has not said anything to me about it,’ returned Mr. Walton; ‘but I am sorry you should have any complaint to make. What is the matter?’

‘Why, Sir, she’s just going back to her old ways; no sooner did I go out this morning, than she had in those two girls, Hester and Lucy Trench, (Lucy Trench, Sir, is about the most idle girl in the town,) and she sent them away again before I got back;

and when I spoke to her about it, she flew into such a passion, and was as saucy as ever to me.'

Mr. Walton was grieved, but knowing that Catherine was not always herself free from blame in these quarrels, he did not at once condemn Sarah, but went on talking to Catherine, until he drew from her more particulars, and found how she had blamed Sarah before she at all knew whether she were in fault or not. He therefore took the opportunity of speaking to Catherine about her manner with Sarah, and told her plainly where he thought her wrong. She was at first perhaps inclined to be a little annoyed, but Mr. Walton's words were so kind, and her conscience told her that what he said was so true, that she struggled against her anger, and replied,

'Well, Sir, I dare say I don't do always as well as I might. Perhaps it might have been better if I had not found fault to-day, until I knew that she had brought the girls in; but you see, Sir, she used to go so much with them, that it never struck me that perhaps they had come without her fixing.'

Mrs. Roberts was really a conscientious woman, and tried to do her duty. It was sometimes her over-anxiety about Sarah that made her speak sharply; and she forgot that her sister-in-law was no longer a little child, but might be made a companion of, and be led by kindness rather than scolded into doing her duty. And now, when Mr. Walton left, she sat and thought over his reproof; the more she thought, the more she felt she deserved it, and the more excuse she was inclined to make for Sarah. Her fault had never before been so plainly represented to her, and happily for her, now that she saw it, she was not too proud to acknowledge it, or to make up her mind, with God's help, to do better.

Sarah in the meantime had walked slowly to Mrs. Freeward's, and for once was sorry to find both Emily and Margaret at work; she hoped to have

found Mrs. Freeward alone, intending to pour out her griefs to her.

They welcomed her, however, very kindly, and made room for her to sit down between them. Emily was busily preparing for going to her new place, and now sat at work for hours together without complaint. Sarah sat down, but was too unhappy to join much in the cheerful conversation that went on; and Mrs. Freeward, with the kind, quick eye of a mother, saw that she had something on her mind. Always thoughtful and kind for others, Mrs. Freeward tried to draw Sarah into conversation, but finding she did not succeed, it struck her that she might be wishing to speak alone to her. Mrs. Freeward was very busy, and could ill spare even a quarter of an hour of her girls' work, but she did not think of this now.

'Emily,' she said, 'put away your work a little. I want you to go into town for a halfpenny's worth of piping-cord for me.'

'Oh! mother, let me just finish this apron!' she replied; 'I shan't be long.'

'What! Emily not willing to leave her work?' said Margaret, laughing; 'that is something new!'

'You can finish it when you come back, my child,' replied Mrs. Freeward. 'You'll get on all the better for a little rest.'

Emily obeyed, and no sooner was she out of the house, than a look from her mother made Margaret quietly take her work up-stairs. She guessed what her mother wanted, and had herself noticed Sarah's low spirits.

'Sarah, my girl, something is the matter,' said Mrs. Freeward kindly, when she found herself alone with her. 'Can I help you?'

'Oh! Mrs. Freeward, how kind you are!' exclaimed Sarah. 'You have sent Emily and Margaret

away on purpose to talk to me. I didn't know what you were doing.'

'A little air will do Emily good,' replied Mrs. Freeward, smiling, 'so never mind that; and Margaret likes to take her work up-stairs for a few minutes sometimes.'

'Oh, yes! Margaret is so good,' returned Sarah. 'Oh! Mrs. Freeward, I wish I was like her, but I never shall be;' and quiet tears filled Sarah's eyes. At the same moment, unobserved by Mrs. Freeward, she laid aside her own glove, and took up Emily's work, determined that Mrs. Freeward should not lose anything by her kindness.

'My dear girl,' returned Mrs. Freeward, 'you never will be like Margaret in everything, but there is no reason why you shouldn't be as good as she is; thank God she is a good girl.'

'You don't know, Mrs. Freeward,' she returned, and then proceeded to tell of all that had happened in the morning,—of Catherine's want of confidence, and her own anger and saucy words, finishing by saying, 'I never shall be good, and I am not fit to go to the Holy Communion. You know Mr. Walton said I was to wait until I was well, and then, if I wished it, I could go; and I do wish to go very much, but I am not fit. What must I do?'

'It is not for me, Sarah, to say whether you are fit or not,' returned Mrs. Freeward; 'but if you want any advice, I should say you had better speak to Mr. Walton; he will tell you what you ought to do.'

'Oh! Mrs. Freeward, I dare not. I'm sure he would say I was not fit to go. He would think I meant nothing by all my promises when I was ill.'

'He knows too well how weak we all are, and how easily we fall into sin, to think that, Sarah. And supposing he did say you were not to go next Sunday, (which I don't think he would do,) it would be better for you to have had his advice, than to have

stayed away only from your own fears,' said Mrs. Freeward.

Sarah was silent for a moment, and then said, 'I wish he would speak to me. I dare not go and ask to speak to him.'

'That is foolish, Sarah,' returned Mrs. Freeward. 'God has placed him over us, to be our instructor and guide, and it seems to me, that if we fail to seek for help from him when we really need it, we can't expect to get it in any other way. You are unhappy, and you don't know what your duty is, and you know that to tell him all, and follow his advice, would be a comfort and help to you. It can't be right that you should let any foolish bashfulness hinder you.'

'I thought that is what you would say,' replied Sarah, 'but you don't know how afraid I am. I promised him I would behave better to Catherine, and what will he think when he finds I do no better?'

'I don't think you can say you do no better, Sarah, because you sometimes fail. Besides, you wish to do better, and he perhaps could help you. You must not be a coward, Sarah.'

'A coward! he said I used to be a coward about doing right; that was the reason he would not let me go to the Holy Communion when I was ill. He said I had better show my courage by making a right choice when I was well. I still wish to go, though I am well. I am not afraid of Hester's laughing now; but I did not think it was being a coward not to like to speak to Mr. Walton.'

'I think it is, Sarah; you stayed away from the Holy Communion before, because you were afraid of Hester's laughing.'

'Partly that,' said Sarah.

'Well, now you are thinking of staying away, when perhaps, after all, you might go, because you

are afraid of speaking to Mr. Walton; so that in being a coward still, only in a different way, is it not?

‘I didn’t think of it so before,’ she replied; ‘perhaps it is.’

‘And I am sure you are afraid without any cause. Mr. Walton will be very kind to you, and not blame you more than you blame yourself,’ said Mrs. Freeward.

Emily now came running into the cottage with glowing cheeks, and threw the cord to her mother, exclaiming,

‘Haven’t I been quick? Now to finish my apron! Why, Sarah is working at it! Oh, thank you; you have nearly finished it.’

‘Very nearly,’ said Sarah, in a brighter tone, returning it to Emily, and taking up her own glove again.

‘Where’s Margaret?’ asked Emily.

‘Up-stairs,’ replied her mother; ‘call her down, she will be cold if she stays longer.’

Before, however, Emily had time to obey, Margaret’s steps were heard on the stairs. Hearing Emily’s voice, she knew her absence was no longer needed.

The party was much more cheerful after this, for speaking to Mrs. Freeward had relieved Sarah, as it always did; besides, she had made up her mind what to do, so that was a great point gained. They worked on till dark, when Sarah, wrapping up her work, and putting it into her pocket, rose up to go.

‘Do come and sit with us to-morrow,’ said Emily. ‘You know I shan’t be here much longer,’ she added, in rather a sorrowful tone.

‘I will if I can,’ returned Sarah, ‘but it leaves Catherine all alone. Good night now. I shall see you at church.’

‘Good night,’ they replied, as Sarah shut the

door; but, instead of turning homewards, she slowly bent her steps towards the Vicarage. Her knees quite trembled under her as she reached the back door, but she would not hesitate, lest her courage should again fail her, so she knocked at once, and asked for Mr. Walton.

‘Yes, he has just come in,’ replied the servant; and leaving Sarah in the kitchen, she went to tell her master.

A moment afterwards Sarah found herself in Mr. Walton’s study, so frightened, that when he entered, she had forgotten all she had intended to say. Happily for her, he spoke first.

‘I am glad to see you, Sarah,’ he said; ‘sit down, you look so tired;’ and gladly Sarah obeyed, for she trembled so much, she could hardly stand; and Mr. Walton went on to ask her how she was, and where she had been when he called that day. These common questions restored Sarah’s courage, and brought back her voice; and hearing that Mr. Walton had been at her house, it struck her instantly that Catherine would have told of her; ‘and yet he is still kind,’ she thought.

‘But you wanted me for something particular, did you not, Sarah?’ said Mr. Walton, looking kindly at her; ‘perhaps to speak about Sunday; was that it?’

‘Oh, yes, Sir,’ she replied; ‘but hasn’t Catherine told you? Oh! Sir, I am very sorry.’

By degrees Mr. Walton led Sarah to tell him all that had passed that day; and he was indeed glad to find that she had had nothing to do with Hester’s and Lucy’s visit, and had so boldly resisted the temptation to join the carol singing. Of course he did not gloss over her fault to her sister; on the contrary, he told her she must tell Catherine she was sorry for her saucy words, and explain to her about Hester’s visit.

‘It was hard for you to be falsely suspected,’ he said, ‘but you must remember you have brought it upon yourself by your conduct before your illness, and you must bear these things patiently, as a just punishment.’

But the real comfort to Sarah was, that Mr. Walton, instead of bidding her stay away from the Holy Communion, told her how glad he should be to see her there—told her, that if she was truly sorry for her falls and shortcomings, and determined to try and do better, her very weakness was a reason why she should go, instead of a reason why she should turn away. ‘For there, Sarah,’ he said, ‘you will find your strength renewed, and yourself refreshed; there your pardon will be sealed, and your resolutions confirmed.’

Very glad was Sarah, as she walked home, that she had overcome her false shame, and spoken to Mr. Walton; still more glad was she when, with no slight effort, she spoke to Catherine, and was met with kindness, and her story was listened to and believed; and Catherine even said, ‘I am sorry, Sarah, that I spoke so quick about it, and blamed you without cause, so we’ll say no more about your hasty words.’

The remainder of the week was spent by Sarah in humble and devout preparation for that Holy Feast. She added to her daily devotions some short prayers Mr. Walton had given her; and she read, and while she was at work tried to think of her Saviour’s sufferings, which she was about to commemorate; and when Sunday came, kneeling between Margaret and Mrs. Freeward, she took and ate in remembrance that Christ died for her, and she drank in remembrance that His Blood was shed for her, and her soul was strengthened and refreshed by the Body and Blood of Christ, as our bodies are by the bread and wine.

Miss Walton was indeed glad to have another communicant among her girls; and she felt that there was now a closer bond of union than mere teacher and scholar; and it was with a thoughtful mind that Sarah joined the afternoon lesson with Miss Walton at a later hour than usual.

‘I only questioned you on your duties to “governors and teachers” last Sunday,’ said Miss Walton; ‘but who are next mentioned to whom you are to submit?’

‘Spiritual pastors,’ they all replied.

Miss W. Can any of you tell me what ‘pastor’ means?

‘Please, Ma’am, a shepherd,’ said one or two.

Miss W. And who are meant by ‘spiritual pastors?’

‘Clergymen,’ they all replied.

Miss W. And why do you think they are called pastors, or shepherds? Who are the sheep?

‘Christian people,’ replied the girls.

Miss W. And Who is called the Good Shepherd?

All. Jesus Christ. (St. John, x. 11, 14.)

Miss W. But when He ascended into heaven, did He leave His sheep without any under shepherds to guard them?

All. No, He left the apostles.

Miss W. Just so; to be under shepherds, or pastors, to feed His sheep. What did He say to them all? ‘As My Father’—?

‘Hath sent Me, even so send I you,’ continued several. (St. John, xx. 21.)

Miss W. And what did He tell St. Peter to do to prove his love?

‘Feed His sheep,’ said Ruth.

‘Feed His lambs,’ said others. (St. John, xxi. 15, 16.)

Miss W. And when the apostles were called home, were the sheep left without shepherds?

Rose. No, they ordained others to take places.

Miss W. Yes; and so it has gone on to the present time; so who are now the pastors of the

‘The ordained clergymen,’ they answered again.

Miss W. And what does our Saviour teach the Good Shepherd does for the sheep?

Sarah. Feeds them. (St. John, x. 9.)

‘And guards them from the wolf,’ added another. (Verses 11–13.)

Miss W. Yes. And is this the duty of the shepherds too?

All. Yes, Ma’am.

Miss W. Yes. Look what St. Paul said of the elders at Miletus. Acts, xx. 28, 29.

Bessie. ‘Take heed therefore unto yourselves to all the flock, over the which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers, to feed the Church of which He hath purchased with His own blood. I know this, that after my departing, shall many wolves enter in among you, not sparing the flock.’

Miss W. What two things, then, were they to do?

‘To feed the flock,’ said some.

‘And to take heed lest the wolf hurt them,’ said others.

Miss W. Can you remember any text where the word ‘pastor’ is used to express the guide and shepherd of God’s people?

Margaret. ‘He gave some, apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers.’ (Eph. iv. 11.)

Miss W. Yes; when the Good Shepherd ascended up on high, (verse 8,) He left pastors to feed and guard His flock. And why do you call them spiritual pastors? Is it the souls of the sheep which they have to feed and guard?

‘The souls,’ they all replied.

Miss W. Quite right; and they have to feed them with spiritual food, and guard them from—what sort of enemies? (See Eph. vi. 12.)

‘Spiritual enemies,’ said Mary.

Miss W. How, then, does St. Paul bid us regard the pastors Christ has left over His Church?

Rose. ‘Let a man so account of us, as of the ministers of Christ, and stewards of the mysteries of God.’ (1 Cor. iv. 1.)

Miss W. We are to look upon them as left by Christ, as commissioned to feed His people. What was Christ left for the food of His Church?

‘His own Body and Blood,’ said Margaret.

Miss W. And who are the stewards of this mystery?

All. The clergymen.

Miss W. And what did our Saviour teach us about despising those whom He sends? When He sent the seventy to preach, I mean.

Agnes. ‘He that heareth you, heareth Me; and he that despiseth you, despiseth Me; and he that despiseth Me, despiseth Him that sent Me.’ (St. Luke, x. 16.)

Miss W. And why are we guilty of despising the Great Shepherd in despising the under pastors?

Several. Because they are sent by Him.

Miss W. Yes; they are ambassadors or messengers for Christ. So that He teaches us, and blesses us, and feeds us, *through* their ministrations. (See 2 Cor. v. 20.) Seeing, then, that they thus come to us with authority from God, that they are set over us by Him, how does the fifth commandment bid us behave towards them?

Several. To honour them.

Miss W. Yes, honour them as being the spiritual fathers of God’s children. Does not St. Paul call those who were converted by his ministry his children? Look at Gal. iv. 19.

Sarah. 'My little *children*, for whom I travail in birth again until Christ be formed in you.'

'And, please, Ma'am, St. John does the same,' said Ruth. '"My little *children*, these things write I unto you, that ye sin not."' (1 St. John, ii. 1.)

Miss W. Very good. He seems to apply the term more generally than St. Paul. And how does St. Paul say he exhorted the Thessalonians?

Sarah. 'Ye know how we exhorted and comforted and charged every one of you, as a father doth his *children*.' (1 Thess. ii. 11.)

Miss W. Well, then, may we say that the command which bids us honour our father and mother bids us honour—whom?

Several. Our spiritual pastors.

'Our spiritual fathers,' said Anna.

Miss W. Look at the Ordination Service; by what name is the Bishop addressed?

'Reverend Father in God,' Jane read.

Miss W. Can you give me any texts which distinctly bid you honour your spiritual pastors?

Hester. 'We beseech you, brethren, to know them which labour among you, and are over you in the Lord, and admonish you, and to *esteem them very highly in love for their works' sake*.' (1 Thess. v. 12, 13.)

Rose. 'Let the elders that rule well be counted worthy of double honour, especially they who labour in the word and doctrine.' (1 Tim. v. 17.)

Miss W. And when St. Paul sent Epaphroditus to the Philippians, how did he bid them receive him? (Phil. ii. 29.)

Harriet. 'Receive him, therefore, in the Lord with all gladness; and *hold such in reputation*.'

Miss W. Or 'honour such,' as the margin writes it. Look at 2 Chron. xxxvi. 16, how God speaks of the sin of despising His messengers and prophets.

Emily. 'But they mocked the messengers of God, and despised His words, and *misused His prophets, until the wrath of the Lord arose against His people, till there was no remedy.*'

Miss W. The sin was so great, that there was no remedy. How did you say we could best honour our parents?

Several. By obeying them.

Miss W. Are we told to *obey* our spiritual pastors?

'Yes,' said Mary, and she repeated, '*Obey* them that have the rule over you, and submit yourselves; for they watch for your souls, as they that must give account, that they may do it with joy, and not with grief.' (Heb. xiii. 17.)

Miss W. Therefore the Catechism teaches you that your duty to your spiritual pastors is—what?

Several. To submit myself.

Miss W. Yes, to submit yourself to their ministrations and their reproof, because they are sent—by Whom?

'Christ,' they answered.

Miss W. And to Whom will they have to give an account?

'To Christ,' they replied again.

Miss W. Yes, to the Chief Shepherd. We should learn, then, from all these words of the apostles, how wrong it is to go after teachers of our own choice. When an ordained spiritual pastor has been placed over us by Christ, may we reject him, and neglect his ministrations for those of others?

'No, Ma'am,' they answered, 'because Christ has sent him.'

Miss W. And in despising him, the under shepherd, Whom should we despise?

Several. Christ, the Chief Shepherd.

Miss W. Yes; even if we should be so unhappy as to be placed under a careless, or even wicked clergyman.

‘How dreadful that would be!’ exclaimed Margaret.

Miss W. Yet such things do, alas! sometimes happen; but our duty is plain, still to honour his office, and to value his ministrations, which are blessed to the faithful sheep, even though the shepherd be unfaithful. Our Saviour taught us this. Among the twelve whom He sent to preach, was there not one unfaithful?

Rose. Yes, Judas Iscariot.

Miss W. Yet our Saviour, who knew his heart, permitted him to go, and, we must suppose, blessed his ministrations; and to him, as well as to the rest, what did our blessed Saviour say? Look at St. Matt. x. 14, 15.

Sarah. ‘And whosoever shall not receive you, nor hear your words, when ye depart out of that house or city, shake off the dust of your feet. Verily I say unto you, It shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment, than for that city.’

Miss W. ‘Verily I say unto you,’ our Saviour says, that He may impress the lesson more upon us. Look again at chap. xxiii. 2, 3.

Jane. ‘The Scribes and the Pharisees sit in Moses’ seat; all, therefore, whatsoever they bid you observe, that observe and do; but do not ye after their works: for they say, and do not.’

Miss W. Our Lord pointed out their faults, yet bids submission to be shown to them, as those placed in authority by God. He teaches us that we must receive the message, even if the messenger be—?

‘Unworthy,’ said one or two.

Miss W. Just so; and even honour him as God’s messenger, though we cannot honour him as a man. It is indeed a very grievous thing, and a sad stumbling-block in people’s way, that there should be unfaithful pastors in the Church, and we should all pray God to

serve us from them. Does the Church teach us
is to pray in any of her Collects?

Emily. Yes, on St. Matthias's day: 'O Almighty
God, Who into the place of the traitor Judas didst
choose Thy faithful servant Matthias to be of the
number of the twelve apostles; Grant that Thy
Church, being alway preserved from false apostles,
may be ordered and guided by faithful and true
pastors; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.'

Miss W. A very great and grievous trial and
temptation it is to be placed under a careless, un-
faithful pastor; yet it is a trial we may have to
endure. Why do I say it is a temptation? What
might we be tempted to do?

Several. To turn away from him.

'Not to go to church,' said others.

Miss W. Yet would it be right to act in this
way?

Several. No, Ma'am.

Miss W. Why not?

Rose. Because the clergyman is God's mes-
senger.

Miss W. Yes; even though he be unfaithful; and
great as the trial is, there is still comfort for us, for
his ministrations may be blessed to us. What are
the public duties of the clergyman?

'To read the service,' said some.

'To preach,' said others.

'And to administer Baptism, and the Holy Com-
munion,' added Margaret.

'And to visit the sick,' said Anna.

Miss W. Yes; and some of these duties are
severely affected by the unfaithfulness of the pas-
tor; his preaching becomes of little effect, his teach-
ing of the sick of little value; but does his unfaith-
ness alter the words of the prayers?

Several. No, Ma'am, they are always the same.

Miss W. Yes; and if the hearts of the worshippers

go along with them, will bring a blessing. And in Whose Name are clergymen taught to baptize?

All. 'In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.'

Miss W. And to every child baptized in this holy Name what does God give?

Several. His Holy Spirit.

Miss W. Yes; making him His child. Then, can the unworthiness of the clergyman take God's blessing from the child?

Several. No, Ma'am.

Miss W. No; the form of words appointed by Christ Himself the clergyman is obliged to use; and the child thus baptized, we believe to be secure of a blessing from God. And again, what is the food Christ has provided for His people?

Agnes. His own Body and Blood.

Miss W. For, what do the faithful partake of when they receive the Holy Communion?

Anna. 'The Body and Blood of Christ, which are verily and indeed taken and received by the faithful in the Lord's Supper.'

Miss W. Again, you see, the clergyman (having, in the appointed form of words, said the prayer of consecration) cannot hinder, by his own unworthiness, a blessing to the faithful receiver; and however much we may mourn over his unfaithfulness, we must not turn away from his ministrations; because he is God's messenger, and brings God's blessing to the faithful. Let us suppose that a criminal condemned to death receives from his king a written message of pardon, yet conveyed by a guilty messenger: would his guilt make the message of no effect?

Several. No, it would still be the king's message.

Miss W. Yes; and being *written* down and signed with the king's signature, there could be no doubt of *truth*. What, then, would be thought of the

criminal who refused to receive the letter of pardon from the guilty messenger?

‘Oh! Ma’am, nobody would; he would be too glad of pardon.’

Miss W. Yet is not this what we do when we refuse to go to church, to offer up prayers, and hear the Bible read, *God’s own words*, because he who ministers is unfaithful? The message of pardon reaches the penitent, although he who pronounces it is impenitent; the blessing of peace rests upon the mourner, although no peace is with him who pronounces the words; the prayers of the people, offered up with the heart, are heard by God, although he who leads them is but offering a lip service; and the food of the Body and Blood of Christ strengthens and refreshes the souls of the faithful, though it brings no life to him at whose hands they receive it from God. We must not, then, turn away from God’s messenger, even though he be unworthy, lest, in despising him and his ministrations, we should be found to be despising—Whom?

‘Christ,’ they all replied.

Miss W. Yes, and His message, and losing a blessing which we might have had. We should thankfully receive those ministrations which the unworthiness of the clergyman cannot affect, except by our own fault. Do you know why I say, ‘except by our own fault?’

‘Because it’s hard not to think of the clergyman,’ said Margaret.

Miss W. Yes; we think of him when we ought only to be thinking of God; and then, if we know, or even think, him to be careless, or perhaps wicked, we are disturbed by the thought. Indeed, the unworthiness of a pastor is a great trial; and though it does not really take away from the blessing of some of the services, it adds to the difficulties of due attention; for we are, at best, weak creatures. But

we should pray to God to help us, and do our best to attend, and forget the unworthiness of him who ministers. Now I have said all this to help any of you, if, in after life, you should have the trial of being in the parish of a careless, or wicked clergyman. What must you do?

‘Remember that he is God’s messenger,’ said Agnes.

‘And go to church, and try and do our best,’ said Rose.

Miss W. Just so; attend upon his ministrations, and look for God’s blessing in them notwithstanding; and while it is impossible to feel confidence in his own teaching, we may receive from him *God’s* word, and take from his hands the food Christ has provided for us, and follow his voice in the words of prayer.

‘And we can pray God to convert him,’ said Mary.

Miss W. Yes, all could and should do that. But now I will tell you that the Church has provided a way of escape from this grievous evil. She has appointed that complaint should be made to the bishop if a clergyman is careless, or openly wicked, or teaches false doctrine. Girls, like you, could not do this; and, therefore, your only course would be to take the trial as permitted by God, and strive to do your duty in it, while you pray for the conversion of your clergyman. But there are those whose duty it is to complain to the bishop, and who are grievously to blame if they neglect to do so, and allow an unworthy pastor to serve among them unreprieved, unwarned.

‘Please, Ma’am, is this ever done?’ asked Anna.

Miss W. Yes, Anna, sometimes. It is a painful duty to be obliged to complain of a clergyman, but one which is done at times, and ought not to be neglected if a clergyman is unfaithful in his work; but,

as I said before, not by such as you. What alone can you do?

‘Bear it patiently, and pray to God,’ said one or two.

Miss W. Yes; and if it is sinful to turn away from God’s messenger even when we fear he is like Judas, *much more is it wrong to do so merely because we dislike his manner, or some trifling thing of that kind.* If we do this, we must, indeed, expect that it will be more tolerable (or bearable) for Sodom in the day of judgment, than for us. We must obey them that have the rule over us, as being appointed by—?

‘Christ Himself,’ replied several.

Miss W. Does the Catechism say ‘obey’?

All. No, ‘submit.’

Miss W. And to what two things did I say, just now, we should submit?

Rose. To their ministrations and reproof.

Miss W. Are clergymen ever bid to reprove their people?

Margaret. Yes. ‘Preach the word; be instant in season, out of season; *reprove, rebuke*, exhort with all long-suffering and doctrine.’ (2 Tim. iv. 2. See also, Tit. ii. 15.)

Miss W. If, therefore, the clergyman is to reprove and rebuke, what is it our duty to do?

‘To submit to it,’ said one or two.

Miss W. Yes, we should thankfully submit, not turn away from his words with anger, or listen with carelessness, but look upon the rebuke as coming from God, and set ourselves to amend. Happy, I think, it would be for us if we were oftener rebuked; perhaps we should be if we valued it more, and received it more humbly. St. Paul rebuked the Corinthians; and look at the 2nd Epistle, chap. vii. 8–11, how his rebuke affected them.

Bessie. ‘For though I made you sorry with a letter, ■

I do not repent . . . For behold this self-same thing, that ye *sorrowed after a godly sort*, what carefulness it wrought in you; yea, what clearing of yourselves; yea, what indignation; yea, what fear; yea, what vehement desire; yea, what zeal; yea, what revenge.'

Miss W. So reproof should make *us* sorrow after a godly sort,—make us search into ourselves, cast out the evil, and be more careful for the time to come. If we take reproof in this way, we submit to it. But do you think there is any other way in which we can show honour to our spiritual pastor, as well as by submitting to him?

'Please, Ma'am, you said we could show honour to the Queen by praying for her,' said Rose.

Miss W. Very good, Rose, and what more would you say?

'Can't we do the same for clergymen?' she asked.

Miss W. Yes, indeed, and so prove how much we value them. After St. Paul had bid the Hebrews obey them that had the rule over them, what does he go on to ask them to do?

'Pray for us,' said Mary. (Heb. xiii. 18.)

Miss W. St. Paul often asks for the prayers of his people. Do you remember any other instance?

Sarah. 'Finally, brethren, pray for us, that the word of God may have free course, and be glorified.' (2 Thess. iii. 1. See also, Rom. xv. 30; Eph. vi. 18, 19; Col. iv. 3; 1 Thess. v. 25.)

Miss W. For whom do we *naturally* pray?

'For our parents, and brothers, and sisters,' said several.

Miss W. Yes; but why do we pray for them?

'Because we care for them, love them,' answered the girls.

Miss W. Very good. We show that we esteem

them by praying for them, so should we show our honour and esteem for our spiritual pastors. Are you ever taught to pray for your clergyman?

Several. Yes, in church.

Miss W. And have not your spiritual pastors asked for your prayers, girls?

‘Yes, Ma’am,’ they replied.

Miss W. I hope you never forget to give them, for they need the help of the prayers of their people. But have you no other spiritual pastor besides Mr. Walton and Mr. Spencer?

‘Please, Ma’am, the Bishop,’ said Margaret.

Miss W. For him, too, you should pray. But there is still another way in which you are taught you can show honour and esteem for your clergyman. Look at Gal. vi. 6.

Harriet. ‘Let him that is taught in the word communicate unto him that teacheth in all good things.’ (See also, 1 Cor. ix. 11, and 14.)

Miss W. By cheerfully contributing to the support of clergymen, you show that you honour them; and by acts of kindness even *you* can do something. When Mr. Walton, or Mr. Spencer, wants to send a message, what can you do?

‘Go for him,’ they replied.

Miss W. Yes; and if you do this cheerfully and gladly, because they are God’s ministers, you are showing honour to them. And now we have seen that clergymen are—Whose messengers?

‘God’s,’ they all replied.

Miss W. And, as such, what does the fifth commandment bid us give them?

‘Honour,’ replied the girls.

Miss W. And we can honour them—how?

‘By obeying them,’ said some.

‘Submitting to them,’ said others, ‘praying for them, and giving to them.’

Miss W. Yes; and even though they are unfaithful,

still, until they are displaced, we are to honour and submit to them. Why?

‘Because they are still God’s messengers,’ said several.

Miss W. And in despising them, we should be—?

‘Despising Christ,’ said Sarah.

Miss W. And thus bring upon ourselves condemnation. And we are to submit to their—?

‘Ministrations and reproof,’ said several.

Miss W. Just so ; and, through them, thankfully receive the spiritual food God sends to us.

Now it is time to go, girls, (continued *Miss Walton.*) I shall not be ready for dinner, as it is, unless I leave you to put away by yourselves. But do it quietly.

LESSON XLII.

THE FIFTH COMMANDMENT.

THE DUTY OF SERVANTS.

As the time drew near for Emily's departure, her feelings had undergone a considerable change.

'To think that to-morrow will be my last Sunday here!' she exclaimed, as she walked down to church with some of her companions. 'I don't like to think about it at all.'

'Why, I thought you were so anxious to go,' said Jane, 'that you didn't care for anything, now that you had got your mother to give leave.'

'So I do want to go,' she replied, 'but I don't like leaving this, either.'

'That's the best part of it,' said Hester. 'I should like, above all things, to be going away from here, to see something new.'

'No place can be as pleasant as this, I'm sure,' said Margaret. 'Oh! I shouldn't like to leave Mr. and Miss Walton, and father and mother, and all of them, at all, and this dear little church,' she added, as they came in sight of the lights shining from the windows.

'I wonder what sort of a church I shall go to?' sighed Emily. 'I am sure I shan't like it as well as ours.'

'Oh, yes, you will,' said Jane. 'I've heard tell that town churches are very fine, and lit up with gas.'

Emily's heart was too full at that moment to answer, for the sight of the little church had brought vividly to her mind all she was leaving; and for a moment she wished she had never thought of going away.

They had now reached the churchyard gate, and the stopping of the bell at that moment, made them all hurry in. Mr. Walton had just entered the reading-desk, but he had not begun; a few people (for it was Saturday night, and many who were there on other nights, had then so many home occupations, that they could not come) were gathered round the reading-desk, and a Corona, which hung at that end of the church, gave all the light that was necessary. The rest of the church was nearly in darkness, and looked calm and solemn as the children entered. With as little noise as possible they walked to the front seats, their appointed places, where sat Miss Walton and some girls on one side, and Mr. Spencer, with several boys, on the other.

Emily wished she could have sat down in the dark, for she could not keep back her tears on entering the church in which she had so often worshipped, and which she should so soon leave, and at the sight of those she loved so well. But she kept her eyes on the ground, and followed the rest to their places, and almost immediately the service began. Emily's voice quivered as she attempted to repeat the confession; and her mother's gentle voice behind her seemed to her ears, at that moment, to reproach her for wishing to go away, and pressing it so much. Emily knew her mother did not really approve of her going—that she had consented because Emily's heart was so set upon it; and now she half-condemned herself for pressing her mother so very much, though she saw that Mrs. Freeward was so unwilling consent. She was thinking of these things just as more than of the words she was saying. Had

he turned the whispered self-condemnation of her conscience into words of confession, it would have been better for her; but, instead of this, she let her thoughts wander on from one thing to another, until her tears quite choked her voice, and she did not even attempt to join in the singing.

Miss Walton observed her grief, and, therefore, took no notice of her silence. On leaving the church, however, she joined Emily, who had kept apart from the rest, and said kindly, 'You must not let your courage fail you, Emily, now that the time of leaving draws near.'

Emily did not answer, and Miss Walton continued, 'Your mother will be grieved to see you fret, and you would like to make the parting as easy for her as you can, when she has so kindly consented to your wishes, would you not?'

'Yes, Ma'am,' said Emily, trying to check her tears. 'I've never fretted before, but I could not help it when I went into church to-night, and saw you all. I shan't like any church after that.'

'None will be the same to you, I am sure, and you have a right to love this best of all; but you know you will join in the same holy prayers, and hear the same holy words everywhere.'

Just then Mr. Walton joined his sister, and he, too, spoke a few kind words to Emily, so that, by the time they had overtaken the children, who always lingered, for they liked to walk with Mr. and Miss Walton, and had leave to do so in an evening, Emily had recovered herself, and was able to talk cheerfully with the rest.

The next day, Emily made a resolution that she would not cry, and appeared among the girls in high spirits. She talked of what she would have to tell them when she came home on a visit, and how often she would write; and she mostly kept with those girls who envied her, and encouraged her brightest

anticipations. She had kept her resolution when she appeared with the rest at the Vicarage for the afternoon lesson.

‘The subject for to-day’s lesson is very suitable, I think,’ said Miss Walton cheerfully, as the girls sat down after repeating a portion of the Catechism. ‘What is it to be? Last Sunday we spoke of our duty to spiritual pastors—and who are next mentioned?’

All. Masters.

‘Then why do you think I said it was a suitable subject for to-day?’ asked Miss Walton.

‘Please, Ma’am, because Emily is going to be a servant,’ said several.

Miss W. Quite right. Then to whom will you have duties, Emily?

‘My master and mistress,’ she replied.

Miss W. Yes. I have now two little servants in my class, Mary and Emily, and perhaps some others may one day be servants too, so we will see to-day what are the duties of servants towards their master and mistress. What does the Catechism teach you is your duty?

‘To submit myself,’ they replied.

Miss W. And which command teaches you this?

Several. The fifth.

Miss W. Yes; we must not forget that we are still learning the duties which the fifth commandment enjoins; and now what are we told is commanded by it to servants?

Several. Submission to their masters.

Miss W. Yes, or mistresses, those who are placed over them. Who is it that rules over everything in this world?

‘God,’ they all answered.

Miss W. Then when you go out to service, Who appoints for you the place you go to, and gives you *the particular* mistress placed over you?

‘God,’ said Mary, thoughtfully.

‘I am afraid servants forget this,’ said Miss Walton. ‘Yet this is the first thing you should remember, that your mistress is placed over you—by Whose providence?’

‘God’s,’ they all answered.

Miss W. Then, in submitting to your earthly mistress, to Whom are you submitting?

‘To God,’ said Rose.

Miss W. Yes; therefore, whatever your mistress may be, whether kind or harsh, as long as she is your mistress, placed over you by God, what must you give her?

‘Honour and obedience,’ said Margaret.

Miss W. Do you remember what St. Peter says of this?

Mary. ‘Servants, be subject to your masters, with all fear; *not only to the good and gentle, but also to the froward*. For this is thankworthy, if a man, *for conscience toward God*, endure grief, suffering wrongfully.’ (1 St. Peter, ii. 18, 19.)

Miss W. What, then, should be the motive of a servant’s obedience?

‘To please God,’ said Emily.

Miss W. If that is the motive, obedience will be given, not only to the gentle, but also to the froward and unkind. Now will you, my little servants, try and remember this—to be obedient and submissive for God’s sake—in order to please Him, because your mistress is set over you by His permission? And now, can you tell me whether you are distinctly bidden in the Bible to be obedient?

Emily, who had been learning all the verses about the duties of servants, repeated,

‘Servants, be obedient to them that are your masters according to the flesh, with fear and trembling, in singleness of your heart, as unto Christ.’ (Eph. vi. 5.)

Miss W. In every direction given to servants, I think you will find obedience mentioned first. Can you give me another?

Mary. 'Servants, obey in all things your masters according to the flesh.' (Col. iii. 22.)

Rose. 'Exhort servants to be obedient unto their own masters.' (Tit. ii. 9.)

Miss W. Yes; and the text which we have already quoted from St. Peter is the same. 'Servants, be subject to your masters.' What, then, do you think you should learn, girls, by obedience being thus mentioned first of all?

'That it should be thought of first,' said Agnes in a whisper.

'That it is the great duty,' said Anna.

'That it is the first duty,' said Mary.

Miss W. Very good. As a child's first duty to a parent is obedience, so a servant's first duty to her mistress is obedience. But now we will look more closely at the texts one by one, and see what sort of obedience is to be given, and what other duties are enjoined. You may all open your Bibles at Eph. vi. verse 5. How are servants there told to obey?

'With fear and trembling,' (See also 1 St. Peter, ii. 18,) answered most of the girls.

Miss W. That is, anxiously, carefully, not indifferently, but with a just dread of failing in their duty. And what further is said?

Anna. 'In singleness of heart.'

Miss W. Can any of you tell me what that means? (None of them could answer, and Miss Walton asked,) What does 'single' mean?

'Alone,' said some.

'One,' said others.

Miss W. Very well; then a single heart is a heart set upon—?

'One thing,' answered Rose.

Miss W. A servant, then, is told to be obedient

ith singleness of heart, or with a heart set upon—
hat?

‘One thing,’ said Sarah.

Miss W. And what is the one thing to be? The
id of the verse tells us; obey in singleness of
art—?

‘As unto Christ,’ they continued.

Miss W. What, then, is to be the one motive of
edience?

‘To please Christ,’ answered three or four.

Miss W. Yes; this is to be the great motive of
edience. How are you told you must *not* obey?

All. ‘Not with eye service.’

Miss W. And what is meant by ‘eye service’?
upposing a mistress tells her servant not to stand
alking at the back door, and whenever the mistress
at home and likely to see it, the maid obeys, but
she is out, then the maid stands and talks at the
ack door. What sort of obedience would that be?

‘That would not be obedience at all,’ said Mary.

Miss W. No, indeed, it would not; or, at best, it
ould be but eye obedience, which is of no value. Or
gain, supposing a mistress bids her maid answer the
ont door bell quickly, and she does so whenever
er mistress is in the house, but takes no pains to do
when her mistress is out. What sort of a service
ould that be?

‘An eye service,’ said Margaret.

Miss W. And is this the service of a single-hearted
ervant?

All. No, Ma’am.

Miss W. No, what would be the motive of such a
ervice, of such obedience?

‘To stand well with the mistress,’ said Hester.

‘To keep the place,’ said Anna.

Miss W. Yes, the motive would sometimes be one
ing, sometimes another; to please man, not God;
ut are you to serve as men-pleasers?

Jane. No, 'as the servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart.'

Miss W. And is it not the will of God that you should obey out of the sight of your mistress, as well as in?

All. Yes, Ma'am.

Miss W. Can you be out of *His* sight?

'Oh, no! Ma'am,' they replied.

Miss W. Then if your single motive is to please Him, you will obey at all times, not only when seen by your master or mistress, not from dread of their blame only, but—why?

Emily. To do the will of God.

Miss W. And *how* will you do it?

Ruth. From the heart.

Miss W. Yes, because His will is written in your hearts. You have learned, then, that the first duty of servants is—?

'Obedience,' they all replied.

Miss W. And that this obedience is to be given—how?

Several. With fear and trembling.

Miss W. That is with—?

'Carefulness, and a fear of failing,' said Rose.

Miss W. And, further, the great motive of your obedience is to be—what?

'To please God,' said some.

'To do His will,' said others.

Miss W. Yes; and if this is your motive, what sort of a service will it keep you from?

'An eye service,' they replied.

Miss W. And an eye service means a service done—?

'Only when mistress sees us,' said Mary.

'To please man,' said Margaret.

Miss W. Very well. There is, however, one direction further given, what is it?

Bessie. 'With good-will doing service.'

Miss W. When can you be said to do service with 'good-will'?

'When we like to do it,' said some.

'When we don't think it any trouble,' said others.

'When we do it cheerfully,' said Mary.

'I think Mary's is the best answer,' said Miss Walton, 'for servants may be required to do things which are a trouble, and which they cannot like—still how may they do them?'

'With good-will, cheerfully,' they replied.

Miss W. And what must you remember which will help you to do it cheerfully?

'That it is done to God,' said one or two.

Miss W. Yes; this thought should make us do the work, which is naturally most unpleasant, with good-will. For did your Blessed Saviour only do pleasant work for you?

'No, He went through pain and suffering for our sakes,' said Agnes.

Miss W. Yes, He left His home of glory, and came and dwelt in the form of a servant on this poor earth, in weariness and labour, going about hungry and faint, doing good, healing the sick—did He even turn away from lepers?

Several. No, He healed them.

Miss W. What others would have scorned to do, He did. Should we, then, think any work hard which can be done for Him?

Several. No, Ma'am.

Miss W. And is it not a pleasant thought that even your sweeping and scrubbing, or watching of children, or any work, however humble, may be work done for Him? but, then, *how* must you do it?

'Thinking of Him,' said Mary.

'With good-will,' said Emily.

Miss W. Yes, even without your actually thinking of Him at the time, which you could not always do, yet if you do your work cheerfully for His sake, He

will accept it as done to Him. You are sometimes very tired of work, are you not, Mary?

‘Yes, Ma’am, sometimes; but I used to be more tired than I am now,’ she said. ‘I’m used to it now.’

Miss W. And does not work look disagreeable to you when you are very tired?

‘Oh, yes! Ma’am, that it does,’ answered many more than Mary.

Miss W. But how must the work be done even then, if it is to be accepted of Christ?

‘With good-will, cheerfully,’ they replied.

Miss W. Yes; you must try not to grumble or be pettish, but remember Him who was weary as He sat on Jacob’s well, yet still continued to labour for the salvation of the poor Samaritans; and work on cheerfully for His sake. And, as I said before, if your work is done for His sake, will your mistress’s, being perhaps unkind, and unreasonable, and fault-finding, make any difference in your way of doing your work?

‘It *didn’t* ought, I suppose,’ said Rose.

Miss W. No, and it won’t, if you *really* learn to work as to God, and not to man; but you will not find this easy. You cannot do it without praying to God to help you, and trying to put Him before you. Now, before we look at the reward promised, read the passage in Colossians, and you will find the same lessons given there.

Harriet. ‘Servants, obey in all things your masters according to the flesh; not with eye service, as men-pleasers, but in singleness of heart, fearing God; and whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men.’

Miss W. Yes; and in the directions St. Paul gives to Titus, you will find one or two more duties put before servants. (Tit. ii. 9, 10.)

Ruth. ‘Exhort servants to be obedient unto their

own masters, and to please them well in all things; not answering again; not purloining, but showing all good fidelity; that they may adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things.'

Miss W. Now what is the first duty named here which is not so particularly mentioned in the other texts? Whom are servants to try and please?

All. Their masters.

Miss W. And is there no way of pleasing them except by just doing the things they actually command?

'By trying to do what we *know* they like,' said Mary.

Miss W. Yes, you may please them by attention in little things that are not actually commanded, by thoughtfulness for their comfort, even by such little things as shutting a door, or keeping up a good fire, or moving quickly if you see them in haste. If you *try* to please them, you will find many little ways of doing it. And what is next mentioned?

Jane. 'Not answering again.'

Miss W. What does that mean?

'Not being saucy,' said Mary.

Miss W. Yes, bearing reproof in silence, not attempting to excuse or defend yourselves. Did our Saviour defend Himself even when falsely accused?

Anna. No; when He was reviled, He reviled not again.

Miss W. It may be, that you will have to bear false accusation sometimes—but even that must be borne in patience and silence for Christ's sake: much more must just blame be received humbly. You cannot be servants well-pleasing in God's sight if you do not try to be meek and quiet in spirit, and humble under reproof. Another thing you are told not to do. What is it?

Bessie 'Not purloining, but showing all good fidelity

Miss W. What does 'purloining' mean? (None of the girls could answer, and Miss Walton asked again,) What does the eighth commandment forbid?

'Stealing,' they all replied.

Miss W. Very well; purloining, then, means—?

'Stealing,' they answered again.

Miss W. Now, why do you think servants are particularly warned not to steal?—I think it is because they are much tempted to it, (added Miss Walton.)

'Oh, Ma'am! I'm sure I wouldn't steal,' said Emily.

'Nor I, nor I,' said several.

Miss W. I hope, indeed, you wouldn't; but you may find it less easy than you think, perhaps, to be *quite honest*. Supposing a poor person comes to the door to beg, do you think it would be right to give food?

None of them answered, and Mary thought how often she had seen Hannah give things away, while *she* always doubted whether it was right.

'You don't answer,' continued Miss Walton. 'What do *you* think, Mary?'

'Please, Ma'am, the food belongs to Missus,' she replied.

Miss W. And is it honest to give away what belongs to another without his leave?

All. No, Ma'am.

'Please, Ma'am, might not we give our own, what we should eat ourselves?' asked Emily.

'If,' said Miss Walton, 'you are quite sure that you do really give your own, you might; but you would be in great danger of giving away at one meal what you would make up for at the next, and so it would not be your own that you gave after all; still, I think, if you are careful to be honest about it, a blessing would come, if you sometimes denied yourself to give to others. And, of course, some **mistresses** might allow you, in their absence, to give

food to those who seemed to be really in want. But there is another, and, I fear, a still commoner way of being dishonest, I will call it—and that is, by wasting what is your master's. St. Paul says, "not purloining; but"—?

'Showing all good fidelity,' they continued.

'Yes; fidelity, or faithfulness. When food, or anything is intrusted to your care, you are answerable for it, and by any wilful waste, or want of proper care in the management, you wrong your master and mistress, you are not faithful to their interest. Do you think you understand me?' asked Miss Walton.

'Yes, Ma'am,' said Mary. 'We should do the same for them, as we would for ourselves.'

'Just so, Mary,' replied Miss Walton. 'Consider your master's and mistress's interest your own, do for them as you would do for yourselves, take care of their things as you would of your own; nay, be more careful, if possible, because you are intrusted; and do not think, "Oh, it's no matter to leave this bread, there's plenty more, and I shan't be the loser," and things of that kind; but "show all good fidelity," or trustworthiness. And now you may tell me what reward is put before the faithful servant. What is said in Ephesians?

Sarah. 'Knowing that whatsoever good thing any man doeth, the same shall he receive of the Lord, whether he be bond or free.' (Eph. vi. 8.)

Miss W. And in Colossians?

Margaret. 'Knowing that of the Lord ye shall receive the reward of the inheritance: for ye serve the Lord Christ.' (Col. iii. 24.)

Miss W. To the servant, then, that tries to be obedient to her master and mistress, with fear and trembling, doing her work with good-will, trying in all things to please them, humble under reproof, faithful in that which is committed to her care, what is laid up in store?

‘A reward,’ said some.

‘An inheritance,’ said others.

Miss W. Yes, a reward according to her work; a rich inheritance, where there will be no more labour or sorrow, no more toil or pain, but where there will be rest and joy unspeakable. Do you, my little servants, try to be faithful, that this reward may be yours.

Emily found it hard work to repress her tears when Miss Walton said this, but she drove them back as well as she could, and none perhaps but Margaret and Miss Walton noticed the struggle.

‘I wonder whether you can give me any example of a faithful servant from the Bible,’ said Miss Walton in a few moments.

‘Joseph,’ said Agnes.

Miss W. Very good. To whom was he faithful?

Several. To Potiphar.

Miss W. Yes, so that after he had served him a little while, what situation did his master give him?

Agnes. ‘He made him overseer over his house, and all that he had he put into his hands And he left all that he had in Joseph’s hand; and he knew not ought he had, save the bread which he did eat.’ (Gen. xxxix. 4. and 6.)

Miss W. Yes, and we find how faithful he was, for when even his mistress tempted him to sin, he would not betray his trust. What did he answer?

Ruth. ‘Behold, my master wotteth not (that is, knoweth not) what is with me in the house, and he hath committed all that he hath to my hand; there is none greater in this house than I; neither hath he kept back anything from me but thee, because thou art his wife: how, then, can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?’ (Verses 8, 9.)

Miss W. That which he had no right to touch he would not approach; and Whom did the last part of his answer show that he remembered in all his work?

‘God,’ they all replied.

Miss W. He did service as to God, and not to man, and therefore he was faithful and obedient, though his master was not in sight. And was he not a faithful servant to Pharaoh?

All. Yes, Ma'am. (See Gen. xlvii. 13-26.)

Miss W. Abraham's steward, too, is an example of a faithful servant. Do you remember upon what message Abraham sent him?

Rose. To fetch a wife for Isaac. (Gen. xxiv.)

Miss W. Yes; and so anxious was he to do his master's work, that what did he say when they set meat before him at the end of his journey?

Anna. 'I will not eat until I have told mine errand.' (Verse 33.)

Miss W. And afterwards, do you remember how anxious he was to get back? Look at verse 56.

Harriet. 'And he said unto them, Hinder me not, seeing the Lord hath prospered my way; send me away, that I may go to my master.'

Miss W. He would not waste his master's time or money by remaining, but hastened home again. And there is one thing in which he sets an example, that I hope all you who become servants will follow. What did he do when he first came to the well?

'He prayed,' said one or two.

Miss W. And for whom did he pray?

Agnes. His master. 'Show kindness unto my master Abraham.' (Verse 12.)

Miss W. What does he, by this example, teach servants to do?

Mary. To pray for their master and mistress.

Miss W. A faithful servant will daily pray for a blessing upon her master and mistress, as they will daily pray for their servants. Do not forget this duty, it will help you to be dutiful as much as anything you can do. Do you remember what Solomon says about a wise servant?

Rose. 'A wise servant shall have rule over a son

that causeth shame, and shall have part of the inheritance among the brethren.' (Prov. xvii. 2.)

Miss W. If not in this world, in the next. A good master and faithful servant shall share a glorious inheritance.

'And now you may go. Emily, will you stay and put away?' asked Miss Walton.

She obeyed with a beating heart, as she thought that it was perhaps the last time. When she had done, Miss Walton called her, and made her sit on a little stool by her side, while she said,

'Our lesson has been more for you to-day, Emily, than for any one else. I hope, my dear girl, you will try and remember it, and act upon it.'

'Yes, Ma'am,' she replied with quivering lips, 'I will try.'

'I want to give you one or two words of advice, Emily, before you go,' said Miss Walton, 'for your life will be very different to anything you have known before, and you will have many difficulties, and new temptations.'

'I seem to feel that now, I didn't at first,' she replied.

'It is better you should feel it, and not expect all to be bright; though indeed I trust, my dear girl, if you try to do your duty, that you will be very happy,' said Miss Walton. 'Shall I tell you what I think will be your great danger?'

'Please, Ma'am,' she replied.

'I am afraid you will find it hard to bear reproof patiently, and especially as in the situation you will occupy, it is almost sure that sometimes you will be blamed falsely. Do you think you can learn to bear this patiently?'

'I don't know, Ma'am. I will try,' she answered, the long pent up tears beginning to flow. 'I hope they will be kind to me.'

‘I hope and believe they will; but, at the very best, you will have need of patience with children under your care. And remember, dear child, *your* obedience and submission will be due to the upper nurse. You will have very little to do with Mrs. Eaton.’

‘So mother told me,’ she replied.

‘And tell me, Emily, what can you do which will help you to be patient and gentle, not answering again?’

‘Pray to God to help me,’ she replied.

‘And what else did I say in the lesson?’

‘Think of Christ,’ she replied, ‘how patient He was.’

‘Another thing, dear girl, I would say,’ continued Miss Walton. ‘Try and remember each morning, before you leave your room, that if you are faithful in your work, you are working for God, and that will help you through the day. You will forget it, if you don’t fix some time regularly to try and remember it.’

‘Mary says that perhaps I shall be hurried in a morning; she often is,’ remarked Emily.

‘Have you been talking to Mary about your place?’ asked Miss Walton.

‘Yes, Ma’am. I thought perhaps she would know about service.’

‘Not much about the sort of place yours will be, I dare say; but no doubt what she says is true. You will sometimes be hurried. What does she do when she’s hurried?’

‘She says she tries to say what she can of her prayers with all her heart, and if she can’t say more, she hopes God won’t be angry.’

‘That is the best thing she can do. Give God the best and most that you can, and He will not expect more from you. Your time, when you go out to service, is not your own, it belongs mostly to your

mistress, and therefore you must not rob her while you are careful to give God His due. A portion of time for prayer, night and morning, almost any mistress would wish a servant to take. And then when you have leisure in which to do as you like, you can spare some of it for God; and by a little contrivance, I hope you will generally manage not to be hurried in a morning. You must try and gain time then for a little thought and quiet prayer, and always say a few words on your knees, if you are ever so much hurried.'

'Mary says, if she is hurried in a morning, and can't say all her prayers, she tries to say what she leaves some time in the day.'

'That is a very good plan,' said Miss Walton. 'But you always say a short prayer in the middle of the day, do you not?'

'I have sometimes forgotten,' she replied, in a very low voice.

'I hope you will try not to forget any more, Emily. It will be a great help and safeguard to you. I would advise you, dear girl, not to attempt more than a *few* earnest words in a morning, for you are sure not to have much time then, and to try rather, in the day-time, once or twice, to ask God to be with you and bless you.'

As Miss Walton said this, the dinner-bell rang. 'You must go now,' she said. 'I shall see you again several times before you start.'

Emily dried her tears, which had indeed flowed very quietly, and thanking Miss Walton, left the Vicarage. She thought over Miss Walton's words as she walked along, and determined that she would indeed try to be good and faithful.

When she reached her house, she found them all at tea.

'Come Emily, my little maid, you will miss your tea if you don't make haste,' said her father, making

room for her by his side, and cutting her a piece of bread and butter. Butter was quite a Sunday indulgence.

‘Oh! father, Miss Walton kept me,’ she said; ‘she is so kind.’

‘Indeed she has been kind to you, my child. I hope you’ll show your gratitude by being a good maid.’

Emily could not answer, and swallowed her tea quickly, to prevent the too ready tears.

It was not until Thursday that Emily was to start for her place, and the days that intervened were mostly spent at home working with her mother and sisters. As the time drew near for going, the less she liked to be away from them, the more she clung to them. Still she kept up her spirits, and they all helped her as much as they could. Wednesday, indeed, was a sad day, when good-bye had to be said to so many, and to Mr. and Miss Walton. It was no use trying, Emily could not help crying. Mr. and Miss Walton gave her a Bible and Prayer-book, as it may be remembered they gave to Frederic when he left; and Mr. Walton prayed with her, and gave her a pastor’s blessing; and though Emily cried, there was happiness mingled with her sorrow.

‘Now, mother, I’ve done crying,’ said Emily, as she bade her good night on Wednesday. ‘I don’t intend to cry a tear to-morrow. Good night, all of you,’ she added, in a tremulous voice.

‘Good night, God bless you!’ rejoined her father and mother in one breath, feeling at that moment as if they had never loved her enough, or valued her cheerful temper as it deserved.

The carrier’s cart, by which Emily was going, started early in the morning, yet many of her school-fellows were ready to see her off, and, with cheerful words, helped her to keep her resolution.

Her father and Margaret saw her safely wrapped

up in shawls in one corner of the covered cart, her school-fellows stood outside, wishing her health and happiness, the morning sun was just rising in glorious beauty, and shone into the cart, and the fresh morning air, cold indeed, for it was very frosty, but clear, invigorated her, as the driver cracked his whip, and Emily found herself moving away from her loved, happy home. She stretched her head out of the back of the cart to see the last of them all, and waved her handkerchief when the distance was too great to distinguish one from another. Many a handkerchief was waved in reply, and as she went along, Emily saw one well-known object after another pass away, until at length the country was quite new to her.

Then came over her a sense of loneliness which for a few minutes quite overpowered her.

‘Come, my little maid, don’t fret,’ said the kind voice of Walker, the carrier, who bethought himself to look how his charge was going on, and found her crying very bitterly. ‘Cheer up; shall I draw back the front curtain, and let you look about you?’ and with great good-nature he climbed to the front of his cart, and drew back the sacking front.

‘It will be more cheerful for you now,’ he said, ‘and you can talk to me as you go along, and look about you.’

These tones of kindness restored Emily, and she soon began to enjoy the new objects which surrounded her.

The day wore away quickly, and Emily kept herself warm by walking a mile now and then by the side of Walker. She was well supplied with provisions both by her mother’s and Miss Walton’s care, and she was very much pleased to give a piece of her cake to Walker, while he provided her with a glass of beer at one of the inns, which he took care to have warmed for her, as the day kept very cold,

though bright and pleasant. It was near evening when she reached her journey's end, in hopeful spirits.

When the cart stopped, she heard her name inquired for by a grand looking gentleman, as she thought. She wondered whether it was Mr. Eaton, as she made him a courtesy, and said she was Emily Freeward. But a few words which she heard him speak proved to her that he was not a gentleman, for he was rough, not gentle and courteous; and Emily thought gentlemen always spoke kindly to everybody.

She followed him along, feeling much disappointed at seeing nothing of Lucy, while a boy carried her box, until she reached a grand-looking house. Then the servant-man told her this was his master's, and led her to the back door. She was frightened, as she entered the kitchen where the dinner was just being dished, and several servants were hurrying about. She shrank into one corner and stood trembling, and no one noticed her for some time.

But at length she was called into the housekeeper's room, where, not unkindly, Mrs. Thorp spoke to her, and bade her warm herself by the fire. 'You shall have some tea presently,' she said, 'and then go into the nursery.'

She had not sat there long before she heard little voices, and in rushed a fine boy of about ten years old.

'We want to see you, Emily; Mamma says your name is Emily,' he cried out, 'and tiresome Nurse won't let you come up-stairs till you have had your tea, so I've come down to see you, but she doesn't know;' and the boy looked at her from head to foot, and then, as if satisfied, took her hand, and said,

'I'm Master Frederic, and I've two sisters, Julia and Fanny, and two brothers, Lewis and Charles, but Fanny is only a baby; and I'll show you my rabbits, and pony, and everything.'

Almost before Emily could answer, a harsh voice was heard calling, 'Master Frederic, come into the nursery directly, Sir,' and he darted away again.

About an hour from this time, Mrs. Thorp led Emily to the nursery, a large room, in which sat an elderly-looking woman, with anything but a pleasing expression of countenance, Master Frederic learning some lessons, Master Lewis and Master Charles playing at nine-pins, Miss Julia standing by the nurse crying, and the baby, Miss Fanny, in her arms.

'I hope she's been long enough over her tea,' exclaimed the nurse. 'Here's Miss Julia will never be dressed in time for the parlour. Come, my girl, get to work.'

All bewildered, poor Emily knew not how to get to work, but she walked up to Miss Julia, and asked her 'if she would come and be dressed, and show her where to get the things.'

'There they are, all lying before your face,' replied the nurse. 'Now be quick, for two of the young gentlemen have to be prepared too.'

This was Emily's first introduction to her new situation. How she got on afterwards I must tell you another time.

LESSON XLIII.

THE FIFTH COMMANDMENT.

COURTESY, A CHRISTIAN DUTY.

‘HAVE you heard anything from Emily?’ was the question that greeted Margaret as she joined her schoolfellows the Sunday after Emily had left, feeling very forlorn without her sister.

‘No,’ she replied sorrowfully. ‘We have heard of her from Lucy; she wrote to say that Emily had got safe, but the nurse couldn’t spare time to let her write so soon.’

‘What a shame!’ cried half-a-dozen. ‘She might spare time just to let her write one letter.’

‘So I think, but Mother says perhaps they may be very busy, and Emily will have more time when she knows better how to do her work.’

‘When did Lucy see her?’ asked Mary.

‘The day after she got there,’ returned Margaret, ‘Friday; and we heard from her yesterday. Mother thought it very kind of her to write.’ As Margaret said this, Anna joined them, and a smile of pleasure lit up her face on hearing Lucy’s praise, for she and Lucy had been companions from childhood, and Anna loved her very dearly. Kitty was so much younger, that she found her very little of a companion, and George was so reserved, that though he was fond of his sister, he did not make up to her for the loss of Lucy.

While this conversation went on, the girls turned their steps towards the Vicarage to meet Miss Walton, and soon espied her coming towards them. They ran on, and greeted her with curtsies and smiling faces, and, of course, Miss Walton's first question also was, 'Have you heard from Emily?' and the same answer was given.

'Now don't *you* think it's a shame, Miss Walton,' asked Hester, 'that the nurse wouldn't give her time to write a few lines, just to say she was safe?'

'I think it would have been only kind to do so, if possible, but we can hardly be fair judges; we don't know what may have prevented it. I hope Emily will be able to write soon.'

They had now reached the school-room, and Miss Tule, at the same moment, came up to the door from her own home. Miss Walton noticed that, as she joined them, several of the girls neglected to greet her, and she said,

'Jane, and Bessie, and Sarah, didn't you see Miss Tule?'

'Yes, Ma'am,' they replied.

'I saw no curtsey made, nor did I hear any "Good morning." I don't like to see bad mannered girls,' she continued.

Miss Tule had entered the room, and had not heard Miss Walton's reproof, and now Miss Walton followed with the children who were outside. She was glad to see Sarah make up for her neglect by saying 'Good morning' to Miss Tule as she entered the school; but Jane and Bessie either forgot it again, or did not wish to make up for their neglect. Miss Walton, however, did not wish to force it from them at that time, for she hoped her afternoon lesson would show them that courtesy is a Christian duty.

Shall we join this lesson, and see what she says about it?

When the Catechism had been repeated, she said, 'We will have our last lesson on the fifth commandment to-day, girls. What have we already seen that it teaches us?'

'To love, honour, and succour my father and mother: to honour and obey the queen, and all that are put in authority under her: and to submit myself to all my governors, teachers, spiritual pastors, and masters,' replied several of the girls.

Miss W. Yes; particular persons, to whom honour and obedience are due, have been mentioned; but now all is summed up in what words?

Sarah. 'To order myself lowly and reverently to all my betters.'

Miss W. Yes, not only to parents and kings, masters and mistresses, but to *all* our betters. Now can you tell whom we ought to look upon as our betters, as well as those already named?

'Those who are older than ourselves,' said several.

'And those who are wiser,' said Rose.

Miss W. Yes, and more learned. Are we not especially bidden to show respect or reverence to our elders? Look at Lev. xix. 32.

Sarah. 'Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honour the face of the old man.'

Miss W. Are we not told the same in the New Testament?

Margaret. 'Likewise, ye younger, submit yourselves unto the elder.' (1 St. Pet. v. 5.)

Miss W. And what does St. Paul, in giving directions to Timothy, say about elders?

Rose. 'Rebuke not an elder, but entreat him as a father; and the younger men as brethren; the elder women as mothers; the younger as sisters with all purity.' (1 Tim. v. 1, 2.)

Miss W. How do you learn from these verses that you can show reverence to elders?

Agnes. By rising up before them.

‘By submitting to them,’ said Anna.

Miss W. Yes, rising up would be an outward token of reverence, and such as indeed you ought to show to the aged. I fear there is not as much respect shown to the old as there ought to be. I saw, the other day, an old man carrying a can of water, and many of you were playing about, but no one thought of stopping her play, and carrying it for him.

‘You mean old John Davis,’ said Anna. ‘Poor old man! he can hardly get up from the well. Mother makes George fetch water for him sometimes.’

‘I think it would be a very good way for you who live near him,’ said Miss Walton, ‘to show your respect for his age, by always fetching him what little water he wants; and oh! never let me again see you go on with your play while he is tottering under his load. We have an awful example in the Bible of God’s punishing children who showed disrespect to an old man. Can you tell me what I mean?’

‘The children who mocked the prophet Elisha,’ said Ruth.

Miss W. Yes, little Ruth. What did they cry out?

Several. ‘Go up, thou bald head.’

Miss W. And how did God show His anger?

Several. He sent two bears out of the wood, which tare forty and two children. (See 2 Kings, ii. 23, 24.)

Miss W. And we have, too, a beautiful example of reverent, lowly behaviour towards elders. Why did Elihu, one of Job’s friends, wait so long before he spoke? Look at Job, xxxii. 4 and 6.

Hester. ‘Elihu had waited till Job had spoken, because they were elder than he. And Elihu... said, I am young, and ye are very old; wherefore I was afraid, and durst not show you mine opinion.’

Miss W. With reverence he waited until his

elders had spoken, and listened to what he expected would be wisdom superior to his own. But these words of the Catechism not only teach us to be lowly and reverent to our elders, and those who are wiser and more learned than ourselves, but they teach us general good manners and courtesy. Do you remember where St. Paul teaches us the same?

'Honour all men. Love the brotherhood. Fear God. Honour the king,' said Margaret. (1 St. Pet. ii. 17.)

Miss W. Those are St. Peter's words, not St. Paul's, but it is a good quotation. Now look also at Rom. xiii. 7.

Hester. *'Render, therefore, to all their dues: tribute to whom tribute is due; custom to whom custom; fear to whom fear; honour to whom honour.'*

Miss W. To all are to be given their dues, or what belongs to them, what they have a right to claim. But why do you think I say these words teach us right behaviour towards everybody? Is everybody our better?

'No, Ma'am,' replied almost all the girls; others gave no answer; but little Agnes whispered, *'We should think so.'*

Miss W. Quite right, Agnes. We should look upon our companions as better than ourselves, and then these words will teach us how to behave. What words, Harriet?

But Harriet, with her usual inattention, was not ready to answer, and several others replied,

'Order myself lowly and reverently to all my betters.'

Miss W. Are we ever told in the Bible to look upon others as better than ourselves?

'Yes,' said Rose, and repeated, *'In lowliness of mind let each esteem other better than themselves.'* (Phil. ii. 3.)

Miss W. Then if we are lowly in mind, and look

upon others as better than ourselves, how, as we are here taught, shall we order ourselves towards them?

‘Lowly and reverently,’ replied Ruth.

Miss W. How do we try to teach you children this in school?

Ruth. By teaching us to make a curtsey.

‘And to stand up when we are spoken to,’ said Anna.

Miss W. Yes, by outward signs of reverence. But do we teach you to stand up if a schoolfellow speaks to you?

‘No, Ma’am,’ they replied, almost laughing at the idea.

Miss W. No, because that would be reverence more than is due, which we are not told to give. Yet are there not some things in which you are taught even to be respectful to your companions? (The girls looked puzzled, and Miss Walton said,) What did I correct you for this morning, Harriet, when you spoke to me about Ellen Jones?

‘For interrupting Anna when she was speaking,’ replied Harriet.

Miss W. Yes, for being rude, not showing respect towards her. Should you be rude to anybody?

‘No, Ma’am,’ they all answered.

Miss W. No; not even to schoolfellows. Or again, what did I see you do, Ruth, when I was showing the large picture-book the other day?

Ruth blushed, and replied, ‘I pushed Margaret out of the way, and pressed in before her.’

‘Was that good manners, do you think?’ asked Miss Walton.

‘No, Ma’am, but I didn’t think of it. I wanted to see, and so I pushed past her.’

Miss W. Do you think you would have done so if I had stood in Margaret’s place?

‘Oh, no! Ma’am,’ she exclaimed, shocked at the idea.

Miss W. You would have felt at once that reverence of manner was due to me; but don't you think some respect was, in that instance, equally due to Margaret?

'Yes, Ma'am,' she replied.

Miss W. We try and teach you, then, in school to be lowly and reverent in your manners to *all*, giving to each his due; but I want you to see that it is really bidden you in the Bible, and, therefore, not to be done, or left undone, as you feel inclined. Look at Rom. xii. 10.

Sarah. 'Be kindly affectioned one to another, with brotherly love; *in honour preferring one another.*'

Miss W. What do you mean by 'prefer'?

'Like better,' said one or two.

Miss W. Rather it means to put forward, or to pay more regard to. So St. Paul teaches you that in honour you are to put forward, or pay more attention to others than to yourselves. I have been told that the Greek, in which you know the New Testament was written, expresses a sort of generous rivalry in showing honour one to another. It teaches us to lead the way in giving honour to others, to try who can be most ready. Do you think you are doing this, when you snatch a thing from a companion, or interrupt her, or are in any way rude to her?

'Please, Ma'am, we don't mean to be rude,' said Margaret.

Miss W. No, I don't think you always mean it, but it is not showing the respect which is due. Look again what St. Peter says. 1 St. Pet. iii. 8.

Hester. 'Be ye all of one mind, having compassion one of another, love as brethren, be pitiful, *be courteous.*'

Miss W. 'Be courteous,' or 'lowly-minded,' which is the meaning of the Greek word used here. But being lowly-minded will lead us to *be* what we mean by courteous. What does 'courteous' mean?

‘Well-mannered,’ said Mary.

Miss W. And does St. Peter only bid you be courteous towards those in authority, or the rich and great?

Margaret. No, towards all.

Miss W. Yes, he is speaking to all, and bids all be of one mind—all be courteous. Then do you think *you* may be uncourteous to each other, without being at all to blame?

Mary. No; St. Peter means us too.

Miss W. Indeed he does, and I hope you will remember these directions, and in honour prefer one another, and be courteous towards each other. We have many examples in the Bible of good manners: some you would like to look at, would not you?

‘Yes, Ma’am,’ replied several, while Rose whispered, ‘I can’t *mind* any.’

Miss W. Can you not remember any, Rose? Then I must help you; and first, you shall give me the example of two ‘maidens.’ Turn to Gen. xxiv.

The girls did so, and Miss Walton asked,

‘Who came to draw water, as Abraham’s servant stood by the well?’

Sarah. Rebekah.

Miss W. And when the servant asked for drink, did she turn rudely away, or say it was too much trouble?

Agnes. No, she said, *Drink, my lord*: and she *hasted* and let down her pitcher upon her hand, and gave him drink. And when she had done giving him drink, she said, I will draw water for thy camels also, until they have done drinking; and *she hasted* and emptied her pitcher into the trough, and *ran* again unto the well to draw water, and drew for all his camels. (Verses 18–20.)

Miss W. Did she know who was speaking?

All. No, Ma’am.

Miss W. Yet with ready courtesy she answered, *calling him*—what?

Several. Lord.

Miss W. Yes, and doing more than he asked. I wonder when you draw water at the well, if a stranger asked for a drink, whether you would show as ready courtesy? I am afraid some of you would only look surprised, and perhaps say nothing. Look again at verses 64, 65.

Bessie. 'And Rebekah lifted up her eyes, and when she saw Isaac, she lighted off the camel,' . . . and 'she took a veil, and covered herself.'

Miss W. How, then, did she order herself towards Isaac?

Mary. Lowly and reverently.

Miss W. She behaved with modest humility. And now for the other example. Who was it that clave to her mother-in-law?

'Oh! Ruth,' said two or three, glancing at little Ruth.

Miss W. Yes; now look at her manners when spoken to by Boaz. (Ruth, ii. 10.)

Jane. 'And she fell on her face, and bowed herself to the ground.'

Miss W. This was a usual mark of respect in that country. And what is the usual mark of respect in this country for 'maidens'?

'Making a curtsy,' said one or two.

Miss W. And are *you* always as careful as Ruth was to show outward marks of respect when you are spoken to by those above you? I am afraid not. You sometimes forget even towards me, and how is it towards strangers whom you meet? I don't see you, but you know yourselves whether you are careful or not. Now you shall give me an example of active courtesy shown by help being given. What did Jacob do, when he saw Rachel coming to water the sheep?

Rose. He rolled the stone from the well's mouth, and watered the flock for her. (Gen. xxix. 10.)

Miss W. Do you remember another similar example? Exod. ii. 16, 17.

Anna. 'The priest of Midian had seven daughters, and they came and drew water, and filled the troughs, to water their father's flock. And the shepherds came and drove them away; but Moses stood up and helped them, and watered their flock.'

Miss W. Yes; to perfect strangers he showed courtesy by helping them, and protecting them. But we have still the highest example of all for lowly and reverent behaviour towards all men. By whom did our blessed Lord submit to be taught?

Ruth. By the doctors in the temple.

Miss W. The appointed teachers; but had He any need of teaching?

Rose. No; He knew all things.

Miss W. Yet, because they were the appointed teachers, He showed His reverence for them—how?

Anna. By going to be taught by them.

Miss W. He ordered Himself lowly and reverently to them, as though He had really needed teaching, and as though they were capable of teaching Him. And again, when any came to Him to be healed, how did He receive them?

Margaret. Kindly.

Miss W. And listened with courtesy to their petitions; and when blind Bartimæus cried after Him, what did He do?

Sarah. 'Stood still, and commanded him to be called.' (St. Mark, x. 49.)

Miss W. Yes, the Eternal Son of God stood still at the cry of a poor blind man. And when brought before Caiaphas, and bidden by him to be struck, what was His mild, reverent reply?

Mary. 'If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil: but if well, why smitest thou Me?' (St. John xviii. 23.)

Miss W. All through His trial He behaved with

the most perfect reverence and respect towards the office of those who were mocking and ill-using Him. And when brought before the governor, what posture are we told He submitted to?

‘He *stood* before the governor.’ (St. Matt. xxvii. 11.)

Miss W. He Who will one day judge the quick and the dead, paid the respect of standing before an earthly governor. Surely, then, we have the highest example of lowly and reverent behaviour towards not only our betters, but towards all men, towards even our inferiors. We may be courteous even to those who are most inferior in worldly circumstances. If a poor beggar comes up to you, can you always relieve him?

No, we haven’t often got anything to give,’ they replied.

Miss W. But how can you *behave* to him?

Several. Kindly.

Miss W. Yes, and speak to him courteously. Is a beggar your better?

‘No, Ma’am,’ said several.

Miss W. Are you quite sure of that? May he not be wiser than you, or holier in God’s sight? Would he not then be your better?

‘Yes, Ma’am,’ they now replied.

Miss W. And if you were really lowly in mind, how would you look upon him?

‘As our better,’ said one or two.

Miss W. Yes; you would esteem him better than yourself; and as your better, how should you order yourself to him?

Several. Lowly and reverently.

Miss W. Still more should you do this, if the beggar is older than yourself; as your elder he is surely your better. Esteem every one as better than yourselves, and then you will order yourselves, with God’s help, rightly towards all. You will give to each his

due. We have now seen how much the fifth mandment teaches us—how it directs us in behaviour towards—Whom?

‘Our parents,’ said Harriet.

‘The king and all our governors,’ said others.

‘Our teachers and clergymen,’ said Rose.

‘Our masters,’ said Mary, ‘and all our bette

‘All our companions, and everybody,’

Ruth.

Miss W. Quite right. And what is the promise or blessing in the keeping of this commandment?

All. ‘That thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.’

Miss W. To whom were the commandment given?

Rose. The Jews.

Miss W. And what land did God give to them?

Several. The land of Canaan.

Miss W. This promise, then, more especially longed to the Jews, and refers particularly to the first duty which this command teaches. What is it?

Margaret. Children’s duty to their parents.

Miss W. To the dutiful, obedient child among the Jews, God promised the temporal blessing of long life. What is it?

Rose. Long life in the land of Canaan.

Miss W. What do I mean by a ‘temporal’ blessing? I explained temporal to you a few Sundays ago.

‘A blessing belonging to time,’ said Agnes.

Miss W. Quite right, Agnes. Blessings of this kind were promised to the obedient Jewish people. But do Christians look for temporal rewards?

Anna. No, heavenly.

Miss W. Therefore, these words have to us a deeper and higher meaning than their literal sense. What country does God promise to give to the obedient?

‘A heavenly country,’ said Agnes. (Heb. xii. 22.)

Miss W. And will He give this country to good, obedient, submissive children? What does Christ say to the little flock?

Sarah. 'Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.' (St. Luke, xii. 32.)

Miss W. And what will be the length of days spent in this heavenly kingdom—in this land of promise?

'For ever and ever,' said Agnes slowly.

Miss W. This, then, is the good held out to obedient children,—an eternity of joy in God's kingdom. And is not this reward, not only for obedience to parents, but for obedience to all in authority? What especial promise did we see was given to servants?

Mary. 'An inheritance.' (Col. iii. 24.)

Miss W. But though I say, that in its first sense to Jewish children, it only promised temporal blessings—still what do we believe would be their reward beyond this world?

'Life in heaven,' replied Margaret.

Miss W. Yes; all the promises made to the Jews belonged to this world, but as we see from David's Psalms, the good man looked beyond temporal things, and saw in them a type or picture of heavenly things, and hoped for heavenly blessings, through Whom?

Several. Jesus Christ.

Miss W. Yes, the *expected* Saviour. But it was much harder for them than for us, because temporal blessings were so much put before them; whereas, heavenly blessings are directly promised to us. But though I say these words should have a spiritual meaning to us, still does not St. Paul repeat them as though they literally belonged to Christians? What does he say to the Ephesians?

Hester. 'Honour thy father and mother, which is the first commandment with promise; that it may

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be well with thee, and thou mayest live long on the earth.' (Eph. vi. 2, 3.)

Miss W. God, I believe, still often rewards dutiful children by a prosperous life in this world, and often punishes the undutiful by troubles and afflictions; so that we do not err if we, too, take this promise literally. If long life and prosperity are good for us, God will give them to the dutiful child; if not, He will give what is far better, eternal glory in the life to come.

As we have not room to-day both for Miss Walton's story and any account of Emily in her new place, I choose to give the latter, fancying my readers would prefer it, if I could only offer them the choice. I hope I have not mistaken their wishes.

Emily was a 'handy' girl, so that, although she did not succeed in dressing Miss Julia without several sharp rebukes from the nurse, especially when she came to tie on the sash, still the task was completed, and Master Lewis was called to have his coat changed, and hands and face washed.

This ought to have been an easier task, but it did not prove so; for Master Lewis would not stand still, and though nurse's voice was always obeyed, still it was very hard work for Emily; and at length, when the clock struck seven, and Master Lewis was nothing like ready, the nurse lost all patience, and laying Miss Fanny in her cot, she approached the little boy, and, giving him two or three sharp smacks, and telling Emily she had better go home again if she couldn't keep a boy like that still, she began to dress him herself, and though Master Lewis cried much louder than he need have done, he did not attempt to move again until the dressing was finished. The mention of home to poor Emily, and the unjust blame, (for she had surely tried her best,) quite overcame her, and she, too, burst into tears.

‘I’ll tell you what, my girl,’ said the nurse sharply, ‘If you don’t stop that nonsense, I’ll give you something to cry for. I’m not going to have your noise added to the children’s.’

This speech would hardly have tended to soothe her, had not Master Frederic come up to her at the same moment with a brush in his hand, whispering,

‘Don’t cry, Emily; but do brush my hair, I’ll stand still;’ and he looked up in her face with such kind eyes, that Emily stifled her sobs, and took the brush from him, and proceeded to help him to dress with fresh spirit. Presently he again said in a whisper,

‘You must never cry, Emily, when *she* speaks to you; it always makes her worse.’

‘Master Frederic, I’ve often told you it’s very rude to whisper. I desire you’ll repeat aloud what you’ve just whispered,’ said the nurse.

‘No, I shan’t, nurse,’ he replied, with kindling anger.

‘Then you shan’t go down-stairs, that’s all,’ she answered. Though she had no sooner said it, than she repented her words; for she knew his papa would never allow him to be kept from the parlour, unless she could accuse him of some much greater fault than that.

‘But I shall, nurse,’ he replied, ‘and I’ll go now;’ and before the nurse had time to move, he was out of the nursery, and at the parlour-door. She was angry, but thought it best to say nothing, and now desired Emily to take the two little ones to the drawing-room door, knock, and open the door for them, and then come away.

Emily obeyed; and Miss Julia was rather proud of showing her the way, and Emily found she must look closely, or she shouldn’t find the way back. They found Master Frederic standing outside the door waiting for them, and before Emily knocked, he said,

‘Didn’t I manage well? Old cross thing!’

‘Oh! Master Frederic, you shouldn’t say that!’ said Emily. ‘It isn’t right.’

‘What do you mean? I’m sure she was cross to you.’

‘Yes, but you shouldn’t call her such names, and you should do as she tells you.’

‘I would advise you not to stand talking outside the drawing-room door, young woman,’ said a man’s voice close by Emily, ‘that’s not manners.’

Emily gave a frightened start, knocked at the door instantly, opened it, and the children walked in, while she hastily retreated to the nursery. She had noticed the turnings, and so found her way pretty well, but she stood one moment before she opened the door to collect her thoughts, and with a sigh, she inwardly exclaimed,

‘Oh, Mother! why did I want to leave you? why was I so silly?’ It was only a moment that she durst remain, and she found plenty of work awaiting her on entering the room. The nurse seemed in a better humour now, and Emily folded up the things she had taken off the three children to her satisfaction; and now that they were more alone, the nurse could not but be struck by Emily’s respectful manner. She called her ‘Ma’am,’ and said ‘thank you,’ when the nurse showed her how to do anything, and handed her, unasked, the baby’s food, and picked up her shawl that had fallen. Emily’s next work was to put Master Charles to bed.

‘Haven’t you to say your prayers?’ she asked, as the little fellow jumped into his bed, in a room adjoining the day nursery.

‘No, I’m not big enough,’ he replied, looking at her with his large eyes. ‘Freddy and Julia do, and Lewis has just begun.’

Emily, in her turn, looked surprised, but she thought she ought not to say anything, and only replied,

ou'll soon be big enough too ; good night, Master Charles.'

He was accustomed to hear a kindly 'good night,' and the fellow again looked up, and said, 'The nurse never says good night, and Kitty never says good night.'

'Who is Kitty?' asked Emily.

'The girl who went away before you came,' he replied.

'What are you about, Emily?' cried the nurse ; 'don't waste all your time there.'

Emily hastened back, leaving the little boy to his thoughts, or to go to sleep, which he liked best. 'Take Miss Fanny,' said the nurse. 'I shall go and fetch the children from the drawing-room.'

Emily was glad to escape this, and glad to have the little one in her arms, for babies were her peculiarity ; and though Miss Fanny was quite old enough to know strangers, there was something in the child's face that won her little heart, and she kissed and stroked her cheek.

'O dear little thing!' said Emily, as she bent over, 'I shall love you, I know.' And then Emily sat around her at the strange room, and the thought of home again came over her, until the tears filled her eyes. 'Miss Walton said I should have to bear, but oh! I didn't think it would be so.' Then she remembered her resolutions, and Miss Walton's advice, as she walked up and down, trying to lull the baby to sleep. But it seemed all harder to her now, much harder than it had done

The sound of approaching footsteps roused her, and she had hardly time to utter a few words of intercession to God, asking Him to help her, before the nurse returned with Miss Julia and Master

Master Frederic was staying a little longer. Her prayer, however, short as it was, had given

Emily fresh strength, and she was glad that nurse allowed her to keep the baby while she undressed the other two.

The baby was soon asleep, and presently Master Frederic came in, ready for bed, and Emily was glad to help him.

‘Why did you say it was not right, Emily?’ he asked, as she brushed his hair; for nurse had gone down stairs to the housekeeper’s room, and left Emily to see him in bed undisturbed.

‘Because, Master Frederic, she is put over you by your mamma, and you should do what she tells you.’

‘Who says so?’

‘You know, Master Frederic, the Catechism tells you so. Don’t you know your Catechism?’

‘Yes, I know it, but I never think anything about it. I don’t remember anything about that. What does it say?’

‘It says you are to submit yourself to your governors, teachers, spiritual pastors, and masters, and to order yourself lowly and reverently to all your betters,’ said Emily.

‘Yes; but what’s that to do with it?’ he replied.

Emily was rather puzzled to answer, but then she said,

‘I think, Master Frederic, you only ask me that, to hear what I will say. You must know better than I.’

‘No, I don’t. I really want to know,’ he replied earnestly. ‘Nobody ever told me what the Catechism meant.’

‘Oh! I wish Miss Walton was here! she would teach you all about it!’ exclaimed Emily. ‘I’m afraid I can’t, though I seem to know myself.’

This led to the question of who Miss Walton was; and before the passage had been explained, the nurse returned, and Emily was in great disgrace

the Master Frederic was not in bed. She left again, poor girl, in tears, though happily nurse did not see them, and her mother's gentle voice came to her mind. However, she had not time to dwell over her trouble, and she had all that night bravely resisted the temptation to give a saucy answer. She had tried to act upon (though she had found it so difficult to explain) the direction, to submit to her governors, and to order herself lowly and patiently to her betters.

Bed-time came, and it was late before she lay down to rest, and then she felt almost too tired to think and too unhappy to think. She tossed about restlessly, until at length, pressing her head under the pillow, she had a good cry, which relieved her, and she fell asleep.



LESSON XLIV.

THE SIXTH COMMANDMENT.

BROKEN IN THOUGHT, WORD, AND DEED.

THE season of Christmas, which was always one of much joy to the Forley children, was this year but half enjoyed by Margaret, for she had never passed one before without Emily at her side, and now her absence was made the more bitter by having received no tidings from her.

And if it was mournful to Margaret, still more so was it to Emily, among strangers.

It was not until the middle of the day after she arrived, that Emily saw her mistress, Mrs. Eaton. About twelve o'clock she came into the nursery, and Emily, who had been sitting at work for some time, her thoughts far away, rose up and curtsied. But first Mrs. Eaton did not notice her, as she began to speak to the Nurse about the baby, who was just then asleep. Master Frederic was at school, Master Charles was too young for learning, and was amusing himself with some wooden bricks, and the other two had been saying lessons to the Nurse for a couple of hours. There was some talk of getting a governess for them, but as yet it had only been talked, and they continued to learn with the Nurse. There had been many cries that morning over the lessons, but all happened to be quiet when Mrs. Eaton entered, and Charlie left his bricks, and ran up to her and took hold of her dress.

Presently Mrs. Eaton turned and spoke to Emily, and hoped she was rested after her journey. Emily again rose as she answered,

‘Nearly, thank you, Ma’am,’ for she could not say she was quite rested; she was feeling tired enough, what with the journey, and the excitement of the evening before, and late going to bed, and early getting up, and a restless night, besides having to get up about three o’clock to warm the food for the baby.

‘I hope you will be a good girl, and do all Nurse bids you,’ said Mrs. Eaton, ‘and be steady out walking with the children.’

Mrs. Eaton was a lady, so her voice was gentle, and sounded pleasantly to Emily after the Nurse’s loud tones and harsh manner.

‘Yes, Ma’am,’ she replied to Mrs. Eaton, ‘I will try.’

As she said this, Master Frederic burst into the nursery from school, crying out,

‘Oh! Mamma, Mamma, I am so glad you are here! I’m the top of my class, Mamma, and I’m sure of the prize this afternoon, and then come the holidays!’

‘You might make less noise in coming into the nursery, I think, Master Frederic,’ said the Nurse, regardless of his Mamma’s presence; while *she* replied,

‘I’m glad of it, my dear boy. You must excuse him, Nurse, this time. He was too happy to think about noise.’

‘It is pretty much always the same with Master Frederic,’ returned the Nurse.

This rebuff to poor Frederic’s joy made him turn to Emily, and to her he began to pour out his tale, and found in her a willing listener, though she still stood, not knowing whether Mrs. Eaton had finished *speaking* to her, or not.

In a few minutes, however, Mrs. Eaton left the nursery, and Emily had to prepare the children for a walk before dinner. It was too cold for the baby, and Emily was trusted to go with Miss Julia, and Master Lewis and Frederic, alone. Little Charlie stayed with the Nurse. The bright blue sky, and hard frosty ground, and the fresh air, revived poor Emily's spirits, which had sunk with the morning's work, and the hard words she had had both to bear and hear; and Emily suffered almost more in hearing the children blamed, and seeing them punished for every little fault, than by the harshness of the Nurse towards herself. It had been with difficulty that she refrained from exclaiming against poor little Charlie's being put into the corner for the third time, simply for interrupting the lessons by some simple question; but Emily had refrained, for, short a time as she had been there, she had learned that Nurse was not to be contradicted, that her will and word were law in the nursery.

Emily really enjoyed her walk, and felt to love Master Frederic for his cheerful temper, and kindness to her. There was something about her which had won his heart, and his little kindnesses cheered up Emily. The other children, too, were eager to show her everything, and Frederic pointed out his school, saying,

'You'll have to fetch me home this evening, I dare say. You'll know the way, won't you?'

The afternoon, however, brought Emily her greatest trial. When dinner was all cleared away, and the children were amusing themselves in different ways, she went up to the Nurse, saying,

'Please, Ma'am, may I write a letter to my mother, to tell her that I got here safe?'

'Write a letter, child!' exclaimed the Nurse. 'You didn't come here to write letters. You have something else to do besides write letters. Get to

your work,' was the reply, in the Nurse's sharpest tones.

Poor Emily! The thought of her mother, of the anxiety she would feel at not hearing, her last words, 'Be sure you write at once, and tell of your safe arrival,' rushed into Emily's mind, and she stood before the Nurse, unable to believe her ears.

'Did you not hear what I said? Go to your needlework this minute!' again exclaimed the Nurse.

'Oh! please let me write this once,' sobbed Emily. 'Mother will be so unhappy if she doesn't hear, and she told me to write.'

'I can't help what she told you,' returned the Nurse, 'but *I* tell you to go to your work, and I expect you to do as *I* bid you now.'

Still Emily stood, with a bursting heart; she had hardly power to move, and now anger was succeeding grief and fear, while she passionately exclaimed,

'But I must write! I will write!'

'*"Must and will,"* that is the way you speak to me, is it? I will soon teach you a different lesson,' returned the Nurse; 'if you don't go to your work this minute, I'll teach you that you are not too big a girl to feel the stick,' and she glanced towards a rod that Emily had seen her use on Master Lewis once already.

Emily said no more, but with burning cheeks, and boiling anger, returned to her needlework, and sat silently. She did not feel inclined to cry then; she felt too angry, too indignant. She sat and brooded over the Nurse's treatment of her, until something very like hatred filled her heart; and she only wished Mrs. Eaton would come into the nursery, and she thought she would tell her all, and the Nurse would then be sent away. She forgot how unlikely it was that *her* word would be taken before the Nurse's.

When the Nurse presently afterwards bid her reach *something* for her, she felt as if she would have given

anything not to obey; and though she durst not refuse, all her pretty manner was gone as she sullenly handed it to her.

How long Emily would have gone on thus indulging hatred and malice in her heart, I know not, had it not been that in about half-an-hour the Nurse gave her the baby in charge, while she went downstairs for something; and as Emily held the little creature in her arms, and looked on its placid little face, undisturbed by anger and passion, better thoughts came into her mind, and the tears, against which she had been hardening herself, filled her eyes. As they continued to flow, unchecked by the Nurse's presence, unnoticed by the other children, her anger more and more subsided, and softer thoughts of grief took their place. 'Oh! Mother,' she thought, 'what will you think to hear nothing from me! The thought of this hurts me more than all. What shall I, oh! what shall I do!' Then came the thought, 'What would *she* wish me to do?' and an answer was given, 'Not be angry and violent, but patient and submissive;' and with this came the hope that, if she was patient, the Nurse would relent; perhaps she would let her write another time.

Emily's thoughts, however, were here interrupted by the Nurse's return, and now she received her commands in a less sullen manner, for hope had risen within her. Master Frederic was right, and a little before five, Emily was bid to go and fetch him from school.

She liked this errand, and as she got into the street, the thought came into her mind, 'If only I could see Lucy, I would ask her to write. How strange it is she hasn't been to see me! How very unkind it is of her!' But hardly had this passed through her mind than she thought again, 'Perhaps she can't come. If her mistress is like Nurse, I'm sure she cannot.'

She was now within a few doors of the school, passing a shop, when she started to hear her name called, and Lucy stood before her.

‘Oh! I’m so glad to see you,’ cried Emily, bursting into tears. ‘Why didn’t you come to see me?’

Lucy explained that she couldn’t get out till evening, and she knew it would be no use going up to Mrs. Eaton’s to see her, for the Nurse did not allow visitors to the Nursemaid. ‘But I thought,’ she added, ‘you’d be coming for Master Frederic, so I watched for you.’

Emily had soon told her grief, and begged Lucy to write, and, as we have seen, her request was attended to.

This was a great weight off Emily’s mind, though what she heard of visitors not being allowed, added another; for Emily, in her ignorance, had counted upon seeing a great deal of Lucy.

The schoolboys rushing out roused Emily to a remembrance of her duty, and she ran on to the school, and was happy enough to meet Master Frederic just at the door.

She was forced to forget her own trouble in his joy, as he appeared with his expected prize, a copy of Robinson Crusoe, in his hands, and hurried along home by her side. She reminded him to make less noise as he entered the nursery, so this time he escaped a scolding. The Nurse, now that she saw the prize, was pleased that Master Frederic, who hadn’t a bit of teaching before going to school but what she gave him, should have won it.

Emily was too busy the greater part of each day to brood over her troubles, but night often found her crying herself to sleep. It was not the work that tired her, it was not that she was ill-used as far as food and comforts went, but the hard words, the want of kindness and gentleness, and, above all, the *thought* of being unable to write to her mother,

urt and distressed her, and made her life unhappy, and her difficulties many.

No wonder, then, that Christmas was not to Emily what it used to be. No wonder that it was a sorrowful time to her, and that the memory of her home, and of gentle voices, and kind looks, and the evenings at Mr. Walton's house, came more vividly before her. Still she enjoyed the Christmas games with the children, who daily became more fond of her; and she often forgot herself in playing with them, and she found real pleasure in the affection Master Frederick showed her, and the many talks they had together, both out walking, and sometimes in a corner of the nursery. *He* had not forgotten what Emily had said about the Catechism, and often asked her what Miss Walton had taught her in one art or another; and this did Emily good in more ways than one, for it recalled to her mind teaching which she might have forgotten, and teaching which often now helped her to meet the trials of her situation.

But as days went on, Emily was not happy; she did try to be patient and submissive to the Nurse, but she did not always succeed. Sometimes she sadly forgot herself, and then came sorrow for sin, added to her other troubles;—the worst of all sorrow in one sense, the best in another, because it may lead to amendment. And, besides this, Emily did not feel well. The change of living, the hot nursery, disturbed nights, and a good deal of fretting, were telling upon her health, but she did not dare complain, and bore up as well as she could. She saw very little of Mrs. Eaton, but few as her words were, the gentle voice always gave her a refreshed feeling.

And now we must leave Emily in her self-chosen situation, and join Miss Walton's lesson with her class the second Sunday of Emily's absence. Margaret had still the same story to tell—Nothing from Emily; but Lucy had written again, saying Emily

hoped soon to write, that all the servants had a holiday by turn, and when her turn came, she hoped to write. Miss Walton felt uneasy, and intended, if no letter came shortly, to write to Mrs. Eaton. But Mrs. Freeward thought it better to wait a little longer before doing so.

The lesson began by Miss Walton's asking,

'Which commandment must we take to-day, girls?'

'The sixth,' they all replied. 'Thou shalt do no murder.'

Miss W. Had this command been given before it was given on Mount Sinai? (None of the girls knew, and Miss Walton said,) Not in direct words, yet sufficiently for man's guidance. What did God say to Noah about shedding man's blood after he came out of the ark?

Several. 'Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.' (Gen. ix. 6.)

Miss W. What did He then forbid?

Sarah. Murder.

Miss W. Yes; at the hand of every man's brother He threatened to require the life of man. (Verse 5.) So that, from the beginning, we find murder forbidden. Who was the first murderer?

All. Cain.

Miss W. And how did God then manifest His displeasure?

Rose. By cursing him.

Miss W. Now there are few who break the very letter of this law. Yet what are we taught to pray after it in church?

All. 'Lord, have mercy upon us, &c.'

Miss W. When is it needful to ask for mercy?

Agnes. When we have offended.

Miss W. Then, by putting these words into our mouths after this command, what does the Church teach us?

Several. That we break it.

Miss W. Shall we, then, see how we break it, though we should be horror-struck at the idea of dipping our hands in the blood of another? Which uses of the answer on your duty to your neighbor explain this command? It teaches you to—?

Hurt nobody by word or deed,' said Jane.

To be true and just—' began Harriet.

No, Harriet, we may miss that clause,' said Miss Alton. 'The sixth commandment can hardly be said to embrace that; but what is the next?'

4th. 'To bear no malice nor hatred in my heart.'

Miss W. These things, then, are forbidden by the words, 'Thou shalt do no murder.' First, it forbids to hurt by—?

Deed,' said Margaret, who was really thinking; hers followed the mere sound of the Catechism, I said 'word.'

Miss W. Quite right, Margaret. First, it forbids to hurt anyone by deed. Thou shalt—?

Do no murder,' they all replied.

Miss W. What does it secondly forbid us to hurt by? Word,' said Anna.

Miss W. And, thirdly, it teaches us that we may break it, not only in deed and word, but in our—?

Hearts,' said Mary.

Miss W. Just so. We will see, then, how easily may break this law in all these three ways. Do you think there is no way of hurting our fellow-creatures in deed except by actual murder?

Yes, by being cruel,' said one or two.

Miss W. How did Joseph's brethren break this command, although they did not kill their brother?

Several. By being cruel to him. By putting him in the pit, and taking his coat from him.

And by selling him,' added Harriet. (Gen. xiv. 23-28.

Miss W. Yes, by all these things they hurt him—?

‘Deed,’ replied the girls.

‘Or by their deeds, or actions towards him,’ said Miss Walton. ‘And, therefore, what were they guilty of in God’s sight?’

‘Murder,’ replied the girls.

Miss W. And did they ever come to acknowledge this their guilt?

Agnes. Yes, when they stood before Joseph, and did not know him, they said one to another, ‘We are verily guilty concerning our brother, in that we saw the anguish of his soul, when he besought us, and we would not hear.’ (Genesis xlii. 21.)

Miss W. Was it his body, then, alone that they had hurt?

Several. No, his soul also.

‘Or, as we commonly express it, his feelings,’ said Miss Walton. It is often a much greater cruelty to hurt persons’ feelings, than their body. Which, do you think, suffered most in this case?

Rose. Joseph’s feelings.

Miss W. Then when the Catechism says you are not to hurt anybody, does it only mean their bodies?

Several. No, their feelings also.

Miss W. How, then, have you learned that you may break the sixth commandment in deed?

‘By being cruel to anybody, and hurting their feelings,’ replied the girls.

Miss W. Yes, purposely. We might, by some action, hurt a person’s feelings quite unintentionally, then the guilt would not be the same. There is one way in which, by your deeds, I fear you often hurt the feelings of others. (The girls looked up with faces of inquiry, and Miss Walton continued,) What have I seen *you* do, girls, when the boys have been caned? I don’t wonder you are ashamed to answer, (continued Miss Walton, on the girls looking down in silence.) Do you think the boys like to see you ~~ugh~~, as if you were glad they were punished?

‘Oh! Ma’am, I am sure we don’t laugh because we are glad!’ they exclaimed.

Miss W. I did not say you were glad. I hope you never are. I think often it is from thoughtlessness that you laugh, and sometimes because you feel uncomfortable, and wish to hide your feelings. But do you think it is kind to laugh for any reason?

Several. No, Ma’am; but I am sure we don’t mean to be unkind.

‘I hate to see the boys caned,’ said Margaret.

‘Still you *do* hurt their feelings,’ said Miss Walton. ‘I heard it remarked, the other day, among the boys who were sitting by when Richard was punished, “I do believe some of those *maidens* are glad to see us caned. It’s a shame! I wish they could just feel it!” and, I must say, I did not wonder at their wish.’

‘I am sure, Ma’am, they know we are not glad,’ said Rose.

Miss W. I don’t see how they are to know it; and I think you ought to learn to control yourselves, and not hurt their feelings, even though you laugh only to hide your own. Don’t you think so?

‘I’m sure I’ll never laugh again!’ said several, with some warmth.

Miss W. I hope you will not. And when any of you are in disgrace, and under punishment, don’t you think you hurt your companion’s feelings by staring at her, or whispering about her? Don’t you think the greatest kindness would be to seem not to observe her?

All. Yes, Ma’am.

Miss W. Try and remember this, for if we wilfully hurt the feelings of others, we are guilty, in God’s sight, of breaking—?

‘The sixth commandment,’ they replied.

Miss W. Not by deed alone, however, are we forbidden to hurt any, but—?

‘By word also,’ said Margaret.

Miss W. Now can you tell me where, and how, our Blessed Saviour teaches us we can break the sixth commandment in word?

Margaret. In His Sermon on the Mount. ‘Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not kill; and whosoever shall kill, shall be in danger of the judgment. But I say unto you, That whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause, shall be in danger of the judgment: and whosoever shall say to his brother, Raca, shall be in danger of the council: but whosoever shall say, Thou fool, shall be in danger of hell-fire.’ (St. Matt. v. 21, 22.)

Miss W. By words of anger, then, we hurt our brother, and are in danger of a punishment equal to the murderer’s. How many kinds of punishment are mentioned here?

Several. Three.

Miss W. Yes, all such as were used among the Jews, and each exceeding the former in severity. The ‘judgment’ condemned to death by the sword—the ‘council,’ by stoning; ‘hell-fire,’ or the valley of Hinnom, alludes to the punishment of scalding to death;* and by these words our Saviour teaches us the different degrees of punishment which await him who is angry with his brother without a cause. But the very least He makes equal to the murderer’s. Whosoever shall kill, shall be in danger of the—?

‘Judgment,’ returned several.

Miss W. And whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause, is in danger of—?

‘The judgment also,’ said Anna.

Miss W. And how is it that words of anger can hurt a brother? Can they hurt his body as cruel deeds might?

Margaret. No, they hurt his feelings.

* See Hammond, Lib. ii. s. 5.

Miss W. Just so; they give pain to his feelings; and is it only by words of *anger* that we can do this? Do no other sorts of words hurt?

‘Yes, unkind words,’ said Mary.

Miss W. And unjust words, and scornful words. And by words we may not only hurt the feelings of others, but even bring trouble and suffering upon them. How was it that Pilate at last came to consent to condemn our Blessed Lord to death?

Rose. Because the Jews cried, ‘If thou let this man go, thou art not Cæsar’s friend.’ (St. John, xix. 12.)

Miss W. Yes, words quickly spoken, yet bringing a load of guilt upon those who uttered them, and suffering and death upon the Innocent Saviour. We little think how much may depend upon our words—how we may injure our fellow-creatures by them. Yet if anything has been done wrong, are you unwilling to accuse each other? When the pane of glass was broken in the school-room, the other day, what did one or two of you immediately exclaim?

‘That we had seen Matthew Daman and Daniel Cowherd playing about,’ they replied.

Miss W. But did you *know* that they had done it?

‘No, Ma’am, we only knew they were playing about,’ the same girls replied.

Miss W. Yet, by mentioning this, did you not throw suspicion upon them? Was this kind, when you knew nothing about it?

‘No, Ma’am,’ one or two replied.

Miss W. No, I don’t think it was, at all. I think you tried to hurt them by your words, and might have brought even punishment upon them. This is only a slight instance of the way in which your words may hurt others. You know how much I dislike tale-telling. By telling tales, what do you try to bring upon your companions?

‘Blame,’ said Sarah.

Miss W. And is it your business to do this? When you are playing in my room, why is it that some of you seem to take so much pleasure in watching for something to find fault with in your companions? 'Please, Ma'am,' you say, 'Ruth is touching that book,' or, 'Please, Ma'am, she's standing on the rug,' or some ill-natured words of that kind? (The girls were silent, but several, who were given to ill-natured tale-telling, looked down, and blushed.) I think, (said Miss Walton,) that by such ill-natured conduct, you break the sixth commandment, which forbids you to hurt others—how?

'By word,' replied several.

Miss W. And remember, tale-telling is a very different thing from giving evidence when you are bidden to do so, and even from elder girls, whose position gives them authority, mentioning if they see things go wrong, after they have done all they can to put them right without telling. Let us now turn to the last way in which the Catechism teaches us we may break the sixth commandment. What is it?

Several. By bearing malice and hatred in our hearts.

Miss W. Yes, we may break it in heart. What does our Saviour tell us proceed from the heart?

Mary. 'From within, out of the heart of men, proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, murders, thefts, covetousness, wickedness, deceit, lasciviousness, an evil eye, blasphemy, pride, foolishness; all these evil things come from within, and defile the man.' (St. Mark, vii. 21-23.)

Miss W. It is from the heart that the sin begins. Where does an unkind, untrue, or scornful thought, arise?

Several. In the heart.

Miss W. And unless it is at once driven out, what come after the thought?

Rose. Words.

Miss W. Yes, angry, scornful words; and words lead on to—what?

All. Deeds.

Miss W. Quite right. How was it in the case of Cain? When did his sin first begin?

Agnes. When he felt angry that Abel's offering was accepted.

Miss W. It began with an angry, jealous thought. What was the next step?

Margaret. Angry words.

Miss W. Yes; we cannot but believe that when he talked with Abel in the field, his words must have been words of anger and reproach; for, what did they immediately lead to?

Ruth. Murder. (Gen. iv. 1–8.)

Miss W. Yes, they led to the sinful deed. The same process may be traced in the murderers of our Lord. Did the Pharisees at once, on our Lord's appearing among them, condemn Him to death?

Several. No, Ma'am.

Miss W. But what sort of feelings did they cherish towards Him? (See St. John, ix. 22; St. Mark, xv. 10.)

Anna. Feelings of envy and anger.

Miss W. And when He was at length in their hands, what did these feelings lead them to cry?

All. 'Crucify Him, crucify Him.'

Miss W. Then came the last fearful deed, of which they were as much guilty as though they had themselves driven in the nails. What, then, should you learn from this thought, girls?

Several. Not to bear malice or hatred in our hearts.

Miss W. Yes, because the most awful sins begin in the heart. What do you mean by 'malice'?

'Hatred,' said some; 'Ill-will,' said others.

Miss W. It means more than hatred, for we say we are to bear no malice—?

'Nor hatred,' said Jane.

Miss W. Malice is hatred nursed up with the intention of revenge—ill-will ready to break forth. Now are we forbidden in the Bible to bear malice and hatred in our hearts?

Margaret. 'But now ye also put off all these; anger, wrath, *malice*.' (Col. iii. 8.)

Anna. 'Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil speaking, be put away from you, *with all malice*.' (Eph. iv. 31.)

Miss W. Look also at Lev. xix. 17.

Bessie. 'Thou shalt not hate thy brother in thine heart.'

Miss W. We see, then, that by feelings in the heart of hatred and malice, we break God's commandments. What does St. John say of him who hateth his brother?

Sarah. 'Whosoever hateth his brother, is a murderer: and ye know that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him.' (1 St. John, iii. 15.)

Miss W. He puts the hatred of the heart and murder together, teaching us that when we hate, we are guilty of—what, in God's sight?

Several. Murder.

Miss W. This is a very terrible thought, and should make us afraid to indulge anger and hatred. Look again what St. John says, chap. ii. 9–11.

Harriet. 'He that saith he is in the light, and hateth his brother, is in darkness even until now. . . . He that hateth his brother is in darkness, and walketh in darkness, and knoweth not whither he goeth, because that darkness hath blinded his eyes.'

Miss W. If we are in darkness, from Whose presence are we shut out?

Agnes. God's.

Miss W. For He is Light, and to walk in darkness, is to walk out of His favour—under His anger. Now, then, have we now seen that we may break his sixth command as well as by actual murder?

Mary. By angry thoughts, and hatred in our hearts.

‘By unkind, angry words,’ said Jane.

‘And by cruel, unkind actions,’ said others.

Miss W. Can any of us, then, say that we have never broken this commandment?

‘No, Ma’am,’ they replied, in low voices.

Miss W. What, then, have we need to pray for, after it?

Several. Mercy.

Miss W. And where, have we seen, is the beginning of the transgression of this law?

Rose. In the feelings of one’s heart.

Miss W. What, then, must we, first of all, watch against?

Several. All angry thoughts.

Miss W. Yes, all thoughts and feelings of dislike to others, or indulged anger, (of which I have so often spoken to you before,) which leads to hatred and malice, and puts us under the wrath of God,—makes us in danger of the murderer’s punishment. And now, before we finish our lesson, I should like you to tell me what sort of feelings and behaviour his command *enjoins* towards others?

‘Kind feelings,’ said some.

‘And kind behaviour,’ said others.

Miss W. Yes, considerate behaviour, doing to others as we would they should do unto us. What does St. Paul tell us is the fulfilling of the law?

Several. Love.

Miss W. Yes. Love worketh no ill to his neighbour, either in thought, word, or deed. Can you give me any texts where kindness and gentleness towards others are enjoined?

Mary. 'Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God, for Christ's sake, hath forgiven you.' (Eph. iv. 32.)

Sarah. 'Put on, therefore, as the elect of God, holy and beloved, bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long-suffering; forbearing one another, and forgiving one another, if any man have a quarrel against any: even as Christ forgave you, so also do ye.' (Col. iii. 12, 13. See also, Rom. xii. 10-21; xiii. 8-14.)

Miss W. Even then, if others vex us, if they injure us, and are unkind, must we bear anger and hatred towards them?

Several. No, forgive them.

Miss W. Even towards our *enemies*, how does our Blessed Saviour teach us to feel and act?

Ruth. 'Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you.' (St. Matt. v. 44.)

Miss W. St. Paul bids the same. Rom. xii. 19-21.

Harriet. 'Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath: for it is written, Vengeance is Mine; I will repay, saith the Lord. Therefore, if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink. . . . Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.'

Miss W. And Who has set us an example of such conduct?

All. Jesus Christ.

Miss W. What did He do for those who hated Him, and spake evil against Him, and at last condemned Him to death?

Agnes. Prayed for them. 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.'

Miss W. He gave Himself to die even for His enemies, teaching us that not only must we abstain from malice and hatred in our hearts, from hurting

ers by word and deed, but that we must be kind
l affectionate, tender-hearted and forgiving towards

And remember, girls, it is especially towards
r companions, your school-fellows, and brothers,
l sisters, you are tempted to feel anger and hatred,
l to speak wrong words, and do unkind deeds;
l it is towards these you are most called upon
be kind, and affectionate, and loving.

LESSON XLV.

THE SEVENTH COMMANDMENT.

DUTY TO SELF.

It was not to Margaret alone that Christmas, this year, was less joyful than usual at Forley. To Mr. and Miss Walton it was a time of much pain, by reason of the behaviour of some of the Forley girls; and to Jane and Hester, neither of whom was allowed to be of the Christmas party, it must have brought sorrow of one sort or another.

The absence of these two, and poor Emily's, made Miss Walton think they could do very well with the other nine all in one evening; and trying to put away their own anxiety, Mr. and Miss Walton, with Mr. Spencer's help, tried to make them as happy as possible.

It was a pretty sight to see them all in their white pinafores, with smoothly brushed hair, and happy faces, sit down in the Vicarage parlour to tea. The carpet was taken up for the occasion, and everything moved out of the way which could intercept the games of play, which were to follow tea.

Mr. and Miss Walton talked to them quietly during the meal, and the children were not afraid to answer and ask questions. Then came games of 'my lady's toilet,' 'the post office,' &c., &c. Mary seemed to forget her timidity in the enjoyment; and Agnes threw off her quiet ways, and darted to catch the spinning trencher. As to Rose, she seemed endued

with a double portion of life and spring, and though all combined against her, calling her name so often, that she had hardly time to sit down before she had to be up again, spinning the trencher at the very opposite side of the room, and calling her name as quickly as possible, she could not be baffled, but always caught it ere it fell, and held it up in triumph. The games ended with a magic lantern which Mr. Spencer showed them, and as one beautiful or funny picture after another came in sight, they quite shouted with delight. Some, indeed, let their pleasure make them forget themselves, and Miss Walton was sorry to hear some angry words pass between Bessie and Harriet, and the exclamation, 'Don't push so, Bessie; you go between me and the picture;' and the answer, 'Oh! you hurt me, Harriet; give over.'

'Be gentle and temperate, even in your enjoyments,' said Miss Walton, going up to them. 'Ruth, you are making too much noise. You must behave well, although you are in the dark. I know your voices, though I cannot see you.'

Miss Walton's words recalled them to thought, and during the remainder of the exhibition they were more restrained, without enjoying themselves one bit the less. But why, it may be asked, were not Hester and Jane of this happy party? In order to answer this question, I must leave the pleasant Vicarage parlour, and tell you of their sad faults, which had given both Mr. and Miss Walton so much pain, and cast a cloud over the bright Christmas season.

When Hester had begun to learn carol singing with Lucy Trench, she had no intention of joining the party of which Lucy had spoken to Sarah, for she knew very few of the singers, and there were many men and boys from the town among them; and Hester at first shrank from the idea of going about at night with so many strangers; besides, she felt Mr. Walton's rule about it a sufficient reason for

not joining them: but having once agreed to learn the carols from Lucy, we can hardly be surprised to hear that she was led on from one step to another. At first Lucy alone came to teach her at her own house, then other girls accompanied Lucy; then Hester was persuaded to go up to the town practisings, her excuse being, that her mother did not like so many coming to her cottage, and it wasn't likely that, now she had begun to learn the tunes, she should leave off until she knew them. Hester had a good voice, and was fond of singing, and really enjoyed the practising of the Forley choir, to which she belonged, and the carols which Mr. Walton had taught them; but now she became dissatisfied with them alone; she wanted more singing, and greater variety of words and tunes, and it was this which first made her consent to learn from Lucy, and the more she learned, the more she liked it. She was continually singing over the tunes, or learning the carols, as she sat at work, and too often her work was quite neglected for the sake of the singing; and although her mother tried to dissuade her from joining the practisings in town, and did all but forbid it, reminding her how she used to be satisfied with the singing she could innocently enjoy among her school-fellows, Hester would not listen.

'There can't be any harm,' she said; 'I only want to learn the carols and songs; I'm not going about with them singing.'

'Indeed, I hope you are not!' exclaimed her mother; 'you must promise me you'll not do that.'

'Yes,' she answered pettishly; 'I've told you I won't half-a-dozen times.'

And so Hester intended, as she recklessly followed her own wishes, and joined the practisings at Lucy Trench's house, evening after evening. The first time she went, she did not like the careless way of singing holy words, which *she* had been taught to

ence, and felt quite uncomfortable as they sat
ing,

‘Hark! the herald angels sing!’

broke out into a laugh at the end of the first
g, over something that one of them had done
g; and the familiarity and jesting that went on
not quite please her. But she tried not to care
t it, so, of course, she soon learned to do the
. She was pleased, too, with the notice she
ved; and enjoyed the talking and laughing,
gh at first she was too shy to join it much.
time, however, that she went, she liked it
r, felt less strange, and became more like her
ghtless companions.

ere were still times, however,—when she lay
at night, or sat alone at work,—when her con-
ce asked, was she doing right? but she drove
the better thought by immediately trying to
l to her mind something amusing which had
ened at the last practising, or by singing or
ting to herself her newly-learned songs and
s.

ristmas-eve was approaching, and all her com-
ons were pressing her to promise to join them.
‘I’ll promise you we shan’t be out all night,’ said

‘You can go home whenever you like,’ said
her.

‘The singing won’t be half as good without your
,’ said a third. ‘I’m sure we shan’t get as much
ey if you won’t go with us after all.’

‘What can there be to hinder you? Nobody will
you. It’s quite dark.’ And, at each word of
asion, Hester’s refusal became less steadfast.

ie wished to go now, if only she could get some-
r to go with her. She no longer felt strange
ng them; she was accustomed to their jesting

and talking, and had learned herself to join in it; nothing hindered her from at once promising to go, but the thought of her mother, and Mr. and Miss Walton.

But Hester had for some time been recklessly following her own wishes, and it was not likely that she should now go against them.

‘I’ll go,’ she exclaimed, ‘if I can get a Forley maiden to go with me.’

These words were received with applause, and for the rest of the evening Hester was more wild and thoughtless than ever.

Hester’s first thoughts turned to Sarah, as she considered whom she could persuade to go with her. But no, that wouldn’t do, Sarah was so changed; then she thought of another, and another, and at last Jane came into her mind. It was true she had always despised and treated Jane with scorn, but she knew she had a fine voice, and very quick ear, and she thought she could perhaps persuade her.

She found her task not very hard, for Jane, though at first surprised, and rather doubtful, was soon won over as Hester praised her voice, and sang over some of the carols, which Jane caught after one or two trials. She was rather flattered by Hester’s seeking her, and for some days Jane and Hester might be seen together at every spare moment. Perhaps if Jane had known all, she would not have consented; but Hester misled her on many points, and poor Jane had no notion there were so many in the party, and especially so many men, or she would have shrunk from going among them.

Hester, however, one way or other, gained her point, and on Christmas-eve, accompanied by Jane, who already began half to repent her promise, appeared at Lucy Trench’s at the appointed hour. She was received with exclamations of satisfaction from all the party, and poor Jane felt as if she would have

given worlds to shrink into nothing, as she looked around on the large assembly. Very little notice, however, was taken of her at first. Hester was everything, and it was not long before they started.

I should be sorry to ask you to follow them in their round as they went from house to house, one moment singing holy words, and the next indulging in talking and laughing, and jesting in a fearfully unrestrained, intemperate manner. Hester was in high spirits, and forgot all about Jane, who, now that she found herself in the dark, among strangers, (for she could nowhere distinguish Hester,) grew thoroughly frightened, and would have been heartily glad to get away. She walked on crying, and for some time no one took any notice of her; at length Lucy, happening to be near her, exclaimed,

‘What’s the matter?’ and then shouted quite loud, ‘Why Hester, here’s Jane Grant crying instead of singing. What in the world did you bring *her* for?’

This produced a loud laugh at Jane’s expense, and Hester, running up to her, whispered indignantly,

‘Jane, don’t be such a goose. What are you crying for? Give over, do.’

‘Come home, Hester,’ returned Jane. ‘This is no fit place for us. You didn’t tell me it was like this.’

‘Go home! I’m not going home at present, I can tell you. Why we’ve hardly sung at all yet;’ and saying this, she ran forward again, and left Jane to do the best she could for herself.

Happily, they soon afterwards reached a farmhouse, and gathered round the door to sing. It was dark, but Jane now knew her whereabouts, and watching her opportunity, slipped away, and was glad, after a frightened run, to find herself at home.

Hester, in the meanwhile, forgetful of everything among her noisy and thoughtless companions, spent

the greater part of the night in going from house to house.

It was not long before Mr. Walton heard of these sad proceedings. Mrs. Grant came to tell him about Jane on Christmas morning, and through her he also heard of Hester. But all particulars he learned from Mrs. Colville, who was now very unhappy about Hester, and begged Mr. Walton to speak to her.

‘Oh! Sir, it will not end here,’ she said. ‘I fear she will be led to much worse, for there is no keeping her in after dark; one or other of her town companions call for her, and all I can say, she *will* go;’ and tears of heartfelt grief and anxiety fell from the poor widow woman.

‘I will do what I can,’ said Mr. Walton; ‘in the meantime I cannot allow her to sing in the choir again at present, and, of course, I cannot allow her to come to the Christmas party at my house.’

‘No, indeed, Sir, she doesn’t deserve it; but perhaps you’ll tell her so yourself.’

‘Send her up to me this evening,’ returned Mr. Walton; ‘and I will speak to her.’

‘Thank you, Sir,’ replied Mrs. Colville; ‘I will tell her.’

Mrs. Colville delivered Mr. Walton’s message to Hester, but she would not go up to see him. She shrank from meeting either him or Miss Walton, and some days went by before Mr. Walton could speak to her. At length he found her at home when calling upon her mother, and she could not escape from him. He spoke to her kindly, and tried to lead her to feel how wrongly she had acted, how she had been disobedient to her parent, and those placed over her, and neglected her daily work; but she did little else than justify herself.

‘There is no harm in singing,’ she said.

‘Certainly not,’ returned Mr. Walton, ‘if you do ~~not~~ allow it to make you neglect duties, or lead you

into bad company; but, in your case, it has done nothing, Hester.'

'My work is nothing to anybody but myself,' she replied.

Patiently Mr. Walton talked to her for half-an-hour, or more, and though she appeared a little softened,—at least did not speak in quite so off-hand manner,—before he left, she was not really humbled; and when Mr. Walton told her that he could not allow her to sing in the choir, until she had shown, by her future conduct, that she was sorry for her fault, and until she had really taken to steadier ways, she only felt angry, not humbled, and on his leaving, exclaimed to her mother,

'I can find those who value my singing, if Mr. Walton doesn't. I'm sure I don't care whether I sing in the choir, or not: but if I don't, I shall not go to school, that's all!'

'Don't say so, Hester,' returned her mother; 'I thought it was very kind of Mr. Walton to say you might continue to go to school; I was afraid he would punish you by not letting you go.'

'I shan't go, I tell you,' was her reply.

'It will be your own loss if you don't, I'm sure,' returned her mother; 'but if you won't, I can't force you. You will repent it some day, Hester, and Mr. Walton's kind words will all come back to you, and you'll see the truth of them then, when perhaps it will be too late.'

Hester did not reply, but she sat at her work brooding over what had passed, half regretting it, yet too proud to own it; too determined to do as she liked, to submit herself. At length she threw down her work, and hastily putting on her bonnet, set off to see Lucy Trench, and tell her what had passed, while her poor mother in vain begged her not to go.

Jane, on the other hand, was very penitent, and did not avoid Mr. Walton. He punished her also,

by forbidding her to come to the Christmas party; but he allowed her to remain in the choir, as her fault had been so much less, and her after-conduct so different.

The second Sunday after Christmas came, and though Hester had been to church, she had not appeared at either Sunday or night school. We must, therefore, join the lesson without her.

‘What is the seventh commandment, girls?’ asked Miss Walton.

All. ‘Thou shalt not commit adultery.’

Miss W. What is the third thing which you renounce in your Baptism?

Several. ‘The sinful lusts of the flesh.’

Miss W. Do you remember that we saw how we renounced *three evils*; the Evil One, the evil of others, and—?

‘The evil of self,’ continued several.

Miss W. Which evil, then, is the ‘sinful lusts of the flesh’?

Anna. The evil of self.

Miss W. Very well. Now this seventh commandment is like this, our renunciation. It forbids us to sin against—what?

‘Ourselves,’ answered Rose, doubtfully.

Miss W. Quite right, Rose. It warns us against the evil of self: all the rest teach us not to sin against others. We must not hurt—whom?

Margaret. Others.

Miss W. And we must not steal from—?

‘Others,’ they replied again.

Miss W. And we must show honour and obedience to—?

‘Others,’ they quickly replied.

Miss W. Yes, *they* all teach us our duties to others, *this* teaches us our duty to—?

‘Self,’ whispered Agnes.

Miss W. Yes, first of all. Of course we also

injure others as well as ourselves in breaking this command, especially in breaking the very letter of it, and we learn our duties to others from it; but, first of all, we learn our duty to self. And what does the catechism teach you is this duty to self?

Mary. 'To keep my body in temperance, soberness, and chastity.'

Miss W. And in breaking this command, what do you sin most against?

Rose. Self.

Miss W. Look what St. Paul says of this in 1 Cor. i. 18.

Ruth. 'Every sin that a man doeth is without the body; but he that committeth fornication, sinneth against his own body.'

Miss W. But are we permitted to sin even against ourselves?

Margaret. No; God says, 'Thou shalt not commit adultery.'

Miss W. Yes; and in these words God forbids—what sort of sins?

'Sins of the flesh,' said Sarah.

'Sins against ourselves,' said others.

Miss W. Yes, He forbids anything that defiles our bodies; all evil desires of the flesh which lead us on to sin—those evil lusts which in our Baptism we promised to—?

'Renounce,' said three or four.

'Have nothing to do with,' said Ruth.

Miss W. What have our bodies been made?

Several. Temples of the Holy Ghost. (See 1 Cor. i. 19.)

Miss W. When?

All. In our Baptism.

Miss W. Yes; then they were made pure, and meet for the habitation of God's Spirit. How should we, then, try to preserve them?

'Still holy,' said Margaret.

Miss W. Indeed we should. If we defile God's temple, what will be the consequence?

Anna. 'If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are.' (1 Cor. iii. 17.)

Miss W. God has given us our bodies; He has clothed us in flesh, and taken up His abode ~~with us~~, and then bids us keep our bodies pure. Look again what is said in 1 Cor. vi. 19, 20.

Jane. 'What? know ye not that *your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you*, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own? For ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your *body*, and your spirit, which are God's.'

Miss W. We are to glorify God with our bodies as well as with our spirits, and we must do this by keeping our bodies pure and holy. You may look again at 1 Thess. iv. 3, 4, and 7.

Bessie. 'For this is the will of God, even your sanctification that every one of you should know how to possess his vessel in sanctification and honour For God hath not called us unto uncleanness, but unto holiness.'

Miss W. Do you know what 'his vessel' means?

'No, Ma'am,' they replied, and Miss Walton continued,

'It means his body. It is God's will—that we should possess our bodies in sanctification—or?'

'Holiness,' said Rose.

Miss W. Yes; and in what else?

'Honour,' they all replied.

Miss W. Or respect. We must respect our bodies—why? Who has given them to us?

All. God.

Miss W. And Who has made them His Temple?

Several. The Holy Spirit of God.

Miss W. Yes; and there is another reason. What do we say in the Creed we believe about our bodies?

Several. That they shall rise again.

Miss W. Just so; and be re-united to our souls. In them, then, we shall be either punished or—?

‘Rewarded,’ said several.

Miss W. And will bodies defiled with sin and impurity be fit for the reward of the righteous? Look at Rev. xxi. 27.

Harriet. ‘And there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth.’

Miss W. Bodies defiled by unpardoned sin, can never enter heaven. What should this thought teach us?

‘To keep them pure,’ said several.

Miss W. Yes, to strive, as far as in us lies, to make them meet for their home in heaven—to keep them pure. Where did our Saviour’s Body go after His resurrection?

All. Into heaven.

Miss W. And if we hope to be made like Him, what must we do?

Mary. ‘Every man that hath this hope in him, purifieth himself, even as He is pure.’ (1 St. John, iii. 2, 3.)

Miss W. The hope, then, of the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting of body and soul in heaven, should make us respect our bodies—should teach us to keep them pure and holy with all diligence and care. What is it that defiles them?

Several. Sin.

Miss W. And is there no remedy if once we have stained them?

‘Yes,’ said Mary; ‘“The blood of Jesus Christ . . . cleanseth us from all sin.”’ (1 St. John, i. 7.)

Miss W. Just so, Mary. We must do our very best to keep them pure, and if we sin, we must confess our sin, and beg to be washed clean again in the blood of Jesus Christ. But, lest we should forget

all this, God leaves us a plain command about it—What is it?

All. 'Thou shalt not commit adultery.'

Miss W. What does our Saviour say of this command in His Sermon on the Mount?

Jane. 'I say unto you, That whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her, hath committed adultery with her already in his heart.' (St. Matt. v. 28.)

Miss W. Like the sixth commandment, then, we see that we may break it—how?

Rose. In our hearts.

Miss W. By what? Whosoever looketh upon a woman to—?

'Lust after her,' the girls continued.

Miss W. And what do you mean by 'lusts'?

All. 'Desires.'

Miss W. We break the seventh commandment, then, in our hearts by—what?

'Evil desires,' said Margaret and others.

Miss W. Yes, this our Saviour would teach us. Not only by the sinful act, but by impure thoughts and evil desires of any kind we break this commandment, we sin against ourselves, and defile our bodies. What does our Saviour tell us come from the heart?

Ruth. 'Evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications,' &c. (St. Mark, vii. 21. 23.)

Miss W. What does He say they do to a man?

Several. 'All these evil things come from within, and defile the man.'

Miss W. What, then, besides the act of adultery, is the first thing which this command forbids?

'Evil thoughts,' said some.

'Evil desires, or lusts,' said others.

Miss W. Quite right; and do you remember how St. James describes the growth of evil desires? Look at St. James, i. 14, 15.

Bessie. 'But every man is tempted, when he is

drawn away of his own lust, and enticed. Then, when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin; and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death.'

Miss W. How does the temptation first come?

Rose. By a desire.

Miss W. And when the desire has been born in the heart, if not resisted, what does it lead to?

Several. Sin.

Miss W. Yes, sin of word and act. And what is the fearful end of sin?

All. Death.

Miss W. What sort of death?

Agnes. Eternal death.

Miss W. We see, then, the fearful end of a sinful lust unresisted; how it is but a desire at first, how the desire grows, and entices us, and how it ends in death. How alone can you be secured against this terrible end?

Several. By turning away from the wrong thought.

Miss W. Yes, at once, before it has time to take root downward, and bear such miserable fruit upward. For if we do but admit the evil lust, our Saviour says we have sinned already—how?

'In our hearts,' said Margaret.

Miss W. Yes, and that we are defiled. What does the Church teach us to pray God to cleanse?

Several. 'The thoughts of our hearts, by the inspiration of His Holy Spirit.'

Miss W. If the fountain is defiled, the water which flows from it will be defiled also. Do you remember how muddy the stream was last week at the very bottom of the hill?

'Yes!' cried the girls, 'because they were digging close to Crystal Well, and threw in the soil. We couldn't tell what was the matter at first.'

Miss W. And before the stream was clear again, what had to be done?

All. The well had to be cleaned out.

Miss W. In like manner, the heart must be cleansed, its thoughts and desires purified, before our words and actions can be pure. What does St. Peter say of fleshly lusts?

Mary. 'Abstain from 'fleshly lusts, which war against the soul.' (1 St. Peter, ii. 11.)

Miss W. And will bring it into captivity, unless opposed with all diligence. Therefore look what St. Paul bids us do. 2 Cor. vii. 1.

Jane. 'Having, therefore, these promises, dearly beloved, let us *cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God.*'

Miss W. And again, Eph. v. 3, 4.

Sarah. 'But fornication, and all uncleanness, or covetousness, *let it not be once named among you, as becometh saints; neither filthiness, nor foolish talking, nor jesting, which are not convenient; but rather giving of thanks.*'

Miss W. If, then, we would not be guilty in God's sight of breaking this seventh commandment, what must we do?

Margaret. Watch our thoughts, and turn away from wrong thoughts.

Miss W. Yes, lest our bodies be defiled—lest the sinful lust lead us on to intemperance or impurity. But in what does the Catechism tell us this command bids us keep our bodies?

'Temperance, soberness, and chastity,' they all replied.

Miss W. What do you mean by 'temperance'?

'Not taking too much of anything,' replied Anna.

Miss W. Now let us see in what sort of things the body needs to be temperate. What does it daily need?

'Food,' said Jane.

'Sleep,' said Ruth.

'Clothing,' added others.

Miss W. Very good. How can you keep your body temperate in food?

Several. By not taking more than we want.

Miss W. How in sleep?

Margaret. By only sleeping when we require sleep.

Miss W. How can you be temperate or moderate in dress?

Rose. By not dressing too fine.

Miss W. And what would lead us to go on taking food, or sleeping and dressing more than we require?

Anna. The wish to do so.

Miss W. Yes, the desire to eat when we are not hungry, just for the pleasure of it, or the wish to sleep when we do not require it, draws us on to sin. But what sort of desires are these?

Several. Evil.

Miss W. And if you would not have them lead on to the intemperate action, what must you do?

Ruth. Turn away from the evil wishes.

Miss W. But there is another thing which the body needs. If you have been sitting many hours over work, what rests you as well as, or better than, sleep?

‘Play,’ said some.

Miss W. Yes, recreation. And do you think you can be intemperate in this too?

‘I suppose so,’ said Margaret.

Miss W. Supposing your mother gives you half-an-hour for play, and tells you when that time is elapsed to go back to your work. During that half-hour what might you do?

‘Play,’ replied all the little ones.

Miss W. Yes, but if, when the hour struck for you to return, you paid no attention to it, but went on playing, what would your play then be?

‘Intemperate,’ said little Ruth.

Miss W. Or if a certain amount of work is appointed for you to do, or lessons are given you to

learn, and it depends upon yourselves *when* you do the work or learn the lessons, how could your play be intemperate?

Agnes. By playing all the time, and forgetting all about our work or lessons.

‘Or I suppose,’ said Margaret, ‘if we did them badly for the sake of more time to play.’

‘Quite so, Margaret. Play which makes you neglect a duty, is intemperate play. You are allowing your body more recreation than is its due,’ said Miss Walton. ‘Are we ever bidden in the Bible to be temperate?’

Rose. ‘Giving all diligence, add to your faith virtue; and to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge temperance.’ (2 St. Pet. i. 5, 6.)

Miss W. Yes, or self-government, which will, of course, make us temperate. What does St. Paul say of those who strive for mastery in a race?

Jane. ‘Every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things.’ (1 Cor. ix. 25.)

Miss W. So, dear children, if you would not be hindered, you must be temperate even in play; not be so engrossed with it as to neglect your duties. The same may be said of pleasure to you elder girls, who are growing too big for what you call play. When is pleasure intemperate?

Several. When it makes us forget our duties.

Miss W. But the Catechism says something else besides temperance. What is it?

All. ‘Soberness.’

Miss W. Yes; if you keep your bodies in soberness or thoughtful carefulness, you will not be led into intemperance. In the example we have taken of amusement, how is it that play makes you forget your duties?

Several. Because we are thinking only of play.

Miss W. Yes; you forget everything else in the enjoyment. You let your spirits carry you away—

this is not soberness. How was it last week when you were at tea here? Don't you think you forgot then that you must be sober and temperate even in play?

Harriet and Bessie, who had, most of all, forgotten themselves, hung down their heads, and little Ruth blushed, but none of them spoke.

'You were so eager in the enjoyment of the magic-lantern, that you forgot to be courteous, and to be gentle in speaking,' said Miss Walton, 'and to be sober even in play. When our Saviour speaks of the last day coming unexpectedly, what does He bid us do?

Margaret. Watch.

Miss W. Yes, to watch and be sober. 'Take heed,' He says, 'to yourselves'—?

'Lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting, and drunkenness, and cares of this life, and so that day come upon you unawares.' (St. Luke, xxi. 34–36.)

Miss W. Yes, we should be watchful and sober, whether we are taking amusement, or busy over work,—taking heed, lest we be led into sin. I wonder whether you can tell me any of the many texts which bid us be sober.

Margaret. 'Let us not sleep, as do others; but let us watch, and be sober.' (1 Thess. v. 6.)

Rose. 'Let us, who are of the day, be sober.' (ver. 8.)

Miss W. And Titus is especially told to teach the young women to be sober. (Tit. ii. 4. See also 1 St. Pet. i. 13; iv. 7; v. 8.) You should be sober in your amusements, sober among your companions, sober in talking, in eating and drinking, in whatever you do. It is a want of this which often leads a girl on in sin—sin which she would have shrunk from at the beginning. And this thought leads us to the last direction given. To keep our bodies in—?

All. 'Chastity.'

Miss W. That is, keep them pure, unspotted; but this you cannot do, unless you endeavour to keep them in temperance and soberness. (*Miss Walton* paused a moment, and then continued,) Perhaps some of you have thought it hard that you could not go about singing carols at night, as some of the Poleworth girls do.'

'Oh, no, Ma'am!' said Margaret and Anna, in one breath: 'I'm sure we shouldn't like to go at all;' while Jane blushed, and turned her eyes to the ground.

'Perhaps *you* wouldn't,' replied *Miss Walton*, 'but others would. But I want you elder girls to think for yourselves, whether it is modest and sober behaviour for girls to go about with men and boys in the dark, laughing and talking, and singing, and drinking sometimes, I'm afraid.'

'I know the farmers sometimes give them something to eat and drink,' said Bessie; 'Ned told me so.'

Miss W. You profess to sing carols for joy that Christ is born; but do you think He is ever remembered as you go laughing and talking from house to house? Do you think you *could* keep Him in your mind in such company?

'No, Ma'am,' replied one or two.

Miss W. Indeed, I don't think you could; your joy becomes boisterous; talking and laughing goes on in an unrestrained intemperate manner, and you cannot be fit to offer praise to Him Who was born of a pure Virgin; you cannot be fit to worship Him. And those girls who allow themselves in such (I must really call them) unholy pleasures, intemperate enjoyment,—who listen to, and join in, such unrestrained talking and laughing, are in fearful danger of being led into unholy actions. It is for your own sakes, girls, we **forbid** you to join such parties, for we know how

dangerous they would be for you, and that if you would keep your bodies in chastity, you must keep them in soberness and temperance, and that you could hardly do this in such company, and among such scenes. It has grieved Mr. Walton and me very very much to have been disobeyed—it has grieved us very much that any of you should have wished to go, for we thought your own sense of modesty and purity would have kept you away.

‘I’m sure I’ll never go again!’ exclaimed Jane, almost passionately, while sobs burst from her. ‘I didn’t know what it was like, and it was all Hester’s and Lucy’s doing.’

‘I hope, indeed, you did not choose the evil *quite* deliberately, Jane; but if you had been obedient, and trusted to your elders, you would have been saved from much sorrow,’ said Miss Walton. ‘You cannot say it was all their doing. If you had been satisfied with the singing that is allowed, and the Christmas enjoyments that are given to you, and not intemperately sought for more, you would have turned away from the invitation to join the town party. It is far better not to know evil, than to find out its bitterness by having tasted it. Who does David say shall ascend into the hill of the Lord?’

Several. ‘He that hath *clean* hands and a *pure* heart.’ (Ps. xxiv. 4; see also xv. 1, 2.)

Miss W. And who does our Saviour promise shall see God?

All. The pure in heart.

Miss W. ‘*Blessed* are the pure in heart,’ He says, and blessed indeed they are. Oh! then, ‘*keep* innocency;’ be modest and humble, temperate, and sober, and chaste, that, like the Blessed Virgin, you may rejoice in the Holy Child born at Christmas-time. It will be far more for your own happiness both in this world and the next.

LESSON XLVI.

THE EIGHTH COMMANDMENT.

TRUTH AND JUSTICE THE RULE FOR OUR DEALINGS.

WHEN the second Sunday passed without Hester's appearing at school, Miss Walton thought she had better see her, and speak to her about it, and accordingly called at the cottage. She found Hester at work, but in no more humbled a state of mind than when Mr. Walton had seen her. Lucy Trench had used all her persuasion to induce Hester to give up the Sunday School, which, notwithstanding her pride, and what she had said to her mother, she was, on many accounts, unwilling to do. She knew that if she left the Sunday School in disgrace, she could hardly show herself at the night school; besides, in her own way, she had enjoyed the lessons with Miss Walton. She thought, at last, she would stay away for a few Sundays, just to show her independence, and then go again; and Miss Walton's visit took her by surprise. She inquired what was the reason of Hester's absence, and, of course, none could be given. She said indeed something about not being in time, and that she could not always be there; but this was no excuse. Miss Walton talked calmly to her, finishing by saying,

‘And now, Hester, you must make up your mind one way or other. I cannot allow you to stay away, *without* any reason, whenever you like. If you

come, you must make up your mind to come steadily, as formerly, and try to be better behaved, and steadier. Take my advice, my dear girl, and listen to your conscience, instead of being led by bad companions; then you will return to better ways, and I shall be glad to see you still among us; but not otherwise, Hester.' And saying this, Miss Walton left her.

Had not this conversation been repeated to Lucy French, it might have had a good effect, for, as we have seen before, kindness touched Hester; but all better thoughts were soon lost in Lucy's company; and when Sunday came again, Hester had pretty nearly made up her mind to have nothing more to do with the Sunday School.

The lesson began by Miss Walton's saying,

'We have come to the shortest commandment to-day, girls, and yet one which contains a great deal. Which is it?'

All. The eighth, 'Thou shalt not steal.'

Miss W. Does this command direct us in our conduct towards ourselves, or others?

'Others,' they all replied.

Miss W. And is it only towards *some* others?

Several. No, towards everybody.

Miss W. Was this command ever repeated to the Jews after being given on Mount Sinai? (The girls did not know, and Miss Walton continued,) Look at Lev. xix. 11-13.

Sarah. 'Ye shall not steal, neither deal falsely, neither lie one to another. . . . Thou shalt not defraud thy neighbour, neither rob him.'

Miss W. And is it ever repeated to Christians?

Rose. Yes, Ma'am. 'Let him that stole, steal no more.' (Eph. iv. 28.)

Miss W. The very words of this commandment, I think, we may pass by, for the youngest child can understand them. But we will go on to see how

much the Catechism teaches us they embrace. What do you learn, by this commandment, to be your duty to your neighbour?

Anna. 'To keep my hands from picking and stealing.'

Miss W. What do you mean by 'picking'?

'Taking little things,' replied several.

Miss W. Of what is the child guilty who cannot pass the sugar basin without tasting?

Margaret. Picking.

Miss W. Or if sent to fetch milk or beer, takes a drink when she thinks herself unobserved?

'Picking,' they replied again.

Miss W. A servant too, who would take fruit out of a pie, or a spoonful of preserve, when she thinks no one sees her, and things of that kind, is guilty of what?

'Picking,' said Mary.

Miss W. Or, once more, how can you be guilty of picking, if indeed it may not rather be called stealing, when sent to gather sticks?

'By pulling them out of the hedge,' said Rose. 'Father can't keep his fences whole with people pulling at them.'

Miss W. The same may be said at gleaning time. You may pick up the corn which lies on the ground, but what would it be wrong to do?

All. To pull it out of the sheaves.

Miss W. Yes; and yet many a person who would be shocked at the idea of breaking into a barn, and stealing corn, thinks nothing of acts of this kind; but what are they really guilty of?

Several. Picking and stealing.

Miss W. Yes; you may well add stealing; in God's sight it is dishonest, and this command forbids us to be guilty of *any* dishonest act. And this we learn from that clause which we omitted the other day in the answer on your duty to your neighbour. *What was it?*

Several. 'To be true and just in all my dealing.'

Miss W. Yes; while this command *forbids* us to steal, it *bids* us to be—?

All. 'True and just in all our dealing.'

Miss W. With whom have we dealings?

Margaret. Others.

Miss W. And in all our dealings or actions towards others, we are to be true and just, or true and honest, straightforward, upright. Look how God's works are spoken of in Ps. cxi. 7.

Harriet. 'The works of His hands are verity and judgment: all His commandments are true.'

Miss W. What does 'verity' mean?

Rose. Truth.

Miss W. All God's works are true and just. We shall find that truth and honesty, or justice, are several times mentioned together in the Bible. In the verse you read from Leviticus, Sarah, were they not put together? What did it say?

Sarah. 'Ye shall not *steal*, neither deal *falsely*, neither *lie* one to another.'

Miss W. Or, in other words, ye shall be true and just to each other. And how are truth and justice spoken of in Ps. xv.?

Agnes. 'Lord, who shall dwell in Thy tabernacle? or who shall rest upon Thy holy hill? . . . He that hath used no *deceit in his tongue*, nor *done evil to his neighbour*, and hath not slandered his neighbour. . . . He that sweareth unto his neighbour, and disappointeth him not, though it were to his own hindrance.'

Miss W. And in the example of Ananias and Sapphira, what made their act dishonest? The land was their own, and they sold it—to whom, then, did the money belong?

Margaret. Themselves.

Miss W. Did not St. Peter say so? Acts, v. 4.

Bessie. 'Whilst it remained, was it not thine own?'

and after it was sold, was it not in thine own power?"

Miss W. What, then, made the act of keeping back part of the price wrong?

Several. Their pretending to give it all.

Miss W. Yes, when they laid the money at the apostles' feet, professing that it was the whole price of the land, then what did their dealings become?

'Untrue and dishonest,' said Rose.

Miss W. They ceased to deal straightforwardly and that terrible judgment fell upon them. And now I should like you to tell me some of the many ways, in our dealings with others, in which we are tempted not to be true and just. You may turn again to Leviticus xix, and read verses 35 and 36.

Jane. 'Ye shall do no unrighteousness in judgment, in meteyard, in weight, or in measure. Just balances, just weights, a just ephah, and a just hin shall ye have.'

Miss W. Again, Deut. xxv. 13-16.

Ruth. 'Thou shalt not have in thy bag diverse weights, a great and a small. Thou shalt not have in thine house diverse measures, a great and a small. But thou shalt have a perfect and just weight, a perfect and just measure shalt thou have: that thy days may be lengthened in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee. For all that do such things and all that do unrighteously, are an abomination unto the Lord thy God.'

Miss W. In what sort of dealings with others do we measure and weigh?

Several. In buying and selling.

Miss W. And how do these verses teach you that you may, in buying and selling, be wanting honesty?

Several. By giving short measure, or short weight.

Miss W. Yes, no one would doubt that, if it were done openly. But supposing a thing is purposely

weighed when it is damp, and, of course, weighs heavier, would that be honest?

Several. No, Ma'am.

Miss W. Or if much more paper is used than required, and is given in the weight—?

'That's just what they do in shops!' cried Jane. 'Last time Mother bought some tea, it was ever so much short, and the paper weighed nearly as much as the tea.'

Miss W. Would this be the case if all tried to be true and just?

Several. No, Ma'am.

Miss W. Look again at the more general direction given in Lev. xxv. 14.

Harriet. 'If thou sell aught unto thy neighbour, or buyest aught of thy neighbour's hand, *ye shall not oppress one another.*'

Miss W. What do you mean by 'oppress'?

Margaret. Be hard upon.

Miss W. Very good. Is that a direction only to the seller?

Agnes. No, to the buyer also.

Miss W. And how can the buyer be hard upon the seller?

Anna. By beating him down, I suppose.

Miss W. Yes, beyond what is right, or by taking advantage of his necessities, to make him sell a thing for less than it is worth. Let us suppose a man comes with shoes to sell, and he tells you that he has been all day going about without selling any, and that he has nothing to eat, and no money to pay for his night's lodging, and he begs you to buy a pair, asking for them only what they are worth. If you want the shoes at all, what should you do?

Several. Give him what he asks.

Miss W. But supposing you think within yourself, 'He is so much in want of money, that he'll sell

them for less,' and you offer him less, because of his great necessity, how have you dealt with your neighbour?

'Hardly,' said some.

Miss W. Yes, indeed; you have oppressed him. But what does God say?

All. 'Ye shall not oppress one another.'

Miss W. The same sort of dishonesty the seller may also be guilty of, by making a person pay more for a thing than it is worth, because he sees that he is in great need of it, or has set his mind upon it. But all such dealings are not—?

'True and just,' said Mary.

Miss W. In hard times I know you occasionally have dealings with each other; a neighbour in great want is glad to sell his garment; how must you be true and just in such dealings?

Margaret. By giving him the value of it.

Miss W. Or suppose you take advantage of a person's ignorance.—A younger school-fellow perhaps offers to sell you something, of the true value of which she knows nothing. How should you deal with her?

Rose. Tell her what it is worth.

Miss W. Yes; not take advantage of her ignorance; that would not be true and just. Look how Solomon speaks of this sort of dishonesty. Prov. xx. 14.

Anna. 'It is nought, it is nought, saith the buyer; but when he is gone his way, then he boasteth.'

Miss W. Yes, boasteth of that of which he made light to the seller. Is this true dealing?

Several. No, Ma'am.

Miss W. Again. We should never try to pass off a thing we are selling as better than it is; not take pains to hide a flaw. Supposing, girls, you had an accident over your glove making, got one pair stain-

, we will say, would they be of the same value to our master as before?

All. No, Ma'am. We should have to make it good.

Miss W. And if you are true and just in all your dealings, what would you do when he came round for your work?

'Show him what had happened,' said several.

Miss W. But what might you be tempted to do?

Bessie. Try and hide it from him.

Miss W. I trust, indeed, none of you would do so; but, indeed, temptations to this kind of dishonesty are very frequent, both in your dealings with your masters, and with each other. Supposing a servant takes anything of value, what would truth and honesty make her do?

'Go and tell at once,' said several.

'I am sure I should be miserable until I had told,' said Margaret.

Miss W. Yet I am afraid many a servant would rather try and hide it; perhaps would not deny it if asked, but would either put it out of sight, or place it so to look as if it were not broken, hoping that it would never be found out. The servant who would do this, is not true and just in her dealings. I once saw a little girl blot her school-fellow's writing book by accident, and instead of showing it, quickly shut the book, and say nothing; and when the blot was discovered, instead of telling, she still kept silence. How was she dealing with her companion?

'She was very sly,' cried one or two.

'It wasn't honest,' said Rose, in a decided manner.

Miss W. She was not straightforward. I wonder how many of you would have done the same. Think of yourselves, girls, if you have not been guilty of some such dishonesty as this; whether, in your dealings with each other, you are always quite true and honest. But there are still other ways in which we are

tempted to break this commandment without actually stealing. Look at Ps. xxxvii. 21.

Harriet. 'The ungodly borroweth, and payeth not again.'

Miss W. You are not true and just, then, if you—?

'Borrow, and don't pay again,' they all answered.

Miss W. I have mentioned before, that running into debt for clothes when you have no prospect of paying, is both untrue and dishonest, or unjust. But I am sorry to hear that you borrow money from each other sometimes, without having any prospect of being able to pay.

As Miss Walton said this, Harriet hung down her head, and several of the other girls looked towards her. The truth was this.—A complaint had that morning been brought to Miss Tule that Harriet had borrowed halfpence from several girls to buy sweets, professing that she was to have a halfpenny for something or other, and then she would pay it. Both Margaret and Bessie had lent her money, and one or two in the second class, and, except Margaret, they had in a body complained to Miss Tule, and she had told Miss Walton. It was well known in the school, and Miss Walton did not hesitate to shame Harriet by mentioning it.

'I call this,' said Miss Walton, 'positively dishonest. It was neither true nor just to take other people's money, promising to pay it, without having any prospect of doing so.'

'I'm sure I mean to pay them!' said Harriet, bursting into tears.

Miss W. That is very little good if you never have the means, Harriet. You have borrowed fourpence; are you likely to have so much to pay?

'I don't know, Ma'am,' she replied.

Miss W. Had you any prospect when you borrowed it?

'No, Ma'am,' she replied.

W. And was that honest, Harriet?

Ma'am, she replied.

W. And, besides that, did you not lead
o suppose that you would pay them?

aid I was paid for going messages, and then I
pay them,' she replied. 'And I am some-

W. But had you any prospect then of going
age?

Ma'am, not any particular one,' she an-

W. Then was this *true* dealing, Harriet?
wn conscience will tell you.

ase, Ma'am, never mind,' said Margaret. 'I
want the penny.'

s no kindness not to mind, Margaret, and I
mentioned it now, to give Harriet a chance of
ing her character before you all,' said Miss
l. 'Would you wish to pay, Harriet?'

Ma'am, she replied, a good deal humbled.

W. And are you willing to take trouble
f to do it?

Ma'am, but I don't know how,' she replied.

W. Well, I will tell you. You are attending
ly school now; if you like to stay in for half-
every day, during play-hours, for a week,
some needlework which I will provide
, at the end of the week I will give you the
ce, and you can then pay your debts.

iet was silent, for though she wished to pay,
out of what she called 'the scrape,' she did
all like the thought of the half-hour's work.
iving her time to make up her mind, Miss
said, 'I make you this offer, instead of pun-
you, that you may redeem your character.
w you must tell me what you wish.'

ase, Ma'am, I'll do it,' she said, though not in
cheerful tone.

‘Very well. I shall speak to Miss Tule about it, and I hope, during those half-hours, you will try and think how wrong your conduct has been, Harriet—how you have been wanting in both truth and justice.

And now there is still another way in which we are tempted to break this eighth commandment. You have not, perhaps, much to do with money, but you *have* with work. You almost all work, either for your parents, or others. How can you be dishonest in work?’

Several. By not doing it well.

Miss W. Yes. And to whom do your hours of work belong?

Anna. Those we work for.

Miss W. Then, if you idle over your work, and waste the time, of what have you robbed your employers?

Mary. Of their time.

Miss W. Yes; and you are untrue, as well as unjust, if they trust you, and think you are giving all the time to them, and pay you for it. In the case of servants, Mary, to whom does most of their time belong?

‘To their master and mistress,’ she replied.

Miss W. And are servants looked after every hour, or are they trusted to spend many hours in work for their masters, without direct orders?

‘They are trusted,’ she replied.

Miss W. Yes, sometimes servants are left for the whole day to do their work, without inspection. If they are true and just, how will their work be then done?

Several. The same as if they were looked after.

Miss W. And how would they be careful to spend the time?

Mary. In working for their master.

Miss W. Yes, they would give him his due share

of time and strength, just the same as if they were ever so closely looked after, 'showing all good fidelity.' But if, on the other hand, the work is done in a slovenly manner, and the time wasted, then the servant's dealings with her master and mistress would not be—?

'True and just,' they all replied.

Miss W. I have made you give me many instances, that you may see how widely this commandment spreads, how it checks us on every side, how watchful we have all need to be, lest we break it in our dealings with each other. If we are really careful to be true and just in all our dealings, from what shall we preserve our hands?

Several. From picking and stealing.

Miss W. Yes, from the more glaring sins of dishonesty. And now that we have seen how easily we break this law, what have we need to pray?

All. 'Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.'

Miss W. If we are watchful over our conduct, we shall find that we often fail in our dealings towards others in truth and justice, and feel that we do indeed need mercy, and God's grace to keep this law.

Miss Walton shut up her books, and found the lesson had not been very long, and there was some time to spare before dinner. After a moment's silence, she said,

'Do you know, girls, that Mr. Walton and I are going away for a few weeks, perhaps to-morrow?'

'Yes, Ma'am, Rose told us,' they replied. 'We are so sorry. What shall we do on Sundays?'

'Do you think only of yourselves?' asked Miss Walton, smiling. 'You are very sorry, you say; now Mr. Walton and I are very glad. We shall be glad of a little holiday.'

'Oh! Ma'am, we didn't mean *that*,' they exclaim-

ed. 'We shall like you to go, only we don't like being without you.'

'I quite understand you,' she replied, 'and I know you will be glad we should go, when you hear that we are going to see a married sister, whom I have not seen for seven years.'

'Oh! what a long time!' exclaimed Ruth. 'Please, Ma'am, has Mr. Walton seen her?'

'Yes, about five years ago; and another thing, I fancy, will reconcile you to our leaving you. I hope to persuade her and her husband to come back with us, or, at all events, to fix some time to come and see us; and I dare say she will teach you sometimes, and perhaps tell you some stories.'

'We shall like the stories,' they exclaimed. 'But we like you and Mr. Walton to teach us, best.'

'Talking of her stories reminds me,' exclaimed Miss Walton, 'of one she sent me, some time ago, about a little servant girl of hers. I think you would like to hear it, and it will illustrate the lesson very well.'

'Oh! please, Ma'am!' they exclaimed.

'It is up-stairs. I will fetch it,' said Miss Walton; and in another moment she returned with a little book in her hand, saying,

'It is printed in a book, you see; but my sister, Mrs. Hamilton, wrote it.'

'And please, Ma'am, did you say it was about one of her own servants?' asked Anna.

'Yes,' returned Miss Walton, 'one that lived with her soon after she first married, nearly twenty years ago. But she has written the story as if the servant had lived with another lady, and not herself. And now you must stop talking, or I shan't have much time for reading.'

EMMA HINDE.

Emma Hinde was one of a large family carefully brought up by an affectionate and wise mother. She was about nineteen when she went to live with Mrs. Douglas, and though she had been out at service for several years, it was only as an under housemaid; whereas Mrs. Douglas was wanting a maid to attend upon herself, and take the care of her wardrobe, answer the front door bell, and wait at table. She rather hesitated about taking Emma at first, fearing she would be hardly equal to the place; but when she saw her neat dress, and heard her pleasant gentle voice, and received such an excellent character of her for steadiness, truth, and honesty, she determined to try her, and to take the trouble of teaching her. She was the more willing to do this, because she knew her mother had been in good places in her younger days, and therefore, she hoped, would have taught her daughter nice ways. Mrs. Douglas kept, besides her, a cook and housemaid.

It was a Saturday evening when Emma arrived, and certainly her appearance spoke much in her favour. She had on a neatly made high print dress, white apron, and a close fitting cap, with narrow pink ribbon upon it. Everything fitted so nicely, that her appearance was tidy and compact.

‘When you have had your tea, you may go upstairs to my room,’ said Mrs. Douglas, ‘and I will give you some needlework to do.’

‘Thank you, Ma’am,’ she replied, in a modest nanner, a deep blush overspreading her cheeks.

It was about an hour afterwards when Mrs. Douglas went to her, and found her waiting for her work. She gave her some pocket-handkerchiefs to hem, and then, as she stood by the fire, began to tell her what she should require from her.

‘You will have to be ready to assist me in dressing by eight o’clock in the morning,’ she said. ‘Then again for a five o’clock dinner, and be ready to help me at bed-time. My clothes, and your master’s, will also be under your care, and must be kept properly mended; and I shall expect you to keep this room in order, and your own bed-room, to wait at table, and attend upon the front door, and the parlour bell, when it rings twice; but this is all the house work I shall require from you.’

Other little directions she also gave her, and then said,

‘But there are one or two things about which I am very particular. I must have no gossiping in the kitchen. I expect you to sit at your work in this room, except when I want it. You go to the kitchen for your meals; and I have no objection, in an evening, when all is cleaned up, for you to join the other servants at their work for an hour or so; but, as a rule, you must work here. Then, Emma, you must be careful not to waste your time. I cannot always be looking after you, to see that you are at work. I must trust you to be industrious, and always to come and *ask* me if you want work. You have not a fixed employment for every hour, like servants in other situations, but you must remember that your time is not your own, and, therefore, you must not idle it; for there is plenty of needlework to be done. After eight o’clock, however, every evening, you are at liberty either to read or work for yourself until I want your assistance; and also I give you Monday afternoons for your own work.’

In a low tone, accompanied by the usual blush, she promised Mrs. Douglas to do her best; but her words were only few.

Mrs. Douglas saw she felt strange and timid, and she thought she would not talk more to her then. As she left the room, however, she said, ‘I hope,

Emma, you'll be comfortable, and never be afraid to come and ask me anything. I like my servants to make a friend of me.'

'Thank you, Ma'am,' she replied, as she rose and curtsied.

It was many weeks before Mrs. Douglas felt to know much more of her, from her *words*, than she knew the first week. Emma was very timid, and very reserved, but her *conduct* gave Mrs. Douglas entire satisfaction. She took great pains to do all that she was told, and though she was found deficient in powers of needlework, she daily improved; and certainly her mistress never found her idle.

During the time of dressing, Mrs. Douglas occasionally talked to Emma, or, while having her hair brushed, read out anything she thought she could understand. Emma always answered any question, and thanked Mrs. Douglas for reading, in a sincere manner, but not without the colour mounting into her cheeks. She never spoke, whether to ask a question, or reply to one, or deliver a message, without a blush. She was very fair, which perhaps made it the more observable; but it was evident to Mrs. Douglas, that it was timidity which brought the blush, for it was always heightened if she had to address first, or if her speech was obliged to be long. It was a custom with Mrs. Douglas to read with her servants every Sunday evening for an hour; and Emma's manner at this lesson pleased her much, it was so reverent and attentive, and she was so careful in answering any question which was asked. But, as Mrs. Douglas saw more of her, what struck her most was Emma's honest truthfulness and straightforwardness.

It was not long after she went to her situation that, as Mrs. Douglas was sitting in her parlour, Emma knocked at the door.

'Come in,' was the reply; and in she came, with

tears in her eyes, and a broken cup in her hand, saying,

‘If you please, Ma’am, I have broken this cup, which stood on your mantelpiece. I am very sorry.’

‘I am sorry too,’ replied her mistress, ‘for it is china. How did you do it?’

‘I was sweeping down the wall, and struck the handle of the broom against it.’

‘Another time you had better move the things into a safe place before you sweep,’ replied her mistress; ‘but do not fret more about it now, for it was an accident, and cannot be helped.’

‘Please, Ma’am, if you would let me, I think I could mend it with a little lime and white of egg, so that it would never be seen; and it would hold together, as it is not for use,’ said Emma.

Mrs. Douglas took it into her hand, and found it was only in three pieces, and she thought, too, it might perhaps be joined. So she gave Emma leave to do the best she could with it, and in a day or two the cup appeared again on the mantelpiece, looking as if it had never been broken. Of course, on examining it, the cracks could be seen, but not at all as it stood.

On another occasion Mrs. Douglas sent Emma on a message to a lady’s house about a mile off. On her way home she met one of her brothers.

‘Is that you, Edward?’ she exclaimed. ‘How glad I am to see you!’

‘Who expected to meet you!’ he replied. ‘How are you? How do you get on at your new place?’

‘Walk a little way with me, and I’ll tell you all about it,’ she answered.

‘I can’t. I mustn’t wait a minute,’ he replied. ‘I am going to the train, and I shall be late if I stay; just come round with me by the station, it won’t make ten minutes’ difference.’

‘I don’t know whether I ought,’ she replied; ‘but how is Mother?’

‘You must come along with me if you want to hear, for I can’t stop,’ he replied, beginning to walk forward. ‘I wish I could.’

Emma hesitated a moment, and then feeling quite sure Mrs. Douglas would not object, for she had no message home, ran after him, and they talked together all the way to the station.

On her return home, Emma went straight to the parlour, saying,

‘If you please, Ma’am, there was no message back, but I wanted to tell you that I met my brother just at the turn to the station, and he could not stay a minute, for fear of missing the train, so he asked me to go round with him; and, please, Ma’am, I thought you wouldn’t object, and so I went with him. This is what made me longer than I should have been.’

Mrs. Douglas was on the point of saying, ‘I did not notice you had been long,’ but she only replied,

‘I am glad you went, Emma; there was no particular hurry home; and as you have told me immediately, there was nothing wrong in it;’ and as she left the room, Mrs. Douglas thought to herself,

‘How trustworthy she is!’ and she thought it the more surprising, because every action showed that naturally Emma was very timid, and therefore speaking in this way must cost an effort.

Almost daily little things of this kind were occurring, showing Emma’s trustworthiness, so that Mrs. Douglas began to place the most entire confidence in her, and quite to love her gentle ways. She only wished, for her own sake, that Emma could throw off some of her timidity, fearing she must feel lonely. Mrs. Douglas found she never took her work to the kitchen in an evening, and never stayed there an unnecessary moment at meal-times; but she often found her reading, after eight o’clock, up-stairs, and

she tried to keep her well supplied with entertaining and useful books.

One day, Mrs. Hinde came to see her daughter, and Emma went to ask her mistress if she might go and stay with her in the kitchen.

‘You may take her into my room,’ replied Mrs. Douglas, ‘to sit with you; it will be pleasanter for you; and you may ask her to stay dinner with you.’

A glow of pleasure came over Emma’s face as she thanked her mistress, and tripped along the passage to fetch her mother, and take her up-stairs.

Mrs. Douglas happened to go into her room that evening after eight o’clock, and found Emma over her work.

‘You need not do my work now,’ she said; ‘this is your own time, you know.’

‘Please, Ma’am,’ she replied, ‘I couldn’t work much when Mother was here. I kept stopping every minute, so I was making up for the lost time now.’

‘Honest Emma!’ replied Mrs. Douglas; ‘but I’ll forgive you that wasted time. Supposing,’ she said, ‘you were to mend that tear in your dress. I’ve noticed it for two days. I thought you always mended your things at once.’

Blushing a deeper colour than usual, she replied,

‘Oh, Ma’am, I’ve finished my last reel of fine cotton, and I haven’t been able to get any more since, for I haven’t been out.’

The working materials with which Mrs. Douglas supplied her, stood at her side, but Emma had not thought it honest to use them for her own work.

Taking up a reel, and feeling much pleased, Mrs. Douglas handed it to her, saying,

‘I’ll supply you with enough for that; take what you want.’

The next morning the tear was mended.

‘That must do for to-day,’ said Miss Walton. ‘I think Emma sets us all a good example of truth and honesty in all her dealings. You must wait to hear more until my return.’

‘Please, Ma’am, you are not *quite* sure that you go to-morrow, are you?’ asked Margaret.

‘No, not quite; it will depend upon a letter to-morrow morning; but in case we should go, I will tell you and Anna that I should like you to help Miss Tule by teaching the younger classes by turns. She will teach you all.’

‘Yes, Ma’am,’ replied the two girls, though Anna whispered afterwards, ‘I don’t like teaching.’

Miss Walton heard her, and replied, smiling, ‘What would become of you if *I* said so?’ and then turning to Harriet, continued, ‘I will leave the fourpence for you with Miss Tule, and I hope it will be earned, and the debt paid, long before I come back.’

‘Shall you be away so very long?’ they all cried out.

‘Not so “*very long*,”’ answered Miss Walton, laughing at their dismal faces and tones. ‘Good-bye to you now.’

‘Good-bye, Ma’am,’ they all replied.

I may as well tell you, in this place, that by the end of the week Harriet had earned her fourpence. It is true her resolution nearly failed her the second day, when all the girls ran out to play, and she had to take her needlework, and sit over it instead; and she wanted to know if it wouldn’t be the same to do it in the afternoon school? but Miss Tule reminded her that the self-denial it cost her was really the only thing she gave.

‘Of course your work, Harriet, is worth nothing to Miss Walton. If she gives you the fourpence, it is because you are willing to give up your play to pay your debt. She could have the work done for

nothing in the school. And, indeed, I think it is a very slight punishment to give you for such dishonesty.

Harriet did not think so just then, and cried a good deal as she took her seat. Presently Agnes put her head into the school-room, and seeing Harriet in tears, slipped in, and taking out her work, said cheerfully,

‘I want to get on with this shirt for grandfather. May I come and sit with you?’

Harriet, whose perceptions, as we have before seen, were rather dull, answered,

‘Yes, to be sure you may. I wish you would; without ever perceiving Agnes’s motive.’

‘Just think,’ said Harriet, ‘of sitting-here for half-an-hour every day for a whole week; and then I’ve only just time to run home for my dinner before school begins again.’

‘But I thought,’ said Agnes, ‘you were glad to do it, so as to pay the girls. You told Miss Walton you would do it.’

‘How could I help it!’ she replied.

‘Oh! Harriet, you would not wish to help it! You told Miss Walton you would like to be able to pay,’ persisted Agnes.

‘So I do want to pay; but I don’t like to have to sit at work now. Why shouldn’t I do it in school-hours? It would be all the same to Miss Walton.’

Agnes looked surprised, and then said,

‘Because your school-hours are not your own, and Miss Walton pays you for working in your own time. Do you think it would be honest to do it at any other time?’

‘I don’t know, but I’m sure you wouldn’t like to sit alone at work every day while the rest are playing.’

‘I think I would rather do that than be in debt,’ she replied, in a low voice; ‘but you shan’t sit alone, — Harriet. I’ll sit with you.’

‘Oh! will you? That won’t be half so bad!’ replied Harriet; and, after that, each day Agnes might be seen hanging back, and, as soon as the school was cleared, taking her seat by Harriet, and either working, or talking to her, or reading out.

Miss Tule doubted, at first, whether to allow it, and asked Miss Walton, who replied,

‘I won’t deprive Agnes of the pleasure of doing a kindness, nor of the benefit of self-denial; and I hope the example will do Harriet more good than the punishment would, if I insisted upon her being alone.’

LESSON XLVII.

THE NINTH COMMANDMENT.

THE GOVERNMENT OF THE TONGUE.

MONDAY morning brought the expected letter from Mr. Walton, which was to decide their move. On Miss Walton's entering the room, she claimed,

'Well, Maria, we can't go to-day, after all. They won't be home for three weeks more. A business has been so much more complicated than he expected.'

'I am sorry, now that we are all ready,' returned Miss Walton. 'However, I hope it's only a postponement.'

'Yes, I hope so,' returned her brother. 'He says he is sure to have done by that time; and if he hasn't, he'll leave the work undone. He won't send us off again;' and Mr. Walton handed the letter to his sister to read, while he stood leaning with one foot on the mantelpiece, and one foot on the fender, looking at himself, and thinking over his brother's business.

'Then please, Sir, you don't want me,' said Rose quietly, who, by Mr. Walton's orders, had been sent to know whether she was to engage a governess or not, and found that Mr. Walton had forgotten her presence.

'I forgot you, Rose,' he replied. 'No, we

want the fly now. I expect *you* are very glad, if the truth were known.'

With a grave sort of smile Rose replied, '*Some of the maidens will be glad, for they want to hear more of Miss Walton's story.*'

'Oh! that's it, is it? but *Rose*, I suppose, doesn't mind at all,' said Mr. Walton. 'She is a great deal too wise not to be able to wait patiently, is she not?'

By this time Miss Walton had finished the letter, and catching Mr. Walton's last words, inquired, 'How has *Rose* shown her wisdom?' With mock gravity he replied,

'*Rose* informs me that "some of the maidens" will be very glad we are not going this week; as they are very impatient to hear some story you are reading to them; but, of course, *she* can wait quite well until you come back, even if it's six months.'

'Oh! Mr. Walton, how can you say so?' exclaimed *Rose*, laughing.

'I know how much to believe, don't I, *Rose*?' said Miss Walton. 'I dare say you will hear more next Sunday.'

'Not *Rose*,' put in Mr. Walton mischievously. 'She'll come and read to me while you read to the maidens,' won't you, *Rose*?

'If *you* wish it,' she replied, in a tone which showed she understood Mr. Walton's banter.

'So Mr. and Miss Walton are not going, after all!' claimed little Ruth. 'I'm so glad. Now we shall hear more of the story!'

'They'll go afterwards, if not now, so we don't mind much,' returned Margaret. 'Were they very sorry not to go, *Rose*?'

'Yes, I think they were, but they didn't say much, and Mr. Walton soon began to tease me about the maidens being glad.'

'What would he say if he had heard your speech, Ruth!' remarked *Bessie*.

‘I don’t care!’ she replied; ‘because I *am* glad that they don’t go this week. Perhaps they won’t go at all now.’

‘Oh! for shame, Ruth!’ replied half-a-dozen. ‘How selfish you are!’

Ruth only laughed as she answered,

‘I didn’t say I hoped they wouldn’t go.’

‘But you meant it,’ said Harriet.

‘No, I didn’t,’ she returned; while Margaret, ever ready to speak a word for a school-fellow, said,

‘No, I’m sure she didn’t, for Mr. Walton wants some rest, and Miss Walton too, I think.’

There was some talk with Miss Walton before the lesson began on Sunday afternoon about the delayed journey, and Harriet took advantage of a moment’s pause to say, in a tone that showed she expected Miss Walton to reprove Ruth,

‘Ruth said she hoped you wouldn’t go at all now.’

‘I’m sure I didn’t,’ she exclaimed, turning quickly round on Harriet.

Miss Walton looked grave, while she replied,

‘I think we have need to turn to the ninth commandment. What is it?’

‘Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour,’ they replied.

‘I think we need a lesson on it,’ continued Miss Walton, ‘for it is one sadly often broken among you.’

Harriet tried to look unconcerned, while Bessie exclaimed,

‘Harriet is always telling tales that ar’n’t true.’

‘Take care you are not doing the same thing yourself, Bessie,’ returned Miss Walton. ‘Is Harriet *always* doing it?’

‘I didn’t mean quite always,’ she replied, ‘but she is very fond of meddling.’

‘No, I’m sure I’m not,’ exclaimed Harriet; but Miss Walton stopped her, saying,

‘I’ll have no more accusing of each other. You

are pretty sure to bear false witness against each other when you indulge in this kind of disputing. I wish you would each think of your own faults, and try and mend them, and then there would not be so much of meddling and tale-telling, and false witnessing, between you.'

'Please, Ma'am, I didn't know telling tales was bearing false witness,' said Anna.

'It is not, perhaps, *always*,' returned Miss Walton; 'and yet, I think that any child who is fond of telling tales, is sure also to bear false witness, by not saying exactly what is true about her neighbour, giving her *own* colouring to, perhaps, innocent words, or actions, and so making them appear wrong. Is not this bearing false witness?'

'Yes, Ma'am, I suppose so,' said one or two.

'I never thought it meant that before,' said Anna. 'I thought it only meant in court. Like that man you told us of.'

'What, the man who died after swearing falsely in court, you mean?' said Miss Walton.

Several. Yes, Ma'am, you told us of it in our lesson on the third commandment.

'Sit down,' said Miss Walton, (for the girls were still standing,) 'and then we will see what this commandment really teaches us. You are quite right, Anna, (she continued,) in thinking it does forbid such false witnessing as that man was guilty of. It is the most awful kind of false witnessing, because it is given upon oath; it involves false swearing also. Do you remember God's rule among the Jews for the punishment of a false witness? You may look at Deut. xix. 16-19.'

Anna. 'If a false witness rise up against any man, to testify against him that which is wrong; then both the men, between whom the controversy is, shall stand before the Lord, before the priests and the judges, which shall be in those days; and the judges shall

make diligent inquisition : and behold, if the witness be a false witness, and hath testified falsely against his brother, *then shall ye do unto him as he thought to have done unto his brother* : so shalt thou put the evil away from among you.'

Miss W. If the punishment due to the fault of which the person was falsely accused was *death*, then what would be the punishment of the false witness?

'Death,' replied several.

Miss W. Do you remember how Solomon speaks of the false witness?

Rose. 'A false witness shall not be unpunished.' (Prov. xix. 5.)

Miss W. Again, chap. xxi. 28.

Bessie. 'A false witness shall perish.'

Miss W. More than once we read in the Bible of false witnesses appearing against a prisoner. Can you tell me any?

'False witnesses appeared against our Saviour,' said Agnes. (St. Mark, xiv. 56-58.)

'And against St. Stephen,' said Mary. (Acts, vi. 11-13.)

Miss W. Very good. But what law does God give to *us*?

All. 'Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.'

Miss W. But now let us see how much more these words contain than merely the command to abstain from public false witnessing, which very few would ever be likely to do. What does the answer on your duty to your neighbour tell you this command teaches us?

Several. 'To keep my tongue from evil speaking, lying, and slandering.'

Miss W. Is it, then, sins of *act* that it forbids?

Rose. No, sins of word.

Miss W. Yes, sins of the tongue. The other

commandments forbid sinful *acts* against our neighbour, this one—?

‘Sinful words,’ continued Margaret.

Miss W. Just so; all ‘evil speaking, lying, and slandering.’ We will take slandering first, as it is a very direct way of bearing false witness against our neighbour. What do you mean by ‘slander’?

‘To say what isn’t true of another,’ replied Sarah.

‘To blame falsely,’ said Margaret.

Miss W. You are neither of you quite right. It is to say *evil* things of others which are not true, or to *spread* false blame. Now slander may be open, or more hidden. What sort of slander is a man guilty of who bears false witness in court?

‘Open slander,’ they all replied.

Miss W. But supposing a person who would not do this, goes from house to house, saying some ill-natured thing of a neighbour: of what is he guilty?

‘Slander, if he says what isn’t true,’ replied Bessie.

Miss W. Yes; he is bearing false witness, though in a less direct manner than the man who bears false witness in court. Then there is a very common way of slandering our neighbour, which even girls like you are often guilty of. We slander another by *imputing bad motives for his actions*. You shall give me an example of what I mean from the Bible. Look at 2 Sam. xvi. 3.

Sarah. ‘The king said, And where is thy master’s son? And Ziba said unto the king, Behold, he abideth in Jerusalem: for he said, To-day shall the house of Israel restore me the kingdom of my father.’

Miss W. For whom was king David inquiring?

Rose. Mephibosheth.

Miss W. And whose son was he? Look at chap. ix. 6.

Sereral. ‘The son of Jonathan, the son of Saul.’

Miss W. Very well. Now, when David inquired where he was, Ziba’s first answer was—what?

Several. 'He abideth at Jerusalem.'

Miss W. That was enough, was it not? But what motive does he impute to Mephibosheth? What did Ziba add?

Several. 'For he said, *To-day shall the house of Israel restore me the kingdom of my father.*'

Miss W. Yes, the hope that, in the rebellion against David, the kingdom might be given back to him, was the motive Ziba imputed to Mephibosheth; the reason he chose to give to David for his master's absence. Now look at chap. xix. 24-27.

Margaret. 'Mephibosheth, the son of Saul, came down to meet the king, and had neither dressed his feet, nor trimmed his beard, nor washed his clothes, from the day the king departed, until the day he came again in peace. And . . . the king said unto him, Wherefore wentest thou not with me, Mephibosheth? And he answered, My lord, O king, my servant deceived me: for thy servant said, I will saddle me an ass, that I may ride thereon, and go to the king; because thy servant is lame. And he hath slandered thy servant unto my lord the king.'

Miss W. Then was the motive Ziba had given to king David a true one for Mephibosheth's absence?

Several. No, Ma'am, false.

Miss W. What witness did he bear against him?

All. False witness.

Miss W. Mephibosheth's actions proved that it was false, and that he had been loyal to king David all throughout; and yet, by imputing a wrong motive to him, Ziba had made his conduct appear very bad, and ungrateful, for all David's kindness to him. Now I want you to think, girls, if you are never guilty of this sort of false witnessing.

'Please, Ma'am, we don't know,' said one or two.

Miss W. Do you remember last fifth of November?

‘Yes, Ma’am,’ they all cried. ‘Mr. Spencer showed us such beautiful fireworks.’

Miss W. And do you remember, when he was calling out for Edward Coote, who was to help him, several answered, ‘He’s gone up into town;’ and others added, ‘He said he should see the town bonfire after all;’ and one girl (I should be sorry to mention which) stepped up to Mr. Spencer, and said, ‘Ben saw him standing looking at the bonfire as he came past’?

‘Yes, Ma’am, I mind,’ replied several.

Miss W. Now what did all this make Edward’s conduct appear to Mr. Spencer?

Margaret. Disobedient.

Miss W. It made it appear wilful and disobedient; because, as you all knew, the boys were forbidden to go into the town. And it made Mr. Spencer think his motive for going was simply to see the bonfire. But was this a true account?

‘No, Ma’am,’ said Anna. ‘He couldn’t help going up into the town. His father was taken ill, and he had gone for some medicine.’

Miss W. And was it a true account to say he had been standing at the bonfire?

Several. No; he was only standing at Mr. Clement’s door, waiting for the medicine to be made up.

Miss W. Well, now do you see how many were that day guilty of bearing false witness, without saying anything directly untrue? How long was it before things were put right about it?

‘Not till Charley came up, and told Mr. Spencer all about it, and that Edward couldn’t come to the fireworks, his father was so ill,’ said one or two.

Miss W. Yes; and I am sorry to say many knew his father was ill, knew Edward had gone into town for him, and yet didn’t say so; and she who gave the most direct evidence against him, knew, at the

moment, that he had been standing at the shop door, and not at the bonfire. I have too often noticed this sort of false witnessing of girls against the boys, as though they liked to bring them into disgrace. We may bear false witness by our silence sometimes. Those who knew the truth in this instance, and yet did not speak, did so.

‘Please, Ma’am, as soon as I heard about it, I looked for you, or Mr. Walton, to tell you; for I had seen Edward as he went up, and knew why he had gone, but I couldn’t find either of you,’ said Rose.

‘Yes, I remember Rose telling me,’ said Margaret, ‘and looking for you. She said it was a shame Mr. Spencer should think Edward to blame; and, just then, Charley came with his message.’

Miss W. I am glad to hear some of you tried to let the truth be known. But was it not the same sort of thing about the sliding the other day? When Alfred was late, one of you said you had seen him sliding; but you did not say you had seen his mother call him in, saying she wanted him.

‘That was a great shame!’ exclaimed Margaret, in a whisper. ‘She knew, quite well, he had gone in;’ while Jane coloured up, and muttered something about having forgotten that his mother called him; whereas, the truth was, she had been vexed with him for throwing a snow-ball at her, and had shown her vexation by saying this, when prayer hour arrived, and he was missing. She had been reprovved for it at the time, so Miss Walton now said no more about it.

‘Once more, girls,’ said Miss Walton, ‘we are guilty of slandering our neighbour by repeating evil we have heard of him, without knowing whether it is true or not,—by spreading evil reports of him, and talking over his faults, or failings. But this spirit of slandering God says He hates. Look at Prov. vi. 16–19. What are the seven things which **God** says are an abomination to Him?’

Anna. 'These six things doth the Lord hate: yea, seven are an abomination unto Him; a proud look, a lying tongue, and hands that shed innocent blood, an heart that deviseth wicked imaginations, feet that be swift in running to mischief, a *false witness that speaketh lies, and he that soweth discord among brethren.*'

Miss W. And what does David say will be the end of the slanderer?

Agnes. 'Whoso privily slandereth his neighbour, him will I destroy.' (Ps. ci. 6.)

Miss W. But what else are we to keep our tongues from?

'Lying,' said three or four.

Miss W. Does God hate a lying tongue too?

All. Yes, Ma'am.

Miss W. Yes, and all false witnessing—all slander-ing; involves lying. Those who bear false witness tell—?

'Lies,' replied the girls.

Miss W. Yes. This commandment, however, not only forbids lying which hurts or injures our neighbours, but *all lying*. What does St. Paul bid us put away?

Mary. 'Wherefore, putting away lying, speak every man truth with his neighbour: for we are members one of another.' (Eph. iv. 25.)

Miss W. And again, Col. iii. 9.

Harriet. 'Lie not one to another, seeing that ye have put off the old man with his deeds.'

Miss W. I have often heard it said, in excuse for a lie, 'It didn't hurt anybody.' Is this an excuse?

'No, Ma'am, for we sin against God,' said little Agnes.

Miss W. Whose work did you once tell me lying might especially be called?

Several. The devil's.

Miss W. Yes; for what is he called?

which burneth with fire and brimstone: xxi. 8.)

Miss W. These awful words should indeed make you fear to speak a false word, whether to the injury of your neighbour, or not—they help you to watch your words with all diligence, keep your tongue from—?

‘Lying,’ the girls continued.

Miss W. I have before shown you the many in which we may be guilty of lying and deceit, will now go on to the first of the three things mentioned, from which we learn, by the ninth commandment, to keep our tongues—what is it?

All. Evil speaking.

Miss W. Yes. All evil speaking, not words of lying only, or words of slander only, but—?

Several. All evil words.

Miss W. For what does our Saviour say we must give account in the day of judgment?

Margaret. ‘Every idle word that men shall say, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment. For by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned.’

Margaret. ‘Every idle word that men shall say, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment. For by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned.’

W. 'Let no *corrupt communication* proceed out of our mouth. . . . Let all bitterness, and wrath, anger, and clamour, and *evil speaking*, be put from you, with all malice.' (iv. 29-31.)

W. Words, then, of anger and clamour, of angry words, and words of wrong jesting, are—? 'evil speaking,' replied the girls.

W. Much is said in the Bible about this evil speaking. What does St. Paul tell us that young men are tempted to do? 1 Tim. v. 13.

W. 'They learn to be idle, wandering about house to house; and not only idle, but *tattlers* and *busybodies*, *speaking things which they ought*

W. Then talking about other people's business, which do not concern us, is—?

'evil speaking,' replied one or two.

W. A girl who idles about, going first into one neighbour's, and then another; or talking first to one girl, whom she happens to meet, and then to another, is sure to busy herself about things which don't concern her, and to talk idly, and slander her neighbours.

What, then, is forbidden by evil speaking? 'Idle words,' said some.

'Wrong jesting,' said others.

'Idle words about other people's affairs,' said Rose.

W. Solomon says—'In the multitude of words there wanteth not sin.' (Prov. x. 19.) It is a difficult matter always to be talking freely, to say words to every one we meet, and yet not to be guilty of evil speaking. If you are sent on a message, is it, then, your business to stop and talk to every acquaintance you meet?

W. No, we should do our errand.

W. And if you hear that a neighbour is in disgrace, is it your business to go and tell it all to the next person you meet?

'I suppose not,' replied one or two.

Miss W. This eagerness after hearing and telling news is sure to lead to evil speaking. What does St. James say about the sins of the tongue?

Mary. 'The tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity; so is the tongue among our members, that it defileth the whole body, and setteth on fire the course of nature; and it is set on fire of hell . . . the tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison.' (St. James, iii. 6. 8.)

Miss W. A poison, girls, received to the hurt of—we know not how many. This thought ought surely to make us very careful of our words. *Evil words hurt not ourselves alone. And once spoken, we cannot recall them.* We may think they were unobserved, or soon forgotten, but years hence, perhaps, to *them* may be traced some awful act of sin, or the ruin, soul and body, of a fellow-creature. We cannot tell the extent of the evil of our sinful words. Did you ever see an arrow shot from a bow?

Several. Yes, Ma'am; Alfred's brother, Allen, was shooting with one the other day.

Miss W. And could he guide it when once it had left the bow?

Several. No, Ma'am, it flew through the air.

Miss W. Just so. We may see an arrow, thoughtlessly shot, flying straight towards our dearest friend, yet cannot turn it. Even so it is with an evil word once spoken. (Miss Walton paused a moment, and then said,) For instance, perhaps a younger sister hears from your lips an untruth. *You* perhaps forget it, but *she* dwells upon it, and a temptation is put before her to do the same; she remembers your example, and tells the lie, and from that time she may go on from bad to worse, until she is lost, soul and body; and at the day of judgment she may be able to say, 'Your spoken lie first taught me!' Or an impure jest from the lips of an elder, may be the *first thing* which soiled the purity of a child's mind.

The thought of it stays, and at length the child is led on and on, until she is lost to all shame—all, perhaps, to be traced back to one unseemly jest! Oh! girls, surely we ought to strive to keep our tongues from evil speaking, and with David pray earnestly to God, ‘Set a’—?’

‘Watch, O Lord, before my mouth, and keep the door of my lips,’ they all repeated. (Ps. cxli. 3.)

Miss W. Yes; and we must, as it were, put a bridle on our tongues; pull them up when they speak too freely; silence them, that we may learn to have them under command; use them with watchfulness and care. Look at St. James, i. 26.

Ruth. ‘If any man among you seem to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, . . . this man’s religion is vain.’

‘So much,’ continued Miss Walton, ‘depends upon the government of the tongue. Embracing everything else, then, in a few words, we may say that the ninth commandment teaches us—?’

‘To keep our tongues from evil speaking,’ said two or three.

‘To govern our tongues,’ said Rose.

Miss W. Just so; that they may neither lie, nor slander, nor bear any false witness, nor be guilty of any evil speaking.

‘Please, Ma’am, can you read more about Emma to us?’ asked little Ruth, as Miss Walton stopped the lesson.

‘Yes,’ she replied; ‘reach me the little book; there it is on the mantelpiece.’

Ruth jumped up to reach it, but Margaret, who sat nearer to the mantelpiece, was beforehand; and, as she handed it to Miss Walton, said good-naturedly to Ruth,

‘There! now sit down again. I was nearer than you, and you couldn’t have reached it when you got there.’

‘Oh! Margaret, I’m not so little as all that,’ she replied, stretching herself up.

When the two girls were seated again, Miss Walton began to read.

EMMA HINDE, (*Continued.*)

By slow degrees Emma became less reserved with her mistress, and sometimes told her about her sisters and brothers, or some of her mother’s troubles; and Mrs. Douglas always took a kind interest in what she had to tell.

One day, after Mrs. Douglas had been talking some little while to Emma, she said, (just as she was about to leave the room,)

‘You never take your work down-stairs, Emma. You understood, I think, that you might do so sometimes, if you liked.’

‘Yes, Ma’am, thank you,’ she replied; ‘but I like sitting here.’

‘I should have thought, after being accustomed to so large a family, you would feel it lonely here,’ returned her mistress, ‘and would be glad of the change.’

‘No, Ma’am, I would rather not,’ she replied, her face blushing crimson.

Mrs. Douglas thought it rather strange, and asked, ‘Does Ann ever come and sit with you?’

‘Please, Ma’am, I didn’t know whether you would like her to do so. She did once or twice when I first came, but I didn’t like her doing it without your leave.’

‘And why didn’t you ask my leave, if you wished it?’ inquired Mrs. Douglas.

With a slight degree of hesitation she answered, ‘I didn’t wish it; but I told Ann if *she* did, to ask you herself.’

There was something in her manner which made

Mrs. Douglas fear there had been a quarrel, and she answered,

‘I hope you had no quarrel about it.’

‘Please, Ma’am, she didn’t like my telling her not to come, but that was all then;’ and again Emma’s cheeks were crimson.

‘I wish you had spoken about it at the time,’ returned Mrs. Douglas. ‘Occasionally I should not object to her sitting with you, (though, of course, not often,) and you were right not to allow it without my leave. I only feel sorry that you did not ask me at the time, rather than have anything like a quarrel. It is very grievous for servants not to live in perfect harmony.’

Emma did not reply, and Mrs. Douglas left the room, not feeling quite comfortable about it. She tried to observe the servants more after that, and noticed how very little Emma seemed to have to do with the others. As she was ordering dinner some few days afterwards, she remarked to the cook,

‘Emma does not bring her work as often into the kitchen as my last maid, who was always in your way.’

The cook gave a toss of her head while she replied,

‘No, indeed, she thinks herself a great deal too good for us; but my opinion is, that it is not always those who hold themselves highest that are most to be trusted. I do not like such very meek and smooth ways.’

Mrs. Douglas did not like the cook’s manner, and had no wish to enter into a discussion with her on Emma’s character, so she left the kitchen. Another day, she asked Ann to fetch her a pair of gloves from her dressing-table.

‘If you will please to ring the bell, Ma’am, and order Emma to bring them to you, I shall be glad. I don’t wish, I’m sure, to go near your bed-room, if it isn’t approved of.’

‘What do you mean, Ann?’ asked Mrs. Douglas. ‘If I send you into it, of course it is your place to go.’

‘Perhaps Emma won’t think so, if you please, Ma’am; and I’m sure I don’t wish to interfere with her.’

‘I am quite sure,’ returned Mrs. Douglas, ‘Emma would never object to your doing anything I ordered you; and I am sorry, Ann, to see such a wrong spirit between you;’ and then she went on to speak about the two sitting together in an evening, telling her the same as she had told Emma.

Ann’s answer was,

‘I’m much obliged to you, Ma’am, but I’ve no wish to sit with her if she thinks herself too good for us; perhaps it will be found different another time.’

Mrs. Douglas was pained, and thought it better to say no more, and leave things to come right by themselves. She saw that both cook and Ann were feeling very sore against Emma, though she did not know what was the cause; and she could not help feeling unhappy, while she pondered over the insinuations they had both thrown out against Emma, as though she were acting a deceitful part; yet, as she recalled all she knew of her, she could not believe anything amiss of her, and thought the other two were perhaps annoyed with her for keeping so much to herself, and that this was the cause of their evident dislike. Still their words occurred again and again to Mrs. Douglas, and perhaps caused her to blame Emma more than she would have done, on noticing her, one Sunday, walk both to and from church by herself, and not sit near the other servant during service.

‘I thought, if I waited for Ann, I should be late,’ was Emma’s answer; ‘and I was in church before her; I did not choose my seat away from her.’

‘I do not wish you to be late, Emma, you know,

or anybody's sake; but this does not account for our walking home by yourself.'

Emma seemed rather to hesitate what to answer, and ended by saying nothing. The truth was, that Ann had been joined by a man, and she did not like to intrude herself, as Ann had gone out of church first, and had not waited for her; neither did she like to mention this reason to Mrs. Douglas, fearing it would be tale-telling, and therefore she was silent, and took the reproof to herself. Mrs. Douglas, however, misunderstood her silence, and spoke strongly of the duty of kindly feeling, and of one servant not holding herself higher than others.

'I know, Emma,' she said, 'servants in your situation are apt to do this; and I speak as a friend, to warn you of your danger, for you know, "God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace unto the humble."'

Had Mrs. Douglas known then what she afterwards knew, she would have spoken differently; as it was, (perhaps unconsciously,) she was influenced by what the other two servants had said, which had made her fear that Emma was high with them, and that perhaps they had just cause for some complaint. Mrs. Douglas loved her little maid, and wished to warn her of her danger, and Emma took her words as they were meant. She did not justify herself, though her eyes filled with tears.

Some months went by after this without Mrs. Douglas's being again troubled by any apparent disagreement among the servants. Emma had once or twice even taken her work into the kitchen, but for some reason, unknown to Mrs. Douglas, had given it up again; and she had taken pains to join either of the other servants who happened to be going to church, but both of them were often late in starting, and then Emma did not like to wait; and frequently, when she rose from her knees after service, she found

herself alone, either the cook or Ann having hurried out of church in a way she was sure her mistress would not wish them to do. Then Emma was a communicant, and neither of the others was, and on those Sundays, of course, she had her walk alone. It so happened that one morning Mrs. Douglas wanted some silver, and finding she had only a £5. note in the house, sent Emma out to get it changed at a neighbouring shop, telling her to get small change. She was sitting in the parlour, at work, when Emma returned with it, and her mistress counted two sovereigns, three half sovereigns, four half crowns, and a pound's worth of shillings and sixpences. Just as she had finished counting them, and was saying, 'It is exactly the sort of change I wanted,' Ann knocked at the door, saying,

'If you please, Ma'am, you are wanted by a poor woman, who seems in a great hurry.'

Mrs. Douglas rose immediately, leaving the change on the table, saying to Emma, 'You may go to your work now.'

As Ann opened the door, she noticed the money on the table, and thought to herself,

'Oh! if some of that was mine, I could send it to poor mother.'

It so happened that she had that day received a letter from home, saying her father was ill, and her mother in great trouble, and asking if she could do anything to help. Now, if Ann had been careful of her wages, she might have had something to send to her mother, but she had spent them all on her dress, and had nothing; she had fretted a good deal when her mother's letter came that morning. Emma had tried to comfort her, and Ann, in her sorrow, had shown her the letter. Emma wished she could help, but the week before she had sent all her wages to her mother, and had nothing to give but kind words. This money, however, now on the table, looked sadly

tempting to Ann ; and though her conscience told her how wrong it would be to touch it, she had of late been acting so much against her conscience, that she did not now attend much to its voice. The more she thought of the money, the more she longed for some, and she thought if she could take it now, she could manage to pay it back when her wages were due, without any one knowing a word about it. She pondered a minute, and then stepped gently into the hall ; there was her mistress, still talking to the poor woman ; Emma, she knew, had gone up-stairs, and the sitting-room door opened out of sight of where Mrs. Douglas stood. With trembling steps Ann approached it, opened it gently ; all was clear, there lay the tempting money on the table. She looked at it, and thought there was so much, a half-sovereign would never be missed. For a moment her conscience held her back, then she fancied she heard a noise, hastily took one of the half-sovereigns, and stole back into the pantry. It is true her heart beat very loud and fast, but she was sure she had not been seen, and she hoped her mistress would not miss it.

About ten minutes went by before Mrs. Douglas returned to the parlour, for she had been getting medicine for the poor woman, and giving some directions for the treatment of a sick child. No sooner, however, did she take her seat, than her eye missed the half-sovereign. She felt perfectly sure it had been there, for she had laid all three on the top of the half crowns, and now there were but two. She looked, however, carefully through the pound's worth of silver, and under everything that lay on the table, and then all over the floor, before she would make any inquiries, but nowhere could she find it. Greatly distressed, she now rang the bell for Emma, who appeared in a moment.

‘Emma,’ she said, ‘you saw me count out this money, how did I place it?’ Emma told her exactly.

‘You saw the three half-sovereigns, then?’

‘Yes, Ma’am, laid on the half-crowns,’ she replied; ‘I noticed it, for it was just the way the shopman counted them out for me.’

‘Well, Emma, one of these half-sovereigns has gone since I left the room,’ returned Mrs. Douglas, looking fully into her face. ‘Can you give any account of it?’ though, while she spoke, she felt convinced of Emma’s innocence. She had so often left money in her way before, and had never missed a halfpenny, and her jewellery had all been quite safe in Emma’s care, so that she had learned to trust her with everything.

‘No, Ma’am,’ she replied, quite firmly and simply, though colouring as she spoke. ‘I left the room the moment after you did.’

‘But what can have become of it, Emma? has any one been in the room?’ asked Mrs. Douglas.

‘I do not know, Ma’am, for I’ve been up-stairs,’ she replied.

In the mean time, guessing what the bell was for, Ann had grown frightened, for such a bold step in the path of sin was new to her, and in her distress she ran and told the cook all about it, asking what she was to do.

‘Don’t be so chicken-hearted,’ returned the cook, (through whose example and influence Ann had been brought to this;) ‘you’ve only to say you know nothing about it; and look sharp, perhaps you can make somebody else suspected, and then we’ll see what will become of all her fine threats of telling mistress.’

Ann stood bewildered. This was a proposal too dreadful; first to steal, and then to throw suspicion on another. Emma had been kind to her that morning, how could she say anything against her? While she considered, and before she had at all made up her mind what to do, the bell rang for her, and with a

beating heart she obeyed the summons. Before she asked a question, Mrs. Douglas rang for the cook too, and on her appearing, she inquired,

‘Do you know, Ann, whether anyone has been in this room since I left it?’

‘No, Ma’am,’ she answered, as bravely as she could; and then she thought of Emma’s being in the room when she had called her mistress, but she did not say anything about it. Mrs. Douglas then told of her loss, and as she had done before, looking full into Ann’s face, asked if she could give any account of it. Ann felt more and more alarmed, and in her fright, replied,

‘I only know, Ma’am, that Emma was in the room when I called you, that’s all *I* can tell you about it.’ She felt as if she should choke as she uttered the words, but it was done.

Emma’s cheeks turned crimson as she heard this insinuation, and she had hard work not to speak indignantly. Mrs. Douglas’s manner was the only thing that held her back.

‘I know that, Ann; Emma says she left immediately after I did, without touching the money. I have no cause to doubt her word.’

The cook’s manner was very different when she was asked, for she was hardened in deceit.

It was very strange, she said, and, of course, she couldn’t know anything about it. One thing she was very sure of, that Ann had been in the pantry all the time, for she had been washing potatoes at the pump, and had seen Ann at the pantry window all the time; and as the money could not go without hands, she knew but one other pair of hands that could have touched it, looking knowingly at poor Emma as she spoke.

‘Are you quite sure Ann was at the window all the time?’ asked Mrs. Douglas, greatly perplexed and pained.

‘Quite sure, Ma’am, for I held up a curious potatoe, all knobs, for her to look at. Didn’t I, Ann?’

‘Yes,’ said Ann more boldly, now that she felt she was supported in her sin.

‘It is very strange, and very painful,’ said Mrs. Douglas. ‘It is not the worth of the ten shillings, it is the sin that pains me. I have trusted you all, and hoped I had good reason to do so, and now I see that one of you must be deceiving me, and not only be guilty of stealing, but lying;’ and she went on to urge a confession, promising, even then, forgiveness.

‘Please, Ma’am, might I just suggest,’ said the cook, in a very smooth manner, ‘that perhaps the poor woman stepped in, when your back was turned, and helped herself.’

‘Impossible,’ returned Mrs. Douglas, ‘for I took her with me into the study, and never left her until she was outside the door.’

‘Oh! Ma’am, I beg your pardon; I didn’t know. Well, then, I must make bold to say that it’s very hard you should suspect any but the one you left in the room with the money. I always told you, Ma’am, that people who are so very smooth are not always most to be trusted.’

‘Silence, cook!’ returned Mrs. Douglas. ‘You both seem most anxious to throw suspicion on Emma, and I have no more reason to doubt her word than yours.’

‘Certainly not, Ma’am, only the money couldn’t go without hands, and hers seem to have been the only ones near; and I should like to know why she turned so red when Ann said she was in the room. And look at her cheeks now.’

Mrs. Douglas glanced at her as the cook said this, and saw indeed that her face was flushed, and her lips quivering; and no longer able to contain herself, she exclaimed,

‘I’m quite sure, Ma’am, I know nothing about it. I would not, oh! I would not have touched it for worlds!’ and crimson indeed her face became as she said this, and then checked herself as some further words were upon her lips. The memory of Ann’s letter, a moment before, flashed into her mind: she quickly connected it with the loss of the money, and it was on her very tongue’s end to mention it, when she thought, ‘I do not *know* that Ann is guilty; can it be right to throw suspicion upon her?’ and she checked herself before the words were uttered.

‘Do not distress yourself so much, Emma,’ said Mrs. Douglas kindly. ‘Your past good conduct will not go for nothing in this painful business. I do not wish to be unjust to any of you. At present, I can do nothing more; but I shall mention all to your master as soon as he comes in, and, I do not doubt, in time the guilty one will be found out, and the innocent cleared. I will only once more say, that whichever of you is guilty, every hour which goes by with your sin unconfessed, makes it worse.’

LESSON XLVIII.

THE TENTH COMMANDMENT.

GOVERNMENT OF THE DESIRES.

‘If we are to finish our story before I leave home, we must not waste time,’ said Miss Walton, as she entered the room, and found the girls standing round the table instead of being in their places. ‘You ought to be all in your places,’ she added.

The girls quickly seated themselves, while Ruth exclaimed,

‘I shall be so glad if you finish it before you go.’

‘It is a bad wind which blows nobody any good,’ said Miss Walton, smiling. ‘Our delayed journey will blow the end of the story to you.’

‘Yes,’ cried Ruth, in glee, ‘I thought it would; Margaret said it wouldn’t.’

‘It won’t now, if you don’t stop talking,’ said Margaret. ‘Do’e let us begin our lesson.’

They were now seated, and Miss Walton said,

‘Repeat the tenth commandment, Mary;’ she stood up and said,

‘Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour’s house; thou shalt not covet thy neighbour’s wife, nor his servant, nor his maid, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is his,’ and then sat down again.

‘Can any of you tell me what “to covet,” means?’ asked Miss Walton.

‘To desire earnestly,’ said Agnes.

‘Too long for,’ said Rose.

Miss W. Very good. And is 'to desire,' an action, or a word?

Some said 'Yes;' others said, 'No; a thought, a wish.'

Miss W. What did you say the ninth commandment directed?

Anna. Our words.

Miss W. And the others?

Several. Our actions.

Miss W. But this one directs our—?

'Thoughts and desires,' they all replied.

Miss W. You remember that we have seen how we may, *in thought*, break almost all the commandments, and that each of them forbids the sin of *thought* as well as act, but not in direct words like these; the tenth commandment deals *only* with—?

'Our desires,' said Margaret.

Miss W. Yes; it says nothing about our words, or actions, but goes to the root of the evil, and forbids ~~all~~ wrong desires. Do you remember, a few lessons ago, how we saw that, for the stream to be clear, what must first be purified?

Several. The fountain.

Miss W. And so, for our actions and words to be right, we must take heed to the thoughts and desires of the *heart*. Do you remember what God said of the heart of man before He destroyed the world by the flood?

Sarah. 'God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually.' (Gen. vi. 5.)

Miss W. And after the flood, what did He again say?

Several. 'The imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth.' (Chap. viii. 21.)

Miss W. And look what the prophet Jeremiah says of the sinfulness of our hearts. Jer. xvii. 9.

Harriet. 'The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked. Who can know it?'

Miss W. You have several times quoted to me our Saviour's words where He tells us that within, out of the heart of man, proceed evil thoughts, and every sinful word and deed. If our hearts are thus evil, what will our thoughts and desires be? See St. Matt. xv. 19. St. Mark, vii. 21-23.

Several. Evil, too.

Miss W. What, then, do evil words and evil actions begin with?

'Evil thoughts and desires,' said Margaret.

'Ann wished for the money before she took it,' said Sarah.

Miss W. Yes; if she had turned away from the covetous wish, what would she have been preserved from?

'Stealing the money,' said one or two.

Miss W. Do you remember the verse you quoted from St. James a few Sundays ago, describing the growth of sin?

After a moment's thought, Rose repeated, 'But every man is tempted, when he is drawn away of his own lust, and enticed. Then when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin; and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death.' (St. James, i. 14, 15.)

Miss W. The temptation, then, begins with—?

Several. A desire.

Miss W. Yes, therefore God gives us a special command to turn away from the sinful desire. Now, what are we particularly forbidden to covet or desire, in the tenth commandment?

All. Our neighbour's house, his wife, his servant, his maid, his ox, or his ass.

Miss W. And how does it conclude?

All. 'Or anything that is his.'

Miss W. Yes; we are told 'not to covet or desire

other men's goods.' What could lead us to do this? (The girls did not answer, and Miss Walton said again,) If we did not care about their goods, should we covet them?

'No, Ma'am,' they all replied.

Miss W. Then what makes us covet them?

All. Caring about them.

Miss W. Yes, loving them, setting our affections upon them. Therefore, what does St. John tell us not to love?

Agnes. 'Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world.' (1 St. John, ii. 15.)

Miss W. Love them not, and then you will not covet them when they belong to others. Look again at 1 Tim. vi. 9.

Bessie. 'They that *will be rich*, fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition.'

Miss W. If we set our hearts upon riches, if we desire them, we are led into hurtful lusts, into coveting other men's goods. Our Saviour taught us this by His warning after the request had been made, 'Lord, speak to my brother, that he divide the inheritance with me.' Do you remember what His answer was? See St. Luke, xii. 13-15.

Ruth. 'Man, who made Me a judge or a divider over you?'

Miss W. And, then, what warning did He give to those about Him?

Jane. 'He said unto them, Take heed, and beware of covetousness; for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.'

Miss W. Whether the inheritance ought, in justice, to have been divided, we are not told; but Christ, Who could look into the heart, saw there the too great love of riches, and therefore gave the warning, 'Take heed'—?

'And beware of covetousness,' they continued.

Miss W. Yes; for life consists not in having abundance of this world's goods. It is not upon them we must set our hearts. And then, to impress this lesson, He spake a parable, what was it?

The girls had their Bibles open, and replied, 'About the man whose ground brought forth so plentifully.'

Miss W. Yes; what did he feel about all his goods, his corn, and wine, and oil?

Agnes. He loved them.

Miss W. Yes; he set his heart upon them, and planned to build barns, and lay up his goods, for whose use?

Rose. His own. 'Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry.'

Miss W. Thus he showed his covetousness by laying up goods *for himself*—by *loving the riches which he possessed*. Was this the way the man showed his covetousness who asked that the inheritance should be divided?

Mary. No, but by wishing for what he had not got.

Miss W. Yes; but both proceeded from the same cause, 'love of riches.' He who had them *not*, wished for them; he who *had* them, laid them up for himself, forgetting that they belonged to God, and should have been given back to Him. How could they have been given back to God?

'By being given to the poor,' replied one or two.

Miss W. Quite right. They belonged to God, but the rich man covetously kept them for himself, intending to enjoy them for many years.

'But God would not let him,' said little Ruth.

Miss W. No; God called him to give an account of his covetousness. 'Take heed, therefore,' our Saviour says, 'and beware of covetousness; of loving riches, and other things of this world. What, too,

does St. Paul tell us to mortify, or make dead? Cbl. iii. 5.

Harriet. 'Mortify, therefore, your members which are upon the earth inordinate affection, evil concupiscence, and covetousness, which is idolatry.'

Miss W. That is, mortify too great love of earthly things, evil wishes, covetousness, or a setting of the heart on worldly riches and possessions instead of God. Look again at Heb. xiii. 5.

Jane. 'Let your conversation be without covetousness, and be content with such things as ye have.'

Miss W. Wish not with earnest wishes to increase your riches and possessions. Who does St. Paul tell us shall not inherit the kingdom of heaven?

Rose. 'Be not deceived, neither fornicators nor covetous shall inherit the kingdom of heaven.' (1 Cor. vi. 9, 10; see also Eph. v. 5.)

Miss W. Let us beware, then, of loving earthly goods, of desiring them too eagerly, setting our hearts upon them, or we shall be surely led on to wish for them when they belong to others. We have one or two fearful examples of covetousness in the Bible. You shall mention one from the Old Testament, and one from the New. Who was it that coveted the gifts which Naaman offered to Elisha?

Several. His servant Gehazi.

Miss W. Yes; he could not bear to see those things which he loved refused by his master. What did he determine to do?

Anna. To get them for himself.

Miss W. And to accomplish this, what did he do?

Several. He ran after Naaman, and pretended that his master had sent him.

Miss W. His love of riches made him covet those refused by Elisha, and to gratify his covetousness, he deceived Naaman; and then, as though he had been guilty of no sin, stood before his master. But what were Elisha's words?

Margaret. 'Went not mine heart with thee, when the man turned again from his chariot to meet thee? Is it a time to receive money, and to receive garments, and oliveyards, and vineyards, and sheep, and oxen, and menservants, and maidservants? The leprosy, therefore, of Naaman shall cleave unto thee, and to thy seed for ever.'

Miss W. Thus fearfully were his covetousness and deceit punished. And now can you tell me the New Testament example of one whose great sin was covetousness?

'Judas Iscariot,' said Mary.

Miss W. Yes; how did his love of riches first show itself?

Agnes. When Mary poured the ointment on Christ's feet.

Miss W. What does St. John tell us was his true reason for objecting?

Anna. 'Because he was a thief, and had the bag, and bare what was put therein.' (St. John, xii. 3-6.)

Miss W. What, then, had his love of riches already led him to do?

Rose. Steal the money of which he had the care.

Miss W. But it did not stop there. He failed in getting the money for the ointment, so what other plan did he adopt to enrich himself?

Several. He sold our Lord for thirty pieces of silver.

Miss W. Strong, indeed, must have been the covetousness which could lead him to such a fearful act of sin. But it teaches *us* to 'Take heed, and beware of covetousness,' lest it lead us into guilt as deep; lest we learn to covet our neighbour's wife, or his servant, or his maid, or his ox, or his ass, or anything that is his, and, like Judas and Gehazi, take means to gratify our wishes. Does any other command forbid us to covet our neighbour's wife?

Sarah. Yes, the seventh.

Miss W. Just so, though not in such direct words. It mentions the sinful act; but what do we know comes before the act?

Several. The sinful desire.

Miss W. Yes; therefore the sinful desire is forbidden in forbidding the sinful act, but because we so easily deceive ourselves, and might excuse ourselves, if we were not guilty of the act, God forbids even the—?

‘Desire,’ said one or two.

Miss W. Yes, we are not to covet our neighbour’s wife, or *any thing* that is his. Now I was one day standing just inside a shop door, when two little girls came up to the window, and began to look at the things. ‘Look at that pretty dress!’ cried one. What do you think the other answered?

‘I suppose she wished for it,’ said one or two.

Miss W. Yes. ‘How I wish it was mine!’ she answered; then they went on to look at ribbons, and flowers, and to admire, and then to wish for them. Now of what do you think those little girls were guilty?

Harriet. Coveting.

Miss W. I am very much afraid they were; and though it seems a little thing for a child to do, as though there could be no harm in just wishing for what is pretty in a shop window, it is really a temptation to be turned away from. Let us suppose one of these little girls had come into the shop and seen one of the ribbons lying on the counter, and no one looking at her, what might she have been tempted to do?

‘To take it,’ said one or two.

Miss W. What would have prepared her for such an act?

‘Wishing for it before,’ said several.

Miss W. Just so. The wish might have become so strong, as to lead on to stealing. I was told of

this being once the case with two boys who passing a tailor's shop, where ready-made clothes were hung out to view. Like these little girls, they stopped to look, and one waistcoat was particularly admired and wished for. The next day, they came again, the man was not in the shop, they thought one saw them, and the waistcoat was stolen.

'And were they seen?' asked the girls.

'I do not know whether they were seen,' said Walton, 'but they were found out through the pawnbrokers, if I remember rightly. When the boys got the waistcoat, they durst not wear it, and they contrived to pawn it, and then they were found and sent to prison. It was very sad to see them in court, for they did not look like boys accustomed to steal, and seemed ashamed of what they had done, though they tried to bear up bravely, and not to show any sign of fear.'

'Poor boys!' exclaimed the girls; 'I hope they were not sent to prison for long.'

'I don't remember for how long,' said Miss Walton; 'but now I would have you think for yourself. *You* are never guilty of coveting what belongs to your neighbours. Have you never done the same as those little girls did?'

'Yes, often,' replied two or three; 'but I thought there was any harm in it.'

'It is putting yourselves in the way of temptation,' said Miss Walton; 'and, of course, if you wish earnestly for what you see in the shop window, your wish itself is wrong. And when we gave away prizes at Christmas, were there no covetous thoughts about each other's prizes? Did none of you wish for what belonged to another? (The girls did not answer; indeed, Miss Walton did not wish for an answer; she only wished them to think for themselves.) And what makes children steal *any* prizes (she asked,) if they did not care for them, *if* they steal them?' .

‘No, Ma’am; they wish for them first,’ said Margaret.

Miss W. Yes; and generally a child wishes for a long time before she ventures to steal; perhaps has watched them till they ripened, and thought over them, how good they would be. What would have saved her from the sin of stealing them?

‘Not wishing for them,’ said several.

Miss W. Not indulging the wish, you should say. A child naturally likes, and wishes for fruit; but when it belongs to others you must not *indulge* the wish; or of what are you guilty?

All. Coveting our neighbour’s goods.

Miss W. But we learn something more of our duty to our neighbour from this command,—what is it? ‘Not to covet nor desire other men’s goods, &c.’—?

‘To learn and labour truly to get mine own living, and to do my duty in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call me,’ they all repeated.

Miss W. All the commandments referring to our neighbour, teach us this in their measure, but perhaps none so plainly as the tenth. What do you mean by that ‘state of life’ unto which God calls us?

After a moment’s thought, Margaret asked, ‘Please, Ma’am, does it mean the ‘station of life’?

Miss W. Yes, Margaret, the position or station of life in which we are placed. God calls some to labour with their hands, others with their minds. Some are called to authority and rule; others are to obey and serve. Now, *whatever* may be *our* state in life, what are we to try and do?

‘Our duty in it,’ said several.

Miss W. Yes, *in it*; not discontentedly, seeking to change it; not making it our object to reach some other state, but contentedly doing our duty where God has placed us. Look what St. Paul says, in Tim. vi. 6. 8.

Bessie. 'Godliness, with *contentment*, is great gain. For we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. And having food and raiment, *let us be therewith content.*

Miss W. It may sometimes please God to call us from a low to a high state, but we should not set before us, as our chief object, to rise in life, but rather to do our duty where God has placed us. How does St. Paul go on? You have quoted the verse before.

Several. 'They that *will be rich*, fall into temptation, and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts.'

Miss W. That is, those who make it their object in life to be rich, and to raise themselves, rather than to do their duty in the state in which God has placed them, or to which He may call them. You may still read the 10th and 11th verses.

Anna. 'The love of money is the root of all evil: which while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows. But thou, O man of God, flee these things.'

Miss W. What lesson of content did St. Paul say he had learned?

Ruth. 'I have learned, in *whatsoever state I am*, therewith to be content.' (Phil. iv. 11.)

Miss W. And this is what we must learn. If we are thus content, shall we wish for what belongs to others?

Rose. No, we shall be satisfied with what we've got.

Miss W. Just so; and then we shall not wish for more, especially for what belongs to others. Then the commandment which forbids us to covet our neighbour's goods, teaches us—?

Several. 'To learn and labour truly to get mine own living, and to do my duty in that state of life *unto which it shall please God to call me.*'

Miss W. We know not, from day to day, to what God may call us hereafter, but, in our present state, what must we try to do?

Several. Our duty.

Miss W. What is *your* present duty, as girls living at home?

‘To work for father and mother,’ said one or two.

Miss W. And do you know what you may be called to in after life?

‘No, Ma’am,’ said some; and others replied,

‘We don’t think about it.’

Miss W. It is better you should not trouble yourselves about it, but wait and see to what God will incline you as you grow up. But some, I fear, *do* think too much about it, and are discontented with home, and wish great things for themselves. But look what God says to such. Jer. xlv. 5.

Jane. ‘Seekest thou great things for thyself? *Seek them not.*’

Miss W. It is far better you should be content where God has placed you, than be wishing to get free from your parents, and to be ‘doing for yourselves.’

‘But please, Ma’am, we must do for ourselves *somewhere,*’ said Sarah.

Miss W. Yes, Sarah. But as children, God has placed you under your parents, or those who stand in their place, and your *present* duty is to submit and work for them, and not to be discontented with your position at home, and *be striving to get free before your parents are willing for you to do so,*—to be independent of them. One perhaps wishes to go to service, another to be a dress maker, another to go into a shop; and if you are patient and submissive, perhaps in time your wishes may be gratified. But, at present, what did you say is your duty?

Anna. To work for our parents.

Miss W. And who has placed you in that position?

All. God.

Miss W. And must you be discontented with the state in which He has placed you?

Margaret. No, but do our duty in it.

Miss W. Yes; then as you grow up, and your parents wish you to go out, and God calls you to another state, you will be better able to do your duty in it too. *Those best do their duty in after life, who do it at home as children.* And now, once more. If we would not covet our neighbour's goods, what must we learn to do ourselves?

Rose. To labour.

Miss W. Whatever our state of life may be, labour of one sort or another is our duty.

'Please, Ma'am, fine ladies don't labour,' said Bessie.

Miss W. What do you mean by 'fine ladies,' Bessie?

'Why, Ma'am, most ladies that you see; ladies that have plenty of money,' she replied.

Miss W. There you are mistaken, Bessie; even those whom you call 'fine ladies,' have their labour, or their work to do. They have to guide their houses, look after their servants, letters of business to write. *All* have their work to do. But I think we need not trouble ourselves with what may be the work of 'fine ladies,' but with our own. Look how St. Paul bids all to do their appointed work. 2 Thess. iii. 10-12.

Harriet. 'Even when we were with you, this we commanded you, that if any would not work, neither should he eat. For we hear that there are some which walk among you disorderly, working not at all, but are busybodies. Now, them that are such, we command and exhort by our Lord Jesus Christ, that with *quietness they work*, and eat their own bread.' (See also 1 Thess. iv. 11, 12.)

Miss W. Yes, not coveting and using other people's bread, but quietly working for their own. Your work, at present, you tell me, is to labour for your parents. What sort of things have you to do?

The girls smiled, while they replied,

'Oh, sometimes one thing, sometimes another. Needle-work and gloving, mostly.'

'Then we scrub the floors sometimes, and wash the potatoes, and things the like of that,' added Harriet.

Miss W. Just so; those are the things I want you to mention, for it is those very little things which God appoints for you. It is the labour you must learn to do. And how are you to labour?

Several. Truly.

Miss W. Yes, industriously, heartily, with goodwill; and now, before finishing our lesson, can you give me some verses which teach you thus to labour?

Mary. 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest.' (Eccles. ix. 10; see also Rom. xii. 17; Eph. iv. 28; 1 Tim. v. 8.)

Miss W. That is a very good quotation, Mary. And how does St. Paul tell us to do *all* that we do?

Ruth. 'Whatsoever ye do, in word or deed, do all in the Name of the Lord Jesus.' (Col. iii. 7.)

Miss W. Thus we must learn truly and heartily to labour, whether our work be to scrub floors, or sew with the needle and thread, or to nurse the baby, or to exert the mind in reading, or writing, and learning. All must be done heartily, as to God, and each must strive to do her *own appointed work*, and not be wishing for, and striving after, any other state of life than that in which God has placed her.

'Now I will go on with my story,' said Miss Walton, opening her book.

EMMA HINDE, (*Continued.*)

On her husband's return that afternoon, to dinner, Mrs. Douglas told him the history of the half-sovereign, and its sudden disappearance.

'Certainly,' he said, 'the servant you left in the room seems to have been the only one who *could* have touched it; the others did not even know of its being there.'

'Ann may have seen it when she called me to the poor woman,' returned Mrs. Douglas, 'and *could* have gone into the room while I was weighing the powders; but I am not willing to suspect her. Yet I *cannot* bring myself to suspect Emma, she has always been so "true and just" in all her dealings.'

'I will question them all after dinner, and see what *I* can make of their different accounts,' replied her husband.

During dinner poor Emma looked very unhappy, and the blush rose more quickly than usual to her cheeks, especially when her master first spoke to her; so much as to make him remark, 'If I didn't know that Emma always blushed, I should feel inclined to think it a sign of conscious guilt; and her voice quite trembled as she answered my question about the letters.'

'Poor girl! she is very unhappy, I am sure,' returned Mrs. Douglas; 'and I fear it will be impossible to clear her.'

As soon as dinner was over, Mr. Douglas first called Emma, and certainly her trembling voice and flushed cheeks and frightened manner told against her, though her master tried to speak as kindly as he could.

'I am uncomfortable about Emma,' he said to his wife. 'Why does she flush so at every word she *says*?'

‘She always does,’ replied Mrs. Douglas; ‘you must not judge from that.’

‘Well, I hope you may be right, but I certainly feel that it goes against her,’ replied Mr. Douglas.

The other two were then questioned, and when Ann found herself before her master, her knees quite trembled under her, though she contrived to *show* less fear than Emma. But, alas! the falsehoods came more easily than in the morning, and she felt more secure of not being found out, as the half-sovereign had gone off by that day’s post to her mother.

All Mr. Douglas’s questioning, however, was in vain, and there seemed to be no means of finding out the truth.

Emma had indeed debated with herself many times whether she should mention the begging letter Ann had received that morning; but before she went to Mr. Douglas, she had made up her mind she would not. It might be throwing false suspicion, she thought; and it did not seem right to betray what had been told her in confidence, even though it might be the means of diverting the suspicion from herself.

‘We can but leave it,’ said Mr. Douglas, ‘for it would be no use searching. Even if a half-sovereign were found upon any of them, we could not prove that it was the lost one. In time the guilty one will be found out, I do not doubt, and you must be on your guard with them all.’

‘I cannot bear to be obliged to be suspicious,’ said Mrs. Douglas. ‘It is most painful to me.’

Painful as it was, Mrs. Douglas felt it only right to be watchful, both that the innocent might be cleared, and the guilty be punished. She was more careful to keep things locked up, and not to leave her keys about; but, of course, much had to be trusted to Emma, and, as formerly, everything of which she had the care, was *safe*, and in a hundred little ways.

she showed the same upright dealing as formerly. Of course Mrs. Douglas saw more of her than of the others, and, therefore, had more opportunity of seeing her strict honesty, as well as of detecting anything like dishonesty. Several times after this sad affair, when she went into her bed-room, she saw that Emma had evidently been crying, and once she found her in tears, and, after some persuasion, drew from her the cause.

‘Please, Ma’am, cook is always saying that I stole the half-sovereign, and that I shall be found out some day, and things like that; and indeed, Ma’am, it is very hard to bear, when I know that I am innocent.’

‘Better be accused falsely than truly, Emma; but, indeed, this is very wrong. I shall speak to cook.’

‘Oh! please, Ma’am, don’t!’ she exclaimed; ‘that would be worse than anything. I should never hear the end of it; they would say I had been telling tales.’

After some consideration, and more talk with Emma, Mrs. Douglas promised not to say anything; but this conversation with her, and the humbled spirit she showed, more than ever convinced Mrs. Douglas of her innocence. About this time, too, Mrs. Douglas was made uncomfortable by the food, both meat and bread, going much faster than she thought it ought to have done; but there was no proof of anything dishonest, and when she spoke to the cook, the only reply was,

‘That some people had good appetites. But she was sure, to her knowledge, nothing went out of the house.’

Soon after this, Mrs. Douglas was confined, and after the monthly nurse left, Emma had the care of the baby, and ceased to sit in her mistress’s bed-room. She made a tidy, careful little nurse, and it was with the most perfect confidence that Mrs.

Douglas gave her directions about the baby ; for she knew that the very smallest order would be attended to, and as much care taken in her absence as when she was present. Emma, too, seemed very happy, and the stolen money was forgotten, when one day Mrs. Douglas missed a ruby ring, which she felt sure she had left on the ring-stand when she went out. Search was made in every direction, but the ring was never found again, and Mrs. Douglas persuaded herself she could not have taken it off before going out, and must have pulled it off with her glove, and so lost it. After this, however, there were constantly little things missing, and Mrs. Douglas could no longer have any doubt that some one was dishonest. It was still the rule that nobody but Emma should go to Mrs. Douglas's room, which was next to the nursery, except that Ann now helped in making the bed, and occasionally dusted.

At length things came to a crisis, for a new pair of gloves, and some ribbon, both disappeared out of Mrs. Douglas's drawer, and Mr. Douglas insisted upon the boxes and drawers of the servants being searched. Nothing was found in the cook's, or Ann's, but hardly had Emma begun to turn out the things from her box, which stood in a closet in the nursery, than out came a parcel, containing both the gloves and ribbon, and several other lost things.

Emily looked aghast, and exclaimed,

‘Indeed, Ma’am, I know nothing about them!’

Mrs. Douglas turned away in despair. What could she do? There was no proof against either of the others; there, before her eyes, from Emma's trunk, were the lost things! But, on the other hand, would Emma have gone so willingly to her trunk if she had known they were there? Could she be both dishonest and so boldly deceitful?

‘She must leave us,’ said Mr. Douglas. ‘You

cannot, in justice to the others, keep her, though you may think her innocent.'

Accordingly, Mrs. Douglas, though with great reluctance, told her she must leave.

'I am exceedingly grieved, Emma, and I do not even now say you are guilty, but it is only your past good conduct which makes me doubt it now.'

'Indeed, indeed, Ma'am, I'm not,' replied Emma, with tears; 'and one day I'm sure my innocence will be proved.'

'Nobody will be more glad than I, when it is,' said Mrs. Douglas; 'and I shall be both willing and glad to have you back.'

'Please, Ma'am, may I ask one great favour,' said Emma; 'that you will not mention the cause of my leaving, at present? I shall not go out to service again for some time, so that I shall not have to ask you for a character, and perhaps the truth will be known before very long.'

To this Mrs. Douglas willingly consented, but soon found that the other servants, she supposed, took every pains to spread the report, so that even by the next day, it was known among all the neighbours, and when Emma went out, she was pointed at as the thief.

The poor girl was almost broken-hearted. That evening she was to go home. Ann had asked for the day out, and was to be back at six o'clock, just before Emma was to leave. Mrs. Hinde had come for her daughter, and was both grieved and angry at the charge.

Not one of her's had ever wronged a person of a pin, and very sure she was that Emma was as innocent as the baby. 'You are taking my girl's character away,' she said; 'and she shall never come back here.'

'Oh, Mother! don't say that,' exclaimed Emma; 'Mrs. Douglas has been kind to me from the hour I

entered her house, and what else can she do now, when all goes against me? How could she keep me, after the things being found in my box?

As she said this, there was a loud rapping at the back door, and the next moment Ann was carried in by two men, and laid helpless on the kitchen floor.

‘She was crossing the road,’ said one of the men, ‘without looking where she was going; the coach suddenly turned the corner, the leading horse knocked her down, and the coach must have gone pretty well over her.’

She was removed to bed, and the surgeon instantly sent for, but it was many hours before Ann came to her senses, and the first word she uttered was,

‘Emma, Emma, oh! where is Emma?’

‘She is here,’ said Mrs. Douglas; for no sooner did Emma see what had happened, than she begged to stay, if it was but for that one night, to nurse poor Ann.

‘She has not gone, then?’ murmured Ann. ‘Don’t send her away, I did it all.’

‘Thank God that the truth is known!’ exclaimed Mrs. Douglas, ‘though at such a cost.’

‘I did it all,’ gasped Ann again. ‘I took the money; I took the ring.’

‘We will hear more when you are better,’ said Mrs. Douglas; ‘you must not talk now, Ann.’

‘Yes, I must, I must,’ she almost shouted; ‘I can’t bear it,’ and she shuddered.

Again Mrs. Douglas tried to calm her, and persuade her to wait until she was more able to tell, promising her forgiveness; but in vain.

‘I shall die without telling all; oh, listen now, while I can speak.’ And then she went on to tell, sometimes hurriedly, sometimes so low as hardly to be heard, sometimes calmly, sometimes most excitedly, how, when she first came, she had seen the cook give away food, and though she felt it wrong,

was silent; how she had, by degrees, thought less and less about it, and then helped to steal wine, and fruit, and then,

‘Came the letter from Mother,’ she said, ‘asking for money, and I saw the change lying on the table, and I wished for it, and I thought about it, and then I took it. At first I intended to pay it back, but the cook laughed at me, and I found you didn’t think it was me, and I cared less about it; and I went on taking other things, till, one day, I saw the ring. I thought it so beautiful. I took it in my hand when I was dusting the room, and examined it, and when I was at my work it came into my mind very often. I told cook about it, and said I wished it was mine. She said, if I would steal it, she would take care it was kept safely for me. I would not do it at first; I hadn’t come to that, then, but I kept thinking about it; and then I told George about it, and he persuaded me; and I slipped into the room when you were out, and Emma was singing to the baby, and I took it, and gave it to the cook, and she promised to see it in a safe place for me, where it wouldn’t be found out; and I got bolder and bolder, and took many little things, and gave them to the cook, and she gave me money for them; but I didn’t know what she did with them. The last things I took were the gloves and ribbon, and I don’t know how they got into Emma’s box. I gave them to the cook; I suppose she put them there. I wanted to say something when I found Emma was going away, but she wouldn’t let me. She threatened to tell of all I had stolen if I said a word, if I didn’t pretend to think Emma was guilty.’

She uttered these last words with difficulty, and then, overcome by the exertion, fainted away.

‘I have now read enough to be able to finish next *Sunday*, so you must go, girls,’ said Miss Walton.

‘Poor Emma! I’m so glad she was cleared,’ cried half-a-dozen, after listening breathlessly to what Miss Walton had read.

‘But how dreadful of Ann!’ exclaimed Agnes.

‘She is, indeed, a warning to all, to turn from covetous desires,’ said Miss Walton. ‘How, in her case, a mere thought seems to have grown into a desire, and the desire indulged, grew stronger, until it, led her both to stealing and false witnessing.’ As Miss Walton said this, she rose from her seat again, saying,

‘But, indeed, you must go home, girls, you can think over the lesson the story teaches you, by yourselves.’

LESSON XLIX.

OUR DUTY TO OUR NEIGHBOUR.

‘WELL, I suppose Mr. and Miss Walton will *really* go to-morrow,’ said Anna. ‘Won’t they, Rose?’

‘I suppose they will; they intend to go,’ replied Rose. ‘The Fly is ordered.’

‘Well, it will be strange without them!’ exclaimed Margaret. ‘I don’t know how I shall feel.’

‘And we have to teach the lower classes,’ said Anna. ‘I don’t like that at all!’

‘I don’t like it either,’ said Margaret, ‘but I suppose we must do it.’

‘I’ll teach them sometimes, if you like,’ said Rose. ‘I’m used to them on week-days.’

‘Yes, that’s the reason Miss Walton didn’t ask you, I suppose,’ said Margaret. ‘You get enough of it;’ adding, in a moment, in a cheerful tone, ‘But it’s no use thinking it a trouble. *We* were little once, and had to spell every word, and somebody taught us.’

‘That’s one way of comforting yourself,’ said Anna, laughing; ‘but perhaps that “somebody” thought it a great trouble.’

‘But we shouldn’t have liked them not to teach us, for all that,’ said Rose.

‘No; and Mother would say, “Do to others as you’d have others do to you;” and so I’ll teach the *resome* little things,’ said Margaret, laughing.

'Who are "tiresome little things"?' asked Ruth, joining the party, along with Agnes and Harriet, at that moment.

'You, to be sure!' answered Margaret.

'I'm not little,' said Ruth, 'and I'm not tiresome either,' she added, laughing, whatever 'you may think.'

'You not little!' exclaimed Margaret, catching her up in her arms. 'I could carry you like a baby.'

'Because you are such a great strong thing!' said Ruth, still laughing, and struggling to be free; and then, running up to Agnes's side, she stretched herself up, saying,

'Look how much taller I am than she is!'

'Oh! as to Agnes, she's no height at all, and she's as thin as a bodkin too!'

'Come, let us be going up to the Vicarage, it must be time,' said Rose.

'Ah!' exclaimed Ruth, 'Miss Walton will finish her story, after all, Margaret! She'll finish it to-day, and then she and Mr. Walton may go! We don't want them any more!'

'Don't make yourself too sure; supposing she's lost the book!' answered Margaret.

'Supposing she hasn't!' returned Ruth.

'Ruth, how tiresome you are! Can't you be quiet? You've done nothing but talk nonsense since you joined us,' said Rose.

'Well! and if I have, are we never to talk nonsense?' asked Ruth. 'No, of course not,' she answered herself. 'We must always walk stiff and straight like this, and look prim,' and she drew her shawl around her, held herself up, and walked along in a very stately manner.

Rose could not help laughing, though she again exclaimed,

'Do be quiet, can't you?'

Ruth, however, couldn't be quiet, and in another

moment had jumped upon Margaret's back, exclaiming,

'You said I was as light as a baby, you may carry me up the hill.'

'Thank you,' replied Margaret, 'but I'd rather not carry even a baby up this hill;' while Rose again exclaimed pettishly,

'Get down, Ruth, will you? I wish you would be quiet.'

Ruth jumped down, and Margaret called out,

'Here, Anna, join hands, the way Miss Walton showed us, and we'll carry her up the hill;' and they took hold of each other's wrists, and formed a square seat, on which they wanted Rose to set Ruth; but no, Rose wouldn't, 'It was such nonsense.' So they stooped down, and Ruth, putting one arm round each of their necks, in high glee, contrived to seat herself, and was borne in triumph up the hill. Suddenly she saw Mr. Walton in his garden, and cried out,

'Oh! put me down! put me down! there's Mr. Walton!'

'Oh! we can't possibly put you down,' answered Margaret, teasing her; 'we'll take you up, and show you to Mr. Walton.'

'No, dont'e! dont'e!' she cried, half in play, and half in earnest; but the earnest seemed to prevail, and Margaret at once stopped, and set her down.

'There!' she said, 'you are on your own legs again; but why were you so frightened of Mr. Walton's seeing you?'

'Oh! I don't know; it must have looked so funny!' answered Ruth, as she skipped forward, and opened the garden gate.

When they were once seated in the parlour, Ruth grew quiet, and was looking demure enough when Miss Walton entered, and at once began the lesson, all the girls having arrived. Miss Walton made

them repeat from the fifth to the tenth commandment, and then said,

‘I have questioned you over each commandment separately, and we have seen what part of our duty to our neighbour each one especially teaches. But now, can you tell me which clause, in the answer to the question, “What is thy duty to thy neighbour?” sums them all up?’

‘The first, said Rose, repeating, ‘My duty to my neighbour, is to love him as myself; and to do to all men as I would they should do unto me.’

Miss W. Yes; taken altogether, this is the sum of what they teach us to *love*—?

‘Our neighbour as ourselves,’ they all replied.

Miss W. Yes, and to do as we would be done by. They teach us what our *feelings* are to be, and what *actions* are to be. How are we to *feel* to our neighbours?

‘Love,’ said one or two.

Miss W. And how are we to act towards them?

Several. ‘As we would they should do unto us.’

Miss W. In other words, we learn to behave with *charity* and *justice*. What is the fulfilling of the first precept of the law?

Agnes. Love to God.

Miss W. Yes; the first of all the commandments—?

Margaret. ‘Hear, O Israel; the Lord thy God is the Lord: and thou shalt *love* the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength; this is the first commandment.’ (St. Mark, xii. 29, 30.)

Miss W. This is the first and great commandment; but we must not stop here. ‘The second is like unto it, namely this’—?

‘Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself,’ they answered.

Miss W. We must go on from the first to—?

‘The second,’ said Ruth.

Miss W. And unless we *do*, our love to God cannot be real. Thus St. John teaches us. Look at 1 St. John, iii. 10.

Margaret. ‘In this the children of God are manifest, and the children of the devil. Whosoever doeth not righteousness, is not of God; *neither he that loveth not his brother.*’

Miss W. And in chap. iv. 20, 21.

Jane. ‘If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar: for he that loveth not his brother, whom he hath seen, how can he love God, Whom he hath not seen. And this commandment have we from Him, *That he who loveth God, love his brother also.*’

Miss W. We must manifest, or show forth, our love to God by—?

‘Our love to our neighbour,’ replied Sarah.

Miss W. Look what St. John says again, chap. iii. 17.

Bessie. ‘Whoso hath this world’s good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?’

Miss W. You may turn to Exod. xxviii. and you will then see how the dress of the Priest, as it were, typified this; read verses 36–38.

Sarah. ‘And thou shalt make a plate of pure gold, and grave upon it HOLINESS TO THE LORD. And thou shalt put it on a blue lace, that it may be upon the mitre; upon the forefront of the mitre it shall be. *And it shall be upon Aaron’s forehead.*’

Miss W. Do you know what the mitre is?

‘Yes, Ma’am, it’s a crown that bishops used to wear,’ said Rose.

‘I mind Mr. Walton’s showing us the bishop, in

indow at Wilbury church, with a mitre on,'
 na.

s *W.* You are quite right; it is a crown for
 ad of bishops; and you see it was ordered to
 on first by—?

ron,' they all replied, 'the high-priest.'

s *W.* And what was to be written upon it?

eral. 'HOLINESS TO THE LORD.'

s *W.* Yes, the high-priest was to carry the
 of God upon his *head*; but now look at verses
 9, 10, and 12.

eral. 'And they shall make the ephod of gold,
 ie, and of purple, of scarlet and fine twined
 with cunning work. It shall have the two
 ler pieces thereof joined at the two edges
 f. . . . And thou shalt take two onyx stones,
 rave on them the names of the children of
 : six of their names on one stone, and the other
 mes of the rest on the other stone, according
 ir birth. . . . And thou shalt put the two stones
 the shoulders of the ephod . . . and Aaron shall
 heir names before the Lord, *upon his two shoul-*
 for a memorial.'

s *W.* Where, then, were the names of the
 en of Israel to be?

eral. On his shoulders.

s *W.* Yes, God's Name on his head, theirs on
 eastplate and shoulders, teaching us that the
 and fearful Name of God 'must be in the high-
 ace; the love supereminent we bear to It; and
 for God's sake, it must descend to our neigh-
 as the breastplate and shoulders.* And what
 e told of the oil poured on Aaron's head?

ry. That it 'ran down unto the beard: even
 Aaron's beard; and went down to the skirts of
 ething.' (Psalm cxxxiii. 2.)

s Nicholson's Exposition of the Catechism on the Second
 of the Law.

Miss W. So must it be with love; beginning with God, Who is the head, it must descend to—?

‘Our neighbours,’ said Agnes.

Miss W. Yes, to the very skirts; and it will reach first those who are akin to us. Who are they?

‘Our parents, and brothers, and sisters,’ replied Anna.

Miss W. Yes; and then it will further drop upon those who live near us, and all those with whom we have to do, our fellow-townspeople, and fellow-countrymen; but must it stop even there?

‘No, it must go on to the whole world, to everybody,’ said Agnes.

Miss W. Just so; to the very skirts of the clothing. And *how* are we told we must love our neighbour?

‘As ourselves,’ they all answered.

Miss W. That is, with the *same kind of love*, with the same sincerity and earnestness with which we love ourselves. Look how St. Peter bids us love one another. 1 St. Pet. i. 22.

Harriet. ‘See that ye love one another with a pure heart, fervently.’

Miss W. Even as we would love ourselves. And again, Rom. xii. 9.

Bessie. ‘Let love be without dissimulation.’

Miss W. That is, without falsehood or pretence. We do not pretend to love ourselves; we really do it; (though it does not always lead us to act rightly, even towards ourselves,) so we must really love—whom?

All. Our neighbour.

Miss W. Are we thus bid to love our neighbour in the Bible? Look at Lev. xix. 18.

Ruth. ‘Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself: I am the Lord.’

Miss W. And what was the new commandment which Christ gave His disciples?

Mary. 'A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another, as I have loved you; that ye also love one another.' (St. John, xiii. 34.)

Miss W. And does He repeat it again?

Anna. Yes; 'This is My commandment, That ye love one another, as I have loved you.' (Chap. xv. 12. See also 1 St. John, iii. 11.)

Miss W. He loved us more even than He loved Himself, for He laid down His life for our sakes; therefore higher even than the measure of self-love, is the measure of His new command of love,—Love even as—?

'I have loved you,' said Agnes.

Miss W. And how are we told all the law is fulfilled?

Rose. In one word, even in this: 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.' (Gal. v. 14.)

Miss W. How does St. Paul explain this in his Epistle to the Romans, chap. xiii. 8–10?

Margaret. 'Owe no man anything, but to love one another: for he that loveth another, hath fulfilled the law. For this, Thou shalt not commit adultery, Thou shalt not kill, Thou shalt not steal, Thou shalt not bear false witness, Thou shalt not covet; and if there be any other commandment, it is briefly comprehended in this saying, namely, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. Love worketh no ill to his neighbour: therefore love is the fulfilling of the law.'

Miss W. Love is the fulfilling of the law—why?

Several. 'Because love worketh no ill to his neighbour.'

Miss W. Can you give me another word for this love?

'Charity,' said Rose.

Miss W. Where does St. Paul describe charity?

'In the thirteenth of the first of Corinthians,' said several.

Miss W. Let us turn to that chapter, and see how this charity works no ill to his neighbour, and is, therefore, the fulfilling of the law. What does he first say of charity?

Several. 'Charity suffereth long, and is kind.'

Miss W. How did you say we break the sixth command as well as by actual murder?

'By being angry without a cause,' said some.

'By hurting our neighbour by thought, word, or deed,' said Margaret.

Miss W. But is charity soon angry?

Mary. No, it suffers long.

Miss W. And will it hurt others?

Several. No, it is kind.

Miss W. And, further on, we are told that charity is not easily provoked, not soon angry. Then what is further said of charity, after saying it is kind?

All. 'Charity envieth not.'

Miss W. What do you mean by 'envying'?

'Being vexed at another's good,' said Rose.

Miss W. And if we envy others, it is generally because we wish for the good ourselves. Which command forbids us to do this?

Anna. The tenth.

Miss W. But does charity covet and desire other men's goods?

Several. No, it envieth not.

Miss W. Again, what is the sum of what we learn by the fifth command?

Sarah. 'To order myself lowly and reverently to all my betters.'

Miss W. And what is it that leads us to rebel against authority?

'Pride,' said Margaret.

'Thinking highly of ourselves, is it not?' said Miss Walton; 'but what are we told of charity?'

'Charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,' said *Mary*.

Miss W. Then charity would lead us to love, honour—?

‘And succour my father and mother; to honour and obey the queen, and all that are put in authority under her; to submit myself to all my governors, teachers, spiritual pastors and masters; and to order myself lowly and reverently to all my betters,’ continued Harriet.

Miss W. Yes, because charity thinks lowly of itself, ‘vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up.’ And what does the seventh command teach us?

‘Not to commit adultery,’ said Bessie.

‘To keep my body in temperance, soberness, and chastity,’ said Sarah.

Miss W. And what are we told of the behaviour of charity?

All. It doth not behave itself unseemly.

Miss W. Yes; will do nothing impure, indecent, intemperate, unchaste. Again, why do people steal?

‘To get the things themselves,’ said Jane.

Miss W. Yes, to benefit themselves, as they think. Are people untrue and unjust in their dealings merely for the pleasure of being so?

Rose. No, but to gain something by it.

Miss W. Yes, to seek their own imaginary profit; but what does St. Paul say of charity?

Jane. ‘Charity seeketh not her own.’

Miss W. Therefore charity will lead us to keep our hands—?

‘From picking and stealing,’ said Harriet.

‘And to be true and just in all our dealings,’ added Rose.

Miss W. And what more are we told of this divine charity?

Several. It ‘is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil.’

Miss W. What makes us speak evil of our neighbour?

Mary. Thinking evil.

Miss W. If we never thought evil, we should never—?

‘Speak evil,’ said Anna.

‘And which commandment forbids us to speak evil?’ asked Miss Walton.

All. The ninth, ‘Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.’

Miss W. Charity, then, which thinketh no evil, teaches us to keep our tongue—?

‘From evil speaking, lying, and slandering,’ answered Ruth.

Miss W. Yes, which proceed from evil thoughts. We think evil of our neighbours, and then we slander them; but charity—?

‘Thinketh no evil; is not easily provoked,’ said Margaret.

Miss W. Then St. Paul goes on to say that charity—?

All. ‘Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.’

Miss W. It beareth evil *from* others, it believeth good *of* others, it hopeth for the best, instead of condemning freely, and it endureth all that God is pleased to appoint. And thus it teaches us to learn—?

‘And labour truly to get our own living, and do our duty in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call us,’ they all continued.

Miss W. Yes; whatever that state may be, whatever may be its troubles or trials, whatever the treatment we may receive from others, as St. Paul learned. Look at Phil. iv. 11, 12.

Bessie. ‘I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content. I know both how to be abased, and how to abound; everywhere, and in all things, I am instructed both to be full, and to be
7; both to abound, and to suffer need.’

Miss W. And look again at 1 Cor. iv. 11–13.

Sarah. ‘Even unto this present hour we both hunger and thirst, and are naked, and are buffeted, and have no certain dwelling-place; and labour, working with our hands: being reviled, we bless: being persecuted, we suffer it: being defamed, we entreat: we are made as the filth of the world, and are the offscouring of all things, unto this day.’

Miss W. Thus we see charity not only kind, and true, and just to others, but bearing all things, enduring all things; and thus we see that ‘love is’—?

‘The fulfilling of the law,’ continued one or two.

Miss W. In drawing out how love is the fulfilling of the law, we have run into the second lesson which we learn from these commandments. What is it?

Several. To do to all men as I would they should do unto me.’

Miss W. Yes, we cannot separate love to our neighbour and justice to them. *If* we love them as ourselves, we shall—?

‘Do to them as we would they should do to us,’ continued Rose.

Miss W. Are we ever told in the Bible that this is to be the rule of our actions?

Margaret. Yes, by Christ Himself. ‘All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them; for this is the law and the prophets.’ (St. Matt. vii. 12; also St. Luke, vi. 31.)

Miss W. We must manifest, or show forth, our love to God by love to our neighbours; and how must we manifest our love to our neighbours?

Mary. By being kind to them.

Miss W. Yes, by our actions towards them. And the *kind* of love we give them is to be the same as we—?

‘Give to ourselves,’ said Anna.

Miss W. And the rule for our actions is to be—?

‘As we would they should act to us,’ said Agnes.

Miss W. Should we like others to disobey us, or steal from us, or speak evil of us, or covet our goods?

‘No, Ma’am,’ they all answered.

Miss W. Therefore—?

‘We must not do it to them,’ they all continued.

Miss W. And we like people to be kind and forbearing to us. What, therefore, must we be?

‘Kind and forbearing to them,’ replied Ruth.

Miss W. How does St. James describe pure religion?

Anna. Pure religion, and undefiled before God and the Father, is this, *To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.* (St. James, i. 27.)

Miss W. Yes, to show kindness and compassion to others. What will be the fault found with those on the left hand at the Day of Judgment?

Sarah. ‘I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me not in: naked, and ye clothed me not: sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not.’ (St. Matt. xxv. 42, 43.)

Miss W. We see, then, that not only must we abstain from doing injury to our neighbours, but must—?

‘Do them good,’ replied three or four.

Miss W. Yes, as we would they should do good to us. Now, when you are playing together, girls, do you always all wish for the same games of play?

‘No, Ma’am,’ they replied, ‘hardly ever.’

Miss W. And is it not pleasant to have the game you like best?

All. Yes, Ma’am.

Miss W. But can all be gratified?

‘No, we can only play at one game at once,’ they answered.

Miss W. Then how does this rule teach us to act?

‘To give up our own will,’ answered Margaret.

Miss W. Why?

‘Because we should like others to give up to us,’ said Anna.

Miss W. So about your reading, your places in school, the direction of your walks, how will you act?

‘Try to please others,’ they replied.

Miss W. Yes; if you all did this, how much more happiness there would be among you; how many angry words, and unkind feelings, it would prevent. It is in little things, far more than in great ones, that you show true love to your fellow-creatures, and have opportunities of doing to them as you would be done by. It is only now and then we can make great sacrifices. Now, the last time we all walked out together, I wonder whether you remember how much you failed in this?

‘Please, Ma’am, you mean about the little children,’ said Anna.

Miss W. Yes; when you were playing at ‘Thread-your-needle,’ what did you want to do?

‘To turn them all out, they ran so slowly,’ said Harriet.

Miss W. But would any of you have liked to be turned out?

Several. No, Ma’am.

Miss W. I am afraid it is towards little ones, more than towards each other, that you fail in love, and, therefore, in doing as you would be done by. When you have the care of your younger brothers and sisters, what should you do?

‘Try to make them happy,’ said Agnes.

Miss W. Yes, attend to their little wants and

pleasures, and not think it teasing, and speak sharply to them. Or if you are set to teach them, how should you do it?

‘Kindly,’ said Rose.

Miss W. Yes; trying not to think it a trouble; for *you* like others to teach you kindly. Would you like me always to make a trouble of teaching you?

‘No, Ma’am,’ they answered.

Miss W. I am not speaking only of those who teach sometimes in the school, as I have asked Margaret and Anna to do, but to those who have brothers and sisters at home. Sometimes you are asked to help them with their lessons, or overlook their work; how must you do it?

‘Kindly,’ said Margaret.

Miss W. Yes, as you would wish your parents to be kind to you. But it is not necessary to give more examples; you all know how you may be kind to each other—to your companions, and brothers and sisters. This rule, however, should also guide you in your conduct towards your elders and parents. When you are very busy, would you not be glad of a companion’s help?

‘Yes, Ma’am,’ they replied, while Mary added,

‘Margaret helped me one Sunday, or I couldn’t have come to school.’

Miss W. I am glad to hear it. Then, when your parents are busy, what can you do?

‘Help them,’ said little Ruth.

Miss W. Yes; there are many little ways in which children may help their parents, or those with whom they live. Tell me some way?

‘By nursing the baby,’ said Bessie, ‘and minding the children.’

‘By going to the shop for them,’ said Ruth.

‘And cleaning up,’ added others.

Miss W. Try, then, to do these things cheerfully,

you would like them to be done for you, if you are as much occupied as your parents. Do not mind giving up your play to help them; they have often given up their enjoyments to help you. And when your fathers come in at night, tired with their day's work, can you not take pains to do little things for their comfort? Set their chairs by the fire, have their teas ready, wait upon them, and save them the trouble of getting up, or read to them, if they wish it. In a hundred little ways you can do to them as you would be done by, if you are really trying. One more case I would mention. When you are ill, what do you like to be done to you?

'We like to be nursed,' said one or two.

Miss W. You would not think it kind if no notice was taken of it, and you were expected to do just the same as if you were well, but you like to sit quiet, and be still. Remember this, then, when others are ill, and nurse them kindly and tenderly; be thoughtful for them, and hush your voices, and try to keep things quiet.

And now I will ask you, 'Who is your neighbour?'

'Please, Ma'am, it means everybody, doesn't it?' asked Margaret.

Miss W. Yes, it does. You are to do to—?

'All men as I would they should do unto me,' she answered.

Miss W. Our first duty of love and kindness is, of course, towards parents, brothers and sisters, relations, and friends, and who else?

'School-fellows, and companions,' said Sarah.

'And fellow-servants,' added Mary.

Miss W. Just so; but beyond this, *any* with whom we have to do, any who fall in our way. Who was it that asked our Saviour, 'Who is my neighbour?'

Jane. A certain lawyer.

Miss W. And how did Christ answer him?

Several. By the parable of the Good Samaritan.

Miss W. Whom did the Samaritan look upon as his neighbour?

Mary. The man who fell among the thieves.

Miss W. He was in need, therefore, in the eye of the Samaritan, he was his neighbour, to whom he was to show love and compassion. And what does our Saviour say to us, as well as to the lawyer? 'Go'—?

'And do thou likewise,' said Mary. (See St. Luke, x. 25–37.)

Miss W. Yes; help, as far as you are able, all who come in your way, all who need your help. When a beggar asks for help, are you always able to give him money?

'No, Ma'am, hardly ever,' they replied.

'Most likely not; but is there nothing you can give him?' asked Miss Walton.

'We can speak kindly,' said Agnes.

Miss W. Yes, you can show pity and compassion; but there is something else you can give. Who could help him if so He willed?

'God,' they answered.

Miss W. Then what can you do?

'Pray to God for him,' said Agnes.

Miss W. Yes; if, whenever we were obliged to refuse a beggar, we did *that*, we should still be giving what we could. But sometimes you may give kind actions, though you cannot give money, or food. Supposing a woman, weary with carrying a baby, begs from you, do you think you could do anything for her?

'Do you mean carry the baby a little way for her?' asked Margaret.

'Yes, Margaret, I do. I have read of a little girl who did this. Or you might *lead* a blind man, or pick up his stick, if it fell, or direct him in his way. But even more than relations, friends, and those

who need our help, our Saviour teaches us to love—whom else?

‘Our enemies,’ said Agnes. ‘Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you.’ (St. Matt. v. 44.)

Miss W. Yes, love, and do good, even to your enemies; those who may be unkind to you, and do you harm,—‘that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven.’ Thus, then, we have seen how, in a few short words, which all can remember, the whole law of God is put before us. Love God, and show your love by—?

‘Loving our neighbour as ourselves,’ they continued.

Miss W. And prove your love to them by your actions—by—?

‘Doing unto all men as we would they should do unto us,’ all replied.

‘Make this golden rule yours,’ said Miss Walton, as she closed her book, and then continued,

‘The lesson has been very long, but I suppose you must hear the end of the story to-day, as I go to-morrow.’

‘Oh! please, Ma’am,’ cried half-a-dozen, Ruth, with a mischievous glance towards Margaret.

There was not a moment to spare, and Miss Walton at once began to read.

EMMA HINDE, (*Concluded.*)

And what did Emma think, as she sat on Ann’s bedside, and heard this confession, and saw how unjustly she and the cook had allowed her to suffer; how they had evidently taken pains to throw suspicion upon her, and had accused her of guilt, while all the time they knew her to be innocent? Did

she turn away from her fellow-servant on her fainting away? Did she feel that no kindness was deserved at her hands, that Ann had forfeited all claim upon her kindness? or did she love her enemies, do good to them who had hated her and despitefully used her?

Ann, I said, fainted away, but it was upon Emma's breast that her head sank; it was Emma's hands that bathed her forehead; it was Emma's tears of compassion that fell upon her cheeks. Through that long night of groans, and wandering broken words, it was Emma who tried to soothe her—Emma who applied every remedy.

Mrs. Douglas, indeed, would not go to bed; she sat either in the sick-room, or in the nursery, where Mrs. Hinde was sleeping with the baby; but it was Emma's hand that applied the leeches—her hand that administered the medicine, and smoothed the uneasy pillow.

Ann, indeed, recovered from her fainting fit, but not to consciousness.

The man was mistaken in saying the coach had gone over her; it had only passed over her clothes, but the second horse's hoof had struck her head with such violence, that delirium and fever now followed the blow.

When the morning came, Mrs. Douglas immediately went to her husband, to tell him of Ann's confession, and ask him to take means to secure the cook; but on going to her room, she was surprised to find it empty, and her box gone. She went down into the kitchen; the fire had not been touched since it had been made up the night before. She went to the back door; it was unlocked, though closed. Yes, it was quite plain the cook had taken advantage of the confusion of the night before to make her escape; a guilty conscience making her afraid of Ann's speaking the truth.

That was a sad morning for Mrs. Douglas. There

was the chill feeling of the early day as she went about the house. Things used the night before lying in disorder; she herself weary with her night of watching, and anxious, also, to relieve Emma, who had never left the sick-room. Ann was still delirious, and unfit to be left alone a moment; and now, when Mrs. Douglas most needed the comforts of a fire, and the morning meal, there was no one to do anything for her.

She did not, however, give way, but immediately went to the nursery, took the baby, and asked Mrs. Hinde to light the kitchen fire, and then go and hire a charwoman, who lived not many doors off. It was a happy thing that Mrs. Hinde was in the house; and now that she saw Mrs. Douglas in such trouble, she offered to stay a day or two, and her offer was most thankfully accepted.

Emma's one request was, that she might be allowed to nurse Ann. 'If mother will mind the baby,' she said, 'I will undertake the care of Ann;' and for the present Mrs. Douglas consented to this plan until she could let her friends know, or get a regular nurse, for there was no hope of being able to remove Ann, and the surgeon said the greatest care would be required, and that even then it was doubtful whether she would recover. The fever was very high, and he feared that when it was subdued she would be exhausted.

It was some days after the accident, when Mrs. Douglas engaged a new cook, and a person to take Ann's place for the present. Mrs. Hinde said she would be obliged to return home, and Mrs. Douglas proposed to Emma to give up her nursing to the charwoman, and return to the nursery, for none of Ann's friends had been able to come and nurse her. Her mother had quite a little baby, and her sisters were all too young.

'If you really wish it, Ma'am; if you desire it, I

must,' was Emma's answer; 'but if you would allow me to nurse poor Ann through her illness, I should be very glad; and please, Ma'am, I think my sister would come and take my place in the nursery, if you don't think she's too young.'

'But why do you wish so very much to nurse Ann? You are nearly worn out now,' said Mrs. Douglas.

'Oh! Ma'am, I can stand it very well, with the help cook gives me. If you would be so very kind.'

'I don't like to refuse you, Emma,' said Mrs. Douglas, 'for you have been a faithful servant to me, and have suffered, I'm afraid, much by my false suspicion of you. I have not been able, before, to talk over this matter, but I did wish to tell you how very sorry I am that you should ever have been suspected.'

'Oh! Ma'am, don't say anything more about that. You couldn't do otherwise than you did; but only think what this poor thing will feel when she comes to remember it all again.'

'If ever she does,' said Mrs. Douglas, as she looked towards the bed on which poor Ann lay, at that moment quiet, in a sort of stupor. 'I fear she never will.'

'Oh, Ma'am, I trust she will, and I want to be by the moment she revives. She fainted away before I told her that I forgave her,—and I'm afraid,' she added, in a very low voice, her face flushing crimson, 'I couldn't have told her so at that moment!'

Mrs. Douglas looked at Emma with surprise, for she had shown no signs of anger; she had said nothing during the confession, and her mistress had not noticed her pale face, and the inward struggle, as she sat.

'Do you mean that you were too angry?' asked Mrs. Douglas.

■ 'Indeed, Ma'am,' she replied, bursting into tears,

‘I’m afraid I was. I felt, I don’t know how, as she was telling all, as if I could have cast her from me. It only lasted a moment, but I feel as if I could never make up to her, poor thing, for those wicked feelings.’

‘And that is the reason you wish to nurse her, Emma?’

‘If you please, Ma’am, if you will let me; I shall never be happy, till I’ve told her I’ve forgiven her.’

‘I will not say another word against it,’ replied Mrs. Douglas; ‘and may God bless you in your labour of love.’

A few moments afterwards she asked, ‘How was it, Emma, that both the cook and Ann seemed so bitter against you?’

‘I’ll tell you, Ma’am, what, perhaps, I ought to have told you long ago. I had not been here a week, when, one day, I saw the cook give away some slices of meat to a child, who came with a plate, at our dinner. I suspected there was something wrong, for she told the child to look sharp, that no one saw her; and I asked whether you had ordered the child to come. She was very angry, and said it was no business of mine, and this confirmed me in my notion. Some days after, I happened to go into the kitchen unexpectedly, and saw the same thing occur, and some wine given also, and then I said I would go and tell you. At first she was very angry, and I was frightened by her words and threats. Then she changed, and said that she never would do it again if only I would say nothing, and that I need not make myself so very unhappy about it, for the wine had been given her by you on purpose for the poor; and at length I agreed to say nothing, though I declared I would if ever I saw anything of the kind again. I was afraid it would be telling tales to speak, and I had been here so short a time. After that, I never saw anything of the kind again, but the

cook was always very distant to me, so that I never liked going into the kitchen if I could help it. Ann was much more friendly with me at first, but, by degrees, she seemed to be drawn over by the cook, and to shun me. I don't think, Ma'am, the cook ever forgave me for that.'

'And how came you not to mention this when the money was lost?' asked Mrs. Douglas.

'I thought of it, Ma'am, but I had promised not to mention it, so I didn't think it would be fair, and I didn't *know* she had anything to do with the money; I thought I might be accusing her falsely. I should not have liked it if I had been in her place.'

'Well, Emma,' said Mrs. Douglas, 'I think you erred not to come and tell me what you saw given away at once. It would have been better, and might have saved much evil.'

'I think so now, Ma'am, and I'm very sorry I didn't; but she promised me she wouldn't do it any more, and I believed her.'

'I do think,' said Mrs. Douglas, 'that it is part of a servant's duty to inform her mistress if she sees anything going wrong, which she cannot alter without speaking. I don't mean tale-telling, but anything serious should be mentioned. It is but showing "good fidelity."'

'I see it now, Ma'am,' replied Emma; 'and feel as if it might have saved Ann if I had spoken; but, indeed, Ma'am, I thought cook had given it up. I would have spoken if I had seen it any more.'

Emma had her wish, and was the first to whom Ann spoke a coherent word; and she was right in thinking that when Ann came to herself, the memory of her past conduct would be overwhelming; but Emma's kind words of forgiveness soothed her, and she promised to do all she could to persuade Mrs. Douglas to forgive her also. It was still, however, a long time before Ann really began to recover, and,

throughout the whole time, Emma nursed her with unwearied kindness. Ann, by degrees, again confessed all her dishonesty, both to Emma and her mistress, nor did she hide it from God's minister, who visited her constantly.

It appeared, from her account, that she had been led on by degrees to so deep guilt. Like Emma, she had at first been shocked, but had not the courage to remonstrate, and, by little and little, was persuaded, not only to be silent, but to assist in keeping the matter secret from both Emma and her mistress. We have seen how, at last, she was led on to steal herself, and from one dishonest act, to many others. Then God, in His mercy, arrested her in her course of sin, and led her to repentance. Nor did her sorrow pass away with her returning health. She left her sick-room a changed character. The gentle words of comfort and instruction from her kind nurse, and, above all, the example Emma set her, sank deep into her heart; and when Mrs. Douglas, at Emma's earnest entreaty, promised to allow her to return to her situation, Ann's gratitude was quite unbounded; and her recovery, which had been kept back by the fear of losing her place and character, rapidly progressed.

When quite recovered, she again undertook the housemaid's place, and Emma returned to that of nurse; from that time Mrs. Douglas had never again reason to suspect Ann of the slightest dishonesty; and she was pleased to see the true friendship which had sprung up between her and Emma. One strong proof of the reality of Ann's penitence was shown in her dismissing from her mind all thoughts of George Hanson, with whom she had kept company, but who was thoroughly unworthy of her affection. He never, indeed, ventured to show himself again at the house, but she received one letter from him, asking her to meet him at an appointed place; and then it was

that, though with many tears, she wrote, and refused to have anything more to do with him. She continued to live with Mrs. Douglas for seven years after this, when she married Emma's brother, and happily settled near her old mistress.

Emma did not stay so long; at the end of five years she married the son of a farmer, who lived near, with the entire approbation of her parents, and master and mistress; and she who had been so faithful as a servant, was enabled, by God's grace, to do her duty in the new state of life unto which it had pleased Him to call her. Her house was one of the best regulated in the parish, her servants were well looked after, her children were brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and the poor ever found in her a friend in the time of need, as long as she was spared to them; but it pleased God, after she had been married about ten years, to call her to Himself. She died at the birth of her fifth child, and the little one soon followed her mother.

The cook, though she escaped detection at that time, did not go long unpunished. Mr. Douglas happened to see in the paper, a year or two afterwards, that she had been concerned in an extensive robbery at her situation, and was transported for her offences. This was the first and last time he ever heard of her from the hour she escaped from his house.

'Poor thing!' was Emma's remark; 'I pray God her punishment may bring her to repentance.'

'Please, Ma'am, Emma did as she would be done by,' said Anna, as Miss Walton shut the book.

'Yes, indeed she did; but, as I said before, it is only occasionally we have an opportunity of doing any great thing for our neighbour, to show our love. It is in little daily actions we must do to them as we

would they should do to us, and thus show that we love them as ourselves.'

The dinner-bell rang as Miss Walton said this, and rising from her seat, she continued,

'What a long time I have kept you. Run away now. I'll say good-bye after evening church.'





LESSON L.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

PRAYER TO BE CONSTANT AND DILIGENT.

MR. AND MISS WALTON were away for some weeks, and the first class were taught mostly by Miss Tule, while Margaret and Anna took by turns some of the younger classes, and much as they disliked it, there was no complaint made after Miss Walton had left. They felt as if they were doing it for her, and so it came almost a pleasure. She left them all some hints to learn for her, and told them they might find all the texts they could on the subject of prayer, and learn them for her, ready for their first lesson on return.

The time they were away seemed very long to the 'Orley Maidens,' with no night school, and no fires, and no pleasant Vicarage garden to walk in; *we* are better off than they, for we may pass over these few weeks, as though they had never been, and resume the lessons again the first Sunday after Mr. and Miss Walton's return. They did not get home until late on Saturday night, and Miss Walton being very tired, did not go to school next morning, but sent word the girls might come up to her.

But though this day had been looked forward to with so much pleasure, there is now, evidently, something which casts a gloom over the party as they look up to the house, and if you look at them, you

will find Margaret is not of the party, and Anna is saying,

‘I hear she’s very bad; they’ve been up with her all night.’

‘Poor thing! she *did* look altered,’ was the answer from Rose; ‘I wonder whether Mr. and Miss Walton know?’

‘Oh! they would be sure to hear the first thing,’ said Sarah.

The sight of Mr. and Miss Walton, however, when they reached the Vicarage parlour, for a moment drove all other thoughts out of their minds. They greeted the children, one by one, with kindness, and said they were glad to be among them all again.

‘But where is Margaret?’ asked Miss Walton; ‘I don’t see her.’

‘Oh! haven’t you heard, Ma’am, haven’t you heard?’ cried half-a-dozen, in one breath.

‘Heard! What?’ asked Miss Walton.

‘Emily’s come home, Ma’am,’ they all replied, ‘very ill; she only came on Friday.’

‘Indeed!’ exclaimed Mr. and Miss Walton. ‘What is the matter with her?’

‘Please, Ma’am, we don’t know,’ replied three or four, while Anna stepped forward, saying,

‘A letter came from Emily, Ma’am, on Thursday morning, saying that she had been very ill, but was better, and she wanted her father to fetch her home, and he went off for her at once, and brought her home on Friday.’

‘How did he bring her?’ asked Mr. Walton.

‘Please, Sir, his master lent him a pony, and she rode home on it.’

‘Then she can’t be very ill if she could ride so far,’ said Miss Walton.

‘Please, Ma’am, it was only last night she was *taken* so very bad,’ said Anna; ‘but she came into *our* house on Friday night for a minute, and I thought

she did look ill, so white and thin, and she hardly spoke.'

Several of the other girls said they, too, had seen her on Saturday morning, and all thought her looking very ill, and so silent.

It was something new to hear of Emily's being silent, and Miss Walton said,

'But you say she was only taken very ill last night?'

'Yes, Ma'am,' said Anna. 'I called as I came along, just to see whether they were coming to school, and I found Margaret crying, and she told me that Emily was very ill, and had been so bad all night, they couldn't go to bed; that she was in such dreadful pain, and she hardly seemed to know what was going on.'

'And had they sent for the doctor?'

'No, Ma'am; but her father was going for him.'

'It seems hard to leave you all the first morning, but indeed, girls, I must go and see Emily at once; perhaps I may be able to do something to relieve her before the doctor comes,' said Miss Walton.

'Oh! never mind us, Ma'am,' they almost all exclaimed, and Miss Walton ran up stairs to put her bonnet on, while Mr. Walton still went on asking questions. She returned in a few moments, and telling the girls they might walk in the garden, hastened with her brother to the scene of sorrow.

Their visit was quite unexpected, and as they entered the room where Margaret was putting away the breakfast things, her face lit up with pleasure, and she exclaimed,

'Oh, mother *will* be glad to see you!' and ran up stairs to call her.

Mrs. Freeward came down, looking worn and anxious, yet calm; and *her* face, too, lit up as Mr. and Miss Walton shook hands with her; and she said earnestly, 'You are very kind to come; I am thank-

ful to see you! Poor child! she is altered;' and Mrs. Freeward's tears, which she tried to keep back, forced themselves down her cheeks.

'How is Emily now?' asked Mr. and Miss Walton in one breath.

'She was easier just as I came down, but the pain comes on suddenly, and tears her to pieces, and when she isn't in pain, she lies quite still, and hardly ever speaks, and though I think she has all her senses, she takes no notice of any thing.'

'And what have you done for her?' asked Miss Walton.

'Please, Ma'am, I gave her some peppermint, and it seemed to do her good at first, and now her father has gone for Dr. Benthorp.'

'Tell her we are here, and then we will come up,' said Miss Walton; 'it might try her to see us unexpectedly.'

As this conversation was going on, Emily had raised herself up in bed, saying, in a low tone, 'That's Mr. Walton's voice, I'm sure, Margaret; isn't it?'

'Yes, it is,' replied Margaret; 'and Miss Walton is there too.'

'They'll come up and see me, won't they?' she asked, in an anxious tone.

'Oh, yes, I'm sure they will; but I'll tell them if you like,' returned Margaret.

'Do,' said Emily, and sank down again.

Margaret turned to the stairs, which opened into the bed-room, just as her mother was coming up them. So she repeated to her what Emily had said, and Mrs. Freeward answered, 'Tell her, then, that they are coming,' and returned to call Mr. and Miss Walton. With hushed steps they entered the room, but before Mr. Walton could pronounce the words,

'Peace be to this house, and to all that dwell in

it,' Emily had raised her head, and greeted them with a sweet, almost heavenly, smile, and then lay calmly, without speaking or stirring.

Mr. and Miss Walton both approached her bedside, and Mr. Walton said he was sorry to see her so ill, asking her whether she was in pain then.

'Not just now,' she answered.

'Miss Walton came to see if she could do anything to relieve you,' said Mr. Walton.

Her only answer was a half smile, as she turned her eyes towards Miss Walton, who now took her hand, and finding it very cold, asked,

'Are you cold all over, dear Emily?'

'My feet are very cold,' she said, and while she spoke, her brow contracted, and she faintly exclaimed, 'Oh! the pain is coming,' and a moment after she was seized with something like spasms, almost amounting to convulsions, while her face flushed, and her hands and feet were like stones.

Miss Walton immediately proposed hot water to her feet, and flannels, wrung out in hot water, laid upon her. Happily there was a good supply of hot water in the house, and Ellen, (a grown-up sister,) together with Mrs. Freeward, quickly obeyed the order, and in a quarter of an hour Miss Walton was glad to see the pain much relieved.

Emily never spoke, except to say, 'Thank you,' for everything that was done; and when she was once more at ease, she looked round the room uneasily, and then whispered to her mother,

'Where's Mr. Walton?'

'He's down stairs; would you wish him to come up again?' asked her mother.

'Yes, please,' she replied.

Miss Walton immediately went and called her brother, saying, 'She is easier now, and is asking for you,' and Mr. Walton returned to the sick-room, and sat down by Emily's side.

‘You are glad to be home again, my child, are you not?’ he asked; ‘and to be nursed by your kind mother, instead of strangers?’

Emily’s only answer was, ‘I thought I never should be;’ but it was said in a tone of such deep feeling, that it conveyed far more than words of pleasure would have done, and her eyes fixed themselves upon her mother with an expression of rest which was very remarkable.

‘Shall I, then, thank God for His goodness in bringing you home, and pray Him to be with you in this illness, and to help you to bear it patiently?’ asked Mr. Walton.

‘Yes, please, Sir,’ was Emily’s answer, and she put her hands together as he knelt down, and shut her eyes, and her lips moved in the responses.

There was something peculiarly expressive of resting after toil in her whole manner, and even when the pain was most overpowering, not a murmur escaped her; then when it was over, she lay resting against her mother, the very picture of satisfied repose, pale, indeed, as death, almost too weak to speak, but as if she found all she needed in that mother’s arms.

The pain, which was lulled during the time of prayer, returned at intervals, and though not quite so violently as before the application of the hot water, still sufficiently bad to be very distressing both to herself and those who witnessed it, and could do nothing to relieve it.

Mr. Walton spoke a few words to Emily before he left, about remembering her faults, and asking God to forgive her. A troubled expression for a moment came over her face as he said, ‘Many daily little faults, which seemed little at the time, will come into your mind as you lie here, and you can in thought, if not in words, ask God to forgive you, for Jesus Christ’s sake, and fit you for life or death, which

ever He may appoint for you,' but she was too ill to say much in answer.

As Mr. Walton rose to go, she said,

'Please, Sir, are you going to Church?'

'Yes, Emily,' he replied.

'Please, Sir, will you pray for me?'

'By name you mean, Emily, so that all may join?'

'Yes, Sir; as you used to do for Widow Brown.'

'Indeed we will, my child,' he answered; 'and I trust God will hear our prayers.'

He then promised to see her again some time in the day, when he hoped Mr. Benthorp's remedies would have given her relief, and she would be better able to attend.

Miss Walton said she would remain until the doctor came, and hear what he said. She had not to wait very long before he arrived and prescribed for Emily. He had brought some medicine with him, which he gave her at once, and desired that more might be fetched in an hour's time, and Miss Walton then prepared to leave.

Mrs. Freeward accompanied her down stairs, and when they were alone, Miss Walton asked,

'Have you learned anything from Emily about her situation, and her illness before she left?'

'Not much, Ma'am,' she replied; 'I am sure she was not happy, and she says she had felt ill for some weeks, but went on doing her work; but one day she felt very ill, and fainted in the nursery. The nurse, she says, was frightened for the children, and wanted to send her out of the house, but the housekeeper took her, and nursed her. Mrs. Eaton was not at home, and she asked the housekeeper to write for her to be fetched home, and she did, but we never got the letter, Ma'am.'

'And how did you hear at last?'

'She wrote herself, Ma'am, when she got better,

but it was all so trembly, we could hardly read it. And all the Saturday, Ma'am, she was in such a strange state, everything made her start and tremble all over.'

'Poor child!' said Miss Walton. 'And did she tell you how it was she never wrote but that once?'

'I asked her, Ma'am, and she said, "Nurse would'nt let me; but don't ask me about it, Mother, now, I can't tell you." She didn't seem willing to talk about her place, and sat silent, looking at me, or leaning against me, most of the day. I sent her out to see some of her companions on Saturday, I thought it would do her good; but when she came in again, she was quite exhausted, and one of her trembling fits came on, so that I gave her some warm tea, and sent her to bed quite early; it was not until twelve o'clock that she was taken so very bad.'

'She must have suffered in mind,' said Miss Walton, 'from your account; her nerves seem so much shaken. If it pleases God that she should recover, she will perhaps be able to tell us more.'

'One thing she said on Friday night showed, Ma'am, that her mind hadn't been easy. When she first arrived, she seemed so restless, I did not quite know what to do with her; so I got her to bed as soon as I could, and when I bent over her, she threw her arms round me, and said,

"Mother, will you forgive me?"

"Forgive you, my child!" I said, "for what?"

"Mother, I went to service against your will; I thought I should die without asking your forgiveness. Mother, will you forgive me?" was her answer.'

Mrs. Freeward could hardly speak for tears, and Miss Walton with difficulty restrained her's, but she asked,

'Did she seem easier after you forgave her?'

'Yes, Ma'am, that is what I was going to say; as soon as I had said I forgave her, that restless-

ness passed away completely, and she has been just as you see her, so calm, and so gentle; and when I reminded her she must ask God to forgive her if she felt she had done wrong, she replied, "I could never feel He did, Mother, till you forgave me;" and I have noticed her lips moving, as if she was praying, several times since then.'

The second church bell reminded Miss Walton she must not stay longer, nor keep Mrs. Freeward longer from her child.

'None of you, I suppose, will get to church?' she said.

'Yes, her father and Ellen are going; they can do her more good there than here, Ma'am.'

'You are right, indeed, Mrs. Freeward,' answered Miss Walton, 'and we shall none of us forget dear Emily in our prayers to-day;' and saying this, she left the cottage, pondering over what she heard of Emily, and over her whole manner—so changed from the light-hearted, high-spirited girl, who had left them a few weeks before.

All the other girls had gone into church before Miss Walton got there, but she reached it in time for service, and took her place among the children. She was sorry she had not been able to see them all before, as her coming among them distracted them, and they seemed as if they could not help greeting her with a smile. They were, however, very good on the whole, and were quite serious in outward behaviour when Mr. Spencer began the service.

The prayers of the Church were offered up unto God for the sick child, and there was scarcely the sound of a breath to be heard as her name was given out, and during the pause in the Litany, which was made at the words, 'That it may please Thee to preserve . . . all sick persons—' so that each person in his own heart might remember poor Emily; nor

were there many silent voices in the response which followed, 'We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.' The news of her sickness, as such news always will, had spread since morning, and all those who had seen her pale face the day before, were filled with compassion.

Mr. and Miss Walton just called to inquire how she was going on, as they passed the cottage from church, and heard a little better account; and in the afternoon Margaret came to the lesson, for Dr. Benthorp had given something to Emily which had put her to sleep, and as Ellen was at home, Margaret ventured to leave her for the short time.

Miss Walton began her lesson at once, so that Margaret might return as soon as possible to her sister.

'Before I went away,' she said, 'I finished questioning you on the commandments; why are they given in the Catechism?' None of the girls answered, and Miss Walton said again, 'What did you promise in your Baptism concerning them?'

Several. That we would keep them, and walk in the same all the days of our life.

Miss W. Yes; then they are given you to learn, that you may know what God's commandments are which you have promised to keep. Why, too, was the Creed given?

Rose. To teach us what we promised to believe.

Miss W. Quite right; and did we promise anything else?

Several. Yes; 'to renounce the devil and all his works, the pomps and vanity of this wicked world, and all the sinful lusts of the flesh.'

Miss W. And do you declare yourselves bound to do as you promised?

'Yes, verily, and by God's help, so I will,' answered several.

'But,' continued Miss Walton, 'My good child,

know this, that thou art not able to do these things of thyself, nor to walk in the commandments of God, and to serve Him, without His special grace; which thou must learn at all times to call for by diligent prayer. Let me hear, therefore, if thou canst say the Lord's Prayer.'

The girls all stood up, and putting their hands together, and closing their eyes, repeated,

'Our Father, which art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy Name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, As it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil. Amen.' They then sat down again, and Miss Walton continued,

'What, then, are you told in this question?'

Agnes. That we are not able to do these things of ourselves.

Miss W. What things?

Margaret. Those things which we promised.

Miss W. Quite right. We have acknowledged ourselves *bound* to do them, then we say we are not—?

'Able to do them of ourselves,' continued several.

Miss W. We are not able of ourselves to renounce evil, to believe the articles of the Christian Faith, nor to keep God's holy will. What does the question say?

'Nor to walk in the commandments of God, and to serve Him,' they replied.

Miss W. And why is it that we are thus unable to do these things of ourselves?

'Because we are so weak,' said Mary.

Miss W. Yes; because of the strength of our evil passions, which overcome our weak wills. Look how St. Paul speaks of this in Rom. vii. 18, 19.

Bessie. 'I know that in me (that is, in my flesh,)

dwellleth no good thing: for to *will* is present with me; but how to perform that which is good, I find not. For the good that I would, I do not: but the evil which I would not, that I do.'

Miss W. And again, from verse 21-24.

Jane. 'I find, then, a law, that, when I would do good, evil is present with me. For I delight in the law of God after the inward man: but I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin, which is in my members. O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?'

Miss W. Evil passions, and evil inclinations, war against the law of our mind, or our consciences, so that we are unable of ourselves to keep our promises, and do God's commandments. Do you remember any other verse which speaks of our own insufficiency?

'Not that we are sufficient of ourselves to think anything as of ourselves,' repeated Rose. (2 Cor. iii. 5.)

Miss W. The prophet Jeremiah, too, mourns over man's weakness. Chap. x. 23.

Sarah. 'O Lord, I know that the way of man is not in himself: it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps.'

Miss W. Yes; but how does the verse you quoted finish, Rose? Of ourselves we are insufficient to do anything, but—?

'Our sufficiency is of God,' she continued.

Miss W. Therefore we only say we are not able to do these things without—?

'God's special grace,' said several.

Miss W. 'Without Me,' our Saviour says—?

'Ye can do nothing,' continued Ruth. (St. John, xv. 5.)

Miss W. But, on the other hand, St. Paul says, 'I can do—?'

All things through Christ which strengtheneth
' (Phil. iv. 13.)

Miss W. Therefore he tells the Corinthians that
en three times he besought God to deliver him
n a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan,
d's answer was—what?

Rose. 'My grace is sufficient for thee; for my
ength is made perfect in weakness.'

Miss W. And what does he go on to say?

Rose. 'Most gladly, therefore, will I rather glory
my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest
n me.' (2 Cor. xii. 7-9.)

Miss W. And after crying out, 'O wretched man
t I am,' how does he conclude?

Several. 'I thank God through Jesus Christ our
rd.'

Miss W. Why did he thank God?

Agnes. Because He delivered him.

Miss W. And we find that it was to God's grace,
rking in him, that he attributed all his works.
ok at 1 Cor. xv. 10.

Harriet. '*By the grace of God I am what I am :
l His grace which was bestowed upon me was
; in vain; but I laboured more abundantly than
y all: yet not I, but the grace of God which was
h me.*

Miss W. Although, then, we are weak in ourselves,
l unable to believe and do God's commandments,
n may we be strong?

Several. By the grace of God.

Miss W. I will read you a few lines about this,
ich will help you to understand and remember how
ch we need God's grace to run the way of His
mandments. 'David, that was troubled at his
s and falls, when God had once set his heart at
erty by this spiritual unction, could run the way
God's commandments; not walk softly, but run
m with great haste and pleasure. Even as a cart-

wheel, that creaks and complains all the way it goes, under the smallest burden, while it remains dry, but having some small quantity of oil put to it, runs on merrily, and without any noise : so also he that groans under the burden of God's law, and complains of the weight, of the uneasiness, of the difficulty of it, being supplied with this holy oil, runs on with comfort, and murmurs not.* What 'holy oil' ? she asked.

'The grace of God,' said several.

Miss W. And how are we to obtain this grace ?

Margaret. By prayer.

Miss W. Yes ; we must learn, at all times, to call for it by diligent prayer. Are we in the Bible bidden to pray ? Now let me hear some of the texts you have learned.

'Ask, and it shall be given you ; seek, and ye shall find ; knock, and it shall be opened unto you,' repeated Mary, who sat at the top of the class. (St. Matt. vii. 7.)

'Ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full,' said Margaret. (St. John, xvi. 24.)

'If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not ; and it shall be given him,' repeated Sarah. (St. James, i. 5.)

'That will do now,' said Miss Walton ; 'I will hear the rest of you afterwards. But what sort of prayer does the Catechism say we must learn to offer ?'

Anna. Diligent.

Miss W. Quite right. And is it to be anything else besides diligent ? When must we learn to call for grace ?

Several. At all times.

Miss W. Then prayer must be constant as well as diligent. When would you call prayers diligent ?

* Nicholson on the Catechism.

‘When we give our minds to them,’ said some.

‘When they are earnest,’ said Mary.

Miss W. Very good. David sets us an example of this diligent, constant prayer. How often does he say he will pray?

‘I know,’ cried Ruth; ‘I learned the verse;’ and she repeated, ‘As for me, I will call upon God, and the Lord shall save me. In the evening, and morning, and at noon-day, will I pray, and that instantly; and He shall hear my voice.’ (Ps. lv. 17, 18.)

Miss W. David was diligent—early in the morning, late at night, in the midst of his noon-day occupations, he still found time to pray; and thus his prayers were constant and diligent. And are we ever told that our prayers are to be thus diligent and constant?

‘Pray without ceasing,’ said Anna. (1 Thess. v. 17.)

‘Continue in prayer, and watch in the same with thanksgiving,’ said Mary. (Col. iv. 2.)

‘Praying *always* with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints,’ said Rose. (Eph. vi. 18.)

Miss W. Very good. Some of your verses, you see, teach you more than the duty of prayer; they teach you, too, that your prayers must be—?

‘Constant and diligent,’ returned the girls.

Miss W. And did any of you learn our Saviour’s parable which teaches us the same lesson?

Several exclaimed, ‘I have,’ and Miss Walton asked, ‘What is it about?’

Agnes. A woman who cried to the judge to be avenged of her adversary.

Miss W. And to what end did Christ speak the parable?

‘That men ought always to pray and not to faint,’ said several.

Miss W. We are always to pray, therefore. Our prayers are to be—?

‘Constant,’ said Anna.

Miss W. And we are not to faint in difficulties, so our prayers must be—?

‘Diligent,’ said one or two.

Miss W. Yes; if our prayers are said lazily, we shall soon be turned away by difficulties. Now, did this poor woman set us an example of this constant, diligent prayer?

‘Yes, for she went continually,’ said Jane.

Miss W. And did the judge at first listen to her?

Several. No, Ma’am.

Miss W. If she had not cared about being avenged, would she have gone again?

All. No, Ma’am.

Miss W. But her anxiety to be avenged made her diligent in going to the judge, undeterred by failures. Did she gain her end at last?

Jane. Yes; the judge said, ‘I will avenge her, lest by her continual coming she weary me.’

Miss W. And how does our Lord finish the parable?

Several. ‘And shall not God avenge His own elect, which cry day and night unto Him, though He bear long with them? I tell you that He will avenge them speedily.’ (St. Luke, xviii. 1–8.)

Miss W. We see, then, with what confidence we may pray, sure of God’s hearing, though it may sometimes appear as if He heard us not,—though He bears long with us. How often does our Church teach us to pray publicly to God?

All. Twice a day, night and morning.

Miss W. Yes; and for more than a year you have all had the opportunity of thus daily offering up your prayers. And how often in private have you been taught from very infancy to pray to God?

‘Every night and morning,’ they replied.

Miss W. Yes; and I trust nothing would tempt you to neglect this duty. But was David satisfied with twice a day?

Several. No, Ma'am; he prayed three times, evening, morning, and at noon-day.

Miss W. Do we hear of any one else in the Bible praying three times daily?

'Yea, Daniel,' said Bessie. (See Dan. vi. 10.)

Miss W. Two holy examples we have of praying three times daily, and I think it would be good for us all to follow their example. It is a long time to go from early morning to late in the evening without once bowing our knees to God in prayer, and it is when we are most occupied in worldly things, that we most need something to recall us to God, so that we may not be too much engrossed by them. Think girls, alone, whether it would not be good for you to say a short prayer in the middle of the day, and whether you could not do it. At what hour of the day did Christ hang on the Cross?

'Twelve o'clock,' said one or two.

Miss W. Then twelve o'clock seems the most fitting hour for prayer. I will give any of you, who wish it, a collect to say at that hour. (Miss Walton knew that several of the girls did make a habit of saying a mid-day prayer, but she hoped that others might be inclined to do the same. After a moment's pause, she continued,) But need our prayers be confined to any particular hour?

'No, we can pray at any time,' said one or two.

Miss W. When St. Peter was in prison, what are we told was done for him?

Margaret. 'Prayer was made without ceasing of the Church unto God for him.' (Acts, xii. 5.)

Miss W. And what did St. Peter find them doing when he knocked at the house of Mary?

Several. Praying. (Verse 12.)

Miss W. So, in like manner, we may pray for those

in distress, whether they are sick, or in prison. We are even better off than when our Lord was dwelling upon earth. *Then* those who needed help for their friends had to seek Him out, and perhaps wait some time before they could make their petition. But is it so with us?

Agnes. No, for He can hear us wherever we are.

Miss W. And is it always necessary to kneel, or even use words, in order to pray?

'No, we can pray in a moment, as we stand,' said Mary, 'in our hearts.'

Miss W. But for what do we particularly say we must learn to pray?

Rose. God's grace.

Miss W. For what purpose?

Several. To help us to keep His commandments, and to believe in Him.

Miss W. But we say more than grace. What else do we say?

'Special grace,' replied Bessie.

Miss W. What do you mean by 'special'?

'Particular,' said Rose.

Miss W. Yes; and we want special, or particular grace, for every special act of obedience, and to meet every particular temptation. If you are tempted, girls, to anger, how alone can you overcome it?

'By God's help,' they replied.

Miss W. Or if to disobedience?

'By God's help,' they replied again.

Miss W. Yes; so with every particular sin. Then, when the temptation is put before you, what should you do if you feel yourself weak against it?

'Pray for help,' said Anna.

Miss W. Yes; at the moment. You say you must learn to call for grace at—?

'All times,' replied Sarah.

Miss W. Then you can do it at any moment when temptation is put before you. You can in thought

pray, 'Lord, help me,' or, 'Deliver me from this temptation.' We receive grace from God in answer to our daily prayers; grace, perhaps, to meet all the temptations of the day; but it *may* be that a special temptation arises, for which we need special grace—what, then, must we do?

All. Pray for it.

Miss W. We often **fall** because we don't pray for this special **grace**: we forget our need of it in particular instances. When St. Peter felt himself sinking in the water, what did he do?

All. He cried out, 'Lord, save me.'

Miss W. And what did Jesus instantly do?

Several. 'Stretched forth His hand, and caught him.' (St. Matt. xiv. 30, 31.)

Miss W. Special help was given at the call of special need. Again, when Jesus said to the father of the child possessed with a devil, 'If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth,' and the father felt his faith weak, what did he do?

Ruth. 'Cried out, and said with tears, Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief.' (St. Mark, ix. 24.)

Miss W. And immediately the grace he needed was given, and his son healed. So we find that special grace is given—when?

'At special times of need,' said Mary.

Miss W. What, then, must we learn to do?

Rose. To call, in time of need, for God's special grace.

Miss W. And how are you to call for it?

Anna. By constant and diligent prayer.

Miss W. Yes; by prayer at the moment of weakness, as well as by our regular prayers. Our blessed Lord set us an example of this. When He was about to suffer on the cross, what did He do?

Several. He prayed to His Father.

Miss W. Yes, so earnestly that His sweat, like

blood, fell to the ground; and who was sent to strengthen Him in this His hour of need?

Mary. 'There appeared an angel unto Him, from heaven, strengthening Him.' (St. Luke, xxii. 43.)

Miss W. So, too, before He began the great work of His ministry, He spent in prayer and fasting, how long a time?

'Forty days and forty nights,' they all replied.

Miss W. We learn, then, in special time of need, to call for special help. To whom does a little child trust for protection?

All. To its parents.

Miss W. And in case of any special danger, what would that child do?

'Run to its parents,' said all.

Miss W. And what would be given to the child?

Rose. Special protection.

Miss W. I want you all, *little girls* too, to understand this. Supposing a little child is running by its mother's side, out walking, playing about, sometimes close at hand, sometimes running to a distance, what would the mother be doing all the time?

'Watching over it,' said Agnes.

Miss W. But supposing that a dog flew out upon the child, what would it instantly do?

'Oh, run to its mother!' cried Ruth and Harriet.

Miss W. And what would the mother do?

'Defend it from the dog,' they replied.

Miss W. Yes, take it up into her arms, and guard it with double care until the danger was past. But if the child did not run to its mother, what might the dog do?

'Bite it,' said Ruth.

Miss W. How, then, can we act like this little child?

Agnes. By running to God when we are in danger.

Miss W. Yes; and sin is our greatest danger. When we are tempted to sin, we must run to God,

Who is ever watching over us, and He will give us His special grace in our time of need. Now what prayer has been provided for us?

All. The Lord's Prayer.

Miss W. Who has provided it for us?

Margaret. Christ Himself.

Miss W. Yes; and therefore it is the best prayer we can use; and though it is short, it embraces everything we can need; it comprehends our every want. This we shall see, in a degree, as we go through each petition, which it will take us many lessons to do at all fully, and we must not begin to-day. Can you, however, tell me to whom our Lord first gave this prayer?

Several. To His disciples.

Miss W. Did they ask Him?

'Yes,' said Rose, repeating, 'It came to pass, that, as He was praying in a certain place, when He ceased, one of His disciples said unto Him, Lord, teach us to pray, as John also taught His disciples.' (St. Luke, xi. 1.)

Miss W. And He granted the request, and left us this perfect form of words in which to draw near to God, and by which to fashion our other prayers. I must not, however, ask you any more questions about it to-day; I see Margaret is anxious to get back to poor Emily.

'Please, Ma'am, may I go?' she asked.

'Yes,' said Miss Walton, 'and I hope you will find her easier; the rest may stay and talk to me a little while, if they like.'

Of course they did like, and Miss Walton, after hearing the rest of the texts they had to say, began to ask after their families. Presently she inquired,

'And do you know anything of Hester? I did not see her at church this morning.'

'Oh! Ma'am, don't you know?' they exclaimed. 'She's gone to Doughbury with Lucy Trench.'

‘No, I haven’t heard. When did she go?’

‘Please, Ma’am, she’s been gone a fortnight now,’ they replied.

‘Her mother did not know anything about it until she had gone,’ said Bessie.

‘You don’t mean she left without her mother’s knowledge?’ said Miss Walton.

‘Yes, Ma’am, she did. She went off one morning, along with Lucy, and took some of her clothes with her, and her mother didn’t know all day where she was; and oh! she was in such a way about it! Lucy Trench’s mother didn’t know either where *she* was, but she didn’t seem to care much about it.’

‘I am indeed shocked and grieved,’ said Miss Walton. ‘What blessing can Hester expect, if she treats her mother in such a way as this?’

‘Please, Ma’am, she wrote as soon as she got to Doughbury,’ said Sarah, who had coloured up all the time Bessie was speaking. ‘She had gone to a cousin of Lucy’s, and hoped to get some situation, and promised to send her mother some money when she could.’

‘A vain promise, indeed,’ said Miss Walton. ‘“To obey is better than sacrifice.” Far better have been dutiful to her mother at home, than send her ever so much money after disobeying and grieving her as she has done. Indeed, girls, you should take warning, and fear the beginning of evil; pray to God to keep you, by His grace, from the first step in sin, for you do not know, if you take *one*, when, or if ever, you turn back.’

‘Please, Ma’am, Mrs. Colville has heard again, and Hester had got a situation, and said she thought she should get on very well,’ said Sarah again.

‘She may think so, and for a time, in worldly things, may get on well, (though I doubt even this very much,)’ said Miss Walton: ‘but, depend upon *it*, her sin will find her out. She cannot really

prosper, unless, by God's grace, she is brought to repentance. We should pray for her that God will have mercy upon her, and stretch out His hand to save her, for, indeed, she is in great danger.'

After some more conversation with the girls, Miss Walton told them they might go; but hardly had they got to the garden gate, while Miss Walton sat still, grieving over this sad news of Hester, when Sarah returned and knocked at the door.

'Come in,' said Miss Walton, and Sarah entered.

'Please, Ma'am,' she said, 'will you give me the collect to say in the middle of the day?'

'Yes, gladly, Sarah,' returned Miss Walton; 'sit down, and I will copy it out for you in a minute;*' and as she handed it to her, she said, 'I'm glad you wish to say a prayer, Sarah. I hope it will help you in your daily trials and temptations; but do not be satisfied with it *only*. You will often need to utter an inward prayer to God when you are specially tempted to speak disrespectfully and hastily to your sister.'

'Please, Ma'am, when you said that about anger, I thought you were thinking of me,' she replied, looking down.

'I won't say I didn't think about you, because I know you have great difficulties in withstanding the temptation, and in being humble and submissive. Don't you think it would be easier for you, if, when you felt the anger rising, and the saucy word on your lips, you prayed for help?'

'I have sometimes,' she replied, 'but I don't always mind it. I have spoken before I think.'

* O Lord Jesu Christ, remember those hours when Thou didst hang upon the cross; and as Thou didst offer up Thyself wholly a Sacrifice for me, so grant me grace that I may give myself up to serve Thee with a perfect and true heart. Hear me, O blessed Saviour, Who livest and reignest with the Father, and the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. Amen.—*Manual of Daily Prayer.* G. P.

‘Yes, that’s our danger. If you could learn to think before you speak, I don’t think you would so often fail; but I hope you are trying very earnestly to cure yourself, Sarah.’

‘Yes, Ma’am, indeed I try,’ she answered, heartily.

‘Then, while you try, pray constantly and diligently, and you will find that, by the help of God’s grace, you will not strive in vain, though, through your own weakness, you still often fall.’ After a moment Miss Walton said again,

‘You must be very much grieved about Hester?’

‘Oh! yes, Ma’am, I am; and I have thought so often how I might have done the same. They used to talk about it sometimes when I kept company with them, and wanted me to run away too, and I almost thought I would once or twice.’

‘You ought, indeed, to be thankful that God preserved you from it—that He did not leave you in your own weakness to battle with temptation; and you must pray now, Sarah, for your friend; it is all you can do; and exposed, as she must be, to temptation in her self-chosen, unprotected life, she will need God’s special grace to uphold her from a still deeper fall.’

‘Please, Ma’am, she told her mother she had got a very respectable place at a grocer’s.’

‘I hope she has, but I fear she has yet to learn her dangers, and I fear she will only learn by falling,’ said Miss Walton, sorrowfully.

‘Please, Ma’am, I am keeping you,’ said Sarah, rising up. ‘Thank you, Ma’am, for the prayer.’

LESSON LI.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

‘OUR FATHER WHICH ART IN HEAVEN.’

RING all the week after Mr. and Miss Walton's
 urn, Emily was very ill. It seemed as if the
 edies had but little lasting effect, and the spasms
 urred, at intervals, with as much violence as ever.
 ; constant recurrence of them of course weakened
 very sadly, and she was at last scarcely able to
 ak. She would lie for hours without moving, her
 as pale as death, her lips white, her thin hands
 n clasped, and her eyes more frequently shut
 1 open. At other times a painful restlessness
 e over her, and she tossed about, and those
 nge trembling fits recurred, which were gene-
 r followed by fever; then her cheeks would
 ight, and her skin burning. It was not much,
 efore, that was learned from her, during the
 week, about her place, and her illness before
 wrote home. At times, indeed, she did talk to
 mother; and she told Mr. Walton, in private,
 y of her trials, and difficulties, and falls, and
 knesses. But it was some time before any very
 ected account was gained; she told things, one
 ne, just as they happened to strike her. Miss
 ton avoided questioning her at all, for talking
 it it always seemed to excite her more or less;
 when once she had told her mother, Mr. Walton.

advised her to say no more about it, but to try and put out of her mind recollections which only caused pain.

But though Miss Walton did not question Emily, she heard all the sad story from her brother and Mrs. Freeward; and I will try and give you the history, as it was told to her, some time after Emily's return.

She one day went into the cottage, and found Emily asleep; she had been very restless, but now slept more quietly than usual, the effect, her mother thought, of some medicine which was given to make her sleep; so Miss Walton sat down a few minutes to talk to Mrs. Freeward in the down-stairs room, and presently asked,

‘Has Emily told you much about her place yet?’

‘Yes, Ma'am, pretty nearly all she has to tell, I think. Poor child! she has suffered a great deal.’ Mrs. Freeward then told of her arrival and treatment the first day or two, which you have already heard, with other particulars which I was able to give, and then continued,

‘But it seems, Ma'am, that which hurt her most was, not being able to write home. You know, Ma'am, I got one letter from her, written on a holiday, and that was all; and she didn't like to make me unhappy by saying anything about the nurse being unkind to her about it, and so she only said I mustn't expect to hear often, as she had plenty to do; but, some time after that, she asked the nurse again to let her write; and again she refused, with many cross words; and Emily, it seems, answered her very wrongly; and at last the nurse struck her, and this hurt Emily's feelings, and roused her pride, and she turned away, she says, feeling as if she couldn't bear it another moment, and must run away. She sat over her work and thought of all sorts of plans of getting away, but none answered. Soon afterwards, Mrs. Eaton came into the nursery, and Emily went straight up to her, (I don't know,

Ma’am, how she had the courage,) and asked whether she might write home. She says she shall never forget the look of the nurse; she turned white with passion, and almost ground her teeth.

‘Mrs. Eaton didn’t notice it, and answered very kindly,

“Yes, Emily. Why do you ask me? Of course your mother will wish to hear from you, and you may tell her that you are a good girl, and that I am very well satisfied with you,” and then she turned and spoke to the nurse about something.

‘Emily immediately got her paper out of her box, and sat down to write, while Mrs. Eaton was in the room, determined to do it while she could.’

‘Then Emily did not tell Mrs. Eaton that the nurse had objected?’ said Miss Walton.

‘No, Ma’am, she didn’t. She says she thought Mrs. Eaton would have gone on talking to her, and then she would; but she was a lady of only a few words, and didn’t trouble herself much to look into things. She only stayed a few minutes in the nursery then, for all the children, except the baby, were spending the day at a neighbour’s house. Emily had only written a couple of lines, asking us to send for her, when Mrs. Eaton left the room. Then the nurse walked slowly up to her where she was sitting;—she says, she thought she was going to kill her, she looked so dreadfully at her, and the poor child began to tremble all over, but she tried to go on writing. The nurse stood a moment right opposite to her, and then said slowly,

“So! you think you’ve got your will, do you? You shall find yourself mistaken;” and at the same minute snatched the paper from her, walked quickly to the fire, and threw it in.

‘Emily says she sat as if she had been stunned; she hardly knows how long she sat, but she felt lost, as if there was no hope for her, as if she should die.

‘She was at last roused by the nurse’s voice ordering her to go and fetch the children home, and she got her bonnet and started, hardly knowing what she did. It makes me shudder, Ma’am, to think of my child then—what she was then tempted to. She passed a pond, and she stood by it a moment, looking into the calm water; she thought if she threw herself in, all trouble would be ended; she says she hardly knows why she didn’t do it at once, but she didn’t; she only stood thinking about it. She hadn’t cried all the time, but she says her head was burning, and she thought she was going mad; she couldn’t think of anything clearly. Suddenly, Ma’am, the sun broke out, and she saw the shadow of the sky in the water upon which her eyes were fixed, and at the same moment the words, “Our Father which art in heaven,” came into her mind. She doesn’t know why, or how. Surely, Ma’am, it was our Father in heaven sent them to her. She says that at once she turned with a shudder from the water, and burst into tears, and said the words, “Our Father which art in heaven,” over and over again, looking up into the sky. She did not try to say more; those words (she says) gave her such a feeling of comfort, as if she was not alone after all—as if He was looking down upon her, and would open some way for her; and she walked away from the pond, feeling that He had saved her from the dreadful sin of throwing herself in.’

‘Poor child!’ said Miss Walton, her eyes filling with tears, ‘she must, indeed, have been hopeless for such a thought as this to come into her mind; and she was right in thinking that God had watched over her in that awful struggle.’

‘Yes, Ma’am; and she says that she always liked saying the Lord’s Prayer better than any other from the time she left home. She always felt as if she was praying along with us all. It seemed to bring

us together, she says; and she often used to say it to herself as she sat at work, or when she felt very unhappy. “And wasn’t it strange, Mother,” were the very words she said to me, Ma’am, when she told me about it, “that it should come into my mind at that dreadful moment? It brought you all before me in an instant, and I trembled all over at the thought of being so near to such a dreadful sin—so near to hell, Mother.” Mrs. Freeward’s tears quite choked her voice, but she struggled against them, and then continued,

‘Directly afterwards the thought came into her mind that she would call and tell Lucy, and ask her to write, and beg us to send for her home.’

‘I wonder she didn’t think of that before,’ said Miss Walton.

‘Yes, Ma’am, and perhaps she would if she hadn’t been so stunned like; and then she never was allowed to go out by herself, and she was forbidden to call anywhere with the children, so that it was not easy for her to get a sight of Lucy.’

‘I see,’ returned Miss Walton; ‘and, childlike, the difficulties magnified themselves in her eyes.’

‘Yes, Ma’am. You see she had never been away from home before, and she didn’t know how to meet even common difficulties. That was one reason why I didn’t wish her to go far from home. My girls are not like town children. Well, Ma’am, she walked quickly to where Lucy lived, and found she had gone out for the day. This damped her spirits very much again, but the wicked thought did not return; and she made up her mind, when she got back with the children, she would go and tell Mrs. Eaton all about it. But again the poor child was disappointed. Mrs. Eaton was out, and she was obliged to wait; and a hard trial it was, Ma’am: for the nurse, who had always been cross before, was now cruel. Everything she could possibly do to worry my poor child she did. She called her up three or four times that

night; she made her stand by the bed, holding a candle, all the time she fed the baby, and Emily had nothing on but a little shawl thrown over her shoulders, and was shivering with cold; she wouldn't allow her to go down for her meals, but brought up a very scanty poor portion for her; but *little* was enough for the poor child, for she could not eat. She wouldn't let her touch the baby, which was one of Emily's great pleasures, and forbade Master Frederic to speak to her. "Oh! Mother," she said, "I can't tell you all I felt through that evening and night; one moment I felt as if my heart would break, and then I felt so angry. Oh! Mother, I hated her, and so, when I got into bed, and began to say, 'Our Father' again, I couldn't, Mother. I dar'n't—I dar'n't say 'forgive us our trespasses' when I knew I hated her; and I couldn't go to sleep, I lay awake trembling, and then I turned hot." But she thought, Ma'am, she would tell Mrs. Eaton next morning, or Mrs. Thorp, (that was the housekeeper;) but, next day, Mrs. Eaton was suddenly called away from home to a sick sister, and was off in an hour's time, and poor Emily could not see her.

'Poor child! one hope after another seemed to fail her,' said Miss Walton.

'Yes, Ma'am, that's what she felt, and she didn't know what to do. The nurse seemed to suspect what she was after, and kept a close eye upon her, and wouldn't let her leave the room, and so another day went by. She went out walking with the children, but the nurse was with her, and still forbade Master Frederic to speak to her, but made the two little ones walk with her instead. Another night, too, went by, passed much as the former one, only Emily provided herself with a warmer shawl; but still her feet were bare, except a pair of slippers, for the nurse wouldn't wait for her to put on her stockings; and she did shiver with cold, and then she

durst not say the Lord’s Prayer, and she could not sleep, so that, when the morning came, and she tried to get up, she fell back in bed, unable to rise.

‘This angered the nurse. She said it was all nonsense, and she went and pulled all the clothes off the bed, and stood over her, insisting that she should get up. Emily tried once or twice, and turned all dizzy, but fear at length gave her strength, and she got up, and dressed. No sooner did she appear in the day-nursery, than the nurse ordered her to get water and scrub the bed-room floor. Emily said she couldn’t; she hadn’t the power, Ma’am, and angry words followed. The nurse, it seems, lost all self-command, and got up, and came towards Emily with a stick in her hand, which one of the children had been playing with the day before. Master Frederic rushed up to Emily, and clung to her, saying she shouldn’t be beaten, and the others began to cry, when the door opened, and in walked Mrs. Thorp. Emily stood all the time without speaking; she couldn’t move; and just as the nurse raised the stick, she fell senseless to the ground. Senseless, I say, Ma’am; but she wasn’t quite senseless, for she still heard the loud tones of the nurse abusing her, and saying she should leave the house that very moment, she wouldn’t have her hear the children; and she felt Mrs. Thorp stoop over her, and take her hand, and she heard the children crying, and Master Frederic saying, “You’ve killed her, Nurse; I’ll tell Mamma, that I will.” Then she heard the nurse strike him, and she strove to rise, and cried out, “Don’t beat *him*, oh, don’t!” and then fell back again quite senseless.

‘She doesn’t know what happened from that time until she awoke, and found herself lying alone in a room she had never been in before, and Mrs. Thorp standing over her, bathing her forehead. It was some time before she could recollect herself, and then she asked,

“Did she beat him? He did nothing naughty.”

‘Mrs. Thorp was very kind to her, but desired her not to talk, but to be quiet, and take something warm, which she offered her. Emily says she did not know how to swallow it, she thought she should have choked, just as she does now, Ma’am, sometimes, when she has to take medicine; but she did take it at last, and asked if she was safe, or if the nurse could come to her. Mrs. Thorp told her the nurse shouldn’t come near her, and begged her to try and go to sleep; and she shut her eyes, and did try, but in vain. Such horrible visions came into her mind, and then she thought of us all, and that she should never see us again, for she thought she was going to die; then she remembered that I had not wished her to go out to service, and how determined she had been, and then she says she cried, oh! so bitterly, and longed to ask me to forgive her. And she went on thinking all about this, Ma’am, till she fell asleep, and slept a long time, she supposes.

‘When she awoke again, she was alone, and she felt better, but very faint. She tried to get up, but couldn’t, so she lay still, thinking over all that had happened to her, and of her disobedience, as she calls it, to me. She said, “Oh, Mother! I thought I deserved all God had sent upon me; and then, Mother, I didn’t feel angry with the nurse any more, and I durst say the Lord’s Prayer again, but I didn’t feel as if God would forgive me till you’d forgiven me, Mother; but I kept saying it over and over again, and I did like to think God in heaven would hear me, though you couldn’t, Mother, and I asked Him to bring me home once more.”

‘Soon afterwards, Mrs. Thorp returned, and gave her some victuals, and Emily asked her to write, and let us know, and fetch her home, which she did, but we never got the letter.

‘After that, Ma’am, she never saw either the nurse

or children again. She longed to see Master Frederic, but Mrs. Thorp said the nurse wouldn't hear of it, and Mr. and Mrs. Eaton were both away. She kept to the bedroom for a day or two, and then went into the housekeeper's room, all this time looking for a letter from us, or to see us. She didn't know how to bear it when nothing came, and then she wrote that letter herself.

'The rest, Ma'am, you know; how her father went off for her at once, how Mrs. Thorp paid her wages, and how glad the poor child was to get home.'

'Yes,' said Miss Walton, 'and I do not now wonder at her illness; her sufferings of mind have been so very great, that it has quite unnerved her; indeed, that nurse has much to answer for. What will she feel if Emily should not recover?'

'I've thought of that sometimes, Ma'am. I hope she will be spared that punishment, and that God will forgive her what she's done to my poor child. Emily could never bear a cross word, Ma'am, so what must she have felt through all that time?'

'What indeed?' returned Miss Walton; 'but, except for unkind words, and refusing to let her write, there seems to have been no bad treatment, until after Emily spoke to Mrs. Eaton.'

'No, Ma'am; it was that which set the nurse against her; she couldn't forgive her that; but Emily says that she thinks the nurse never liked to see Master Frederic so fond of her. She was always more cross after he had been kind to her.'

Just then Margaret called Mrs. Freeward, for Emily was awake, and seemed very ill. Miss Walton went up-stairs too, and was pained to see her flushed face, and taking her hand, to find it burning hot.

Now, however, I must not tell you more about Emily, but return to the second Sunday after she had reached home.

Margaret could not get either to school or church.

in the morning, but the afternoon found her at the Vicarage, looking very much fagged, but glad to be at the lesson.

Before, however, we join them, I must introduce a new scholar to you.

Before Miss Walton went away from home, she would not choose any girls to take Hester's and Emily's places, hoping Hester might yet repent, and return to school. But now there was no prospect of that, so she thought she would take one child in her place; and as Emily had come back, she trusted that she might be spared to join the class again, and, therefore, she need only choose one.

There were many who would have been glad to come in, but Miss Walton chose from the second class only, and thought more of good conduct than of anything else. They were all pretty much alike in their reading and learning, but some were more regular at school than others, some were more attentive and diligent, and it was from among these Miss Walton intended to take one into her class. On counting up their tickets from Christmas, when all had begun the year again, Alice Churton was found to have the most, and she was accordingly chosen.

'I am glad, Ma'am, that she is chosen,' said Miss Tule, 'for she takes so much pains. She has not been long in the second class, and yet she is quite equal to any of the others in learning.'

'I have noticed' that she is very regular,' said Miss Walton, 'and she seems a good child, and her mother says she is; so I hope I shall know more about her now that she has joined my class. She has come to the evening school, and I thought she seemed a quiet child.'

'So she is, Ma'am. I never had any trouble with her in the daily school, but you know she was not there long; her mother was obliged to put her to work.'

‘Yes, I remember,’ said Miss Walton.

This conversation took place on the way down to church in the morning. In the afternoon Alice came, with the rest of the children, to Miss Walton. She was about thirteen years old, and had many brothers and sisters younger than herself in the school.

When the class were all seated, Miss Walton said, ‘Open your Prayer-books, girls, at the Catechism, and see if you can tell me how many petitions there are in the Lord’s Prayer?’

The girls did so, and after looking for a moment, some, who judged by the capital letters, answered, ‘Ten;’ others, who thought more of the sense, answered, ‘Seven.’

‘It is generally accounted that there are but six distinct petitions,’ said Miss Walton. ‘What little word joins the last two clauses?’

‘But,’ said Rose. ‘Lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil.’

Miss W. Yes. ‘By delivering us from evil, God leadeth us not into temptation; by not leading us into temptation, He delivereth us from evil,’* so that they are considered but one petition. And what may the first clause of the Prayer be called?

‘The introduction,’ said Rose.

Miss W. Or rather ‘preface.’ Now let me hear if you can say the Lord’s Prayer, each of you taking one of the six petitions by turns. You say the preface, Harriet, and the rest go on.

‘Our Father which art in heaven,’ she repeated

‘Hallowed be Thy Name,’ said Anna.

‘Thy kingdom come,’ said Bessie.

‘Thy will be done in earth, As it is in heaven,’ repeated Jane.

‘Give us this day our daily bread,’ continued Ruth.

* See Sermons on St. Matthew, by St. Augustine.—Ser. vii.

‘And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive them that trespass against us,’ said Sarah.

‘And lead us not into temptation, But deliver us from evil,’ concluded Rose.

Miss W. And what do we generally add to the end of these petitions? Can you tell me, Alice?

‘For Thine is the kingdom, The power, and the glory, For ever and ever. Amen,’ she replied, in a quick, frightened way.

Miss W. And this is called the Doxology, or ascription of glory; but it is not given in the Catechism, as it is not a necessary part of the Prayer. St. Luke does not give it in his version of the Prayer. And ‘what desirest thou of God in this Prayer?’ You may repeat the answer, Ruth.

She stood up, and repeated slowly and correctly,

‘I desire my Lord God, our heavenly Father, Who is the giver of all goodness, to send His grace unto me, and to all people; that we may worship Him, serve Him, and obey Him, as we ought to do. And I pray unto God, that He will send us all things that be needful both for our souls and bodies; and that He will be merciful unto us, and forgive us our sins; and that it will please Him to save and defend us in all dangers, ghostly and bodily; and that He will keep us from all sin and wickedness, and from our ghostly enemy, and from everlasting death. And this I trust He will do of His mercy and goodness, through our Lord Jesus Christ. And therefore I say, Amen, So be it.’

Miss W. I shall refer to this answer many times in questioning you over the Lord’s Prayer; they will explain each other. Now I want you to notice how the earlier petitions of the Lord’s Prayer concern—Whom?

‘God,’ said Mary.

Miss W. Yes; how many of them?

‘Three,’ replied Margaret.

Miss W. And whom do the other three concern?

Several. Ourselves.

Miss W. Just so. Thus our Saviour would teach us that God's honour and glory are to be thought of first of all, and then our own wants. And if you look at these petitions, and the preface, you will find they agree with the commandments. If we take God for our Father, then we shall have none other—?

'Gods but Him,' said Anna.

Miss W. And God is in heaven, therefore we must not have graven images which are of the earth. Then if God's Name is hallowed, we shall not—?

'Take it in vain,' they all replied.

Miss W. And if His will be done, then we shall not 'do our own ways, nor find our own pleasure, nor speak our own words'—when especially? (See Isa. lviii. 13.)

'On His own day,' said Mary.

Miss W. And to go on with the petition for ourselves. We pray for—?

'Daily bread,' they replied.

Miss W. Therefore we must not take it by killing, or stealing. We pray—?

'Lead us not into temptation,' they continued.

Miss W. Therefore we must not tempt ourselves by indulging wrong desire, by letting fleshly lusts gain the mastery over us. Which commandments forbid us to do this?

'Thou shalt not commit adultery,' said some.

'Thou shalt not covet,' said others.

Miss W. And because we fail continually in keeping God's law, we pray—?

'Forgive us our trespasses,' said Alice.

Miss W. If we lived according to this prayer, like Zacharias and Elizabeth, we should walk 'in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless.' (St. Luke, i. 6.) And to whom did you say this prayer was first given?

Several. To Christ's disciples.

Miss W. How long ago is that?

'More than 1800 years,' said Sarah.

Miss W. Yes; and through all that time this Prayer has been constantly used in the Church of God, not in one or two places only, but—?

'Everywhere,' said one or two.

Miss W. Yes, in whatever part of the world the Christian religion has been received, there we find this Prayer in use. So that it has become, as it were, the badge of the Church, the special mark of discipleship.* What prayer did St. John the Baptist's disciples use?

Rose. The prayer he taught them.

Miss W. And the use of it bound them together in one brotherhood. What does the use of the Lord's Prayer do for us?

'It binds us together too,' said Agnes.

Miss W. Not as disciples of St. John the Baptist, but—?

'Of Jesus Christ, Who gave us the prayer,' said several.

Miss W. And how many does it bind together?

Several. All who use it.

Miss W. Yes, all who use it with the heart. It may truly be called The Prayer of communion. For do we only use it in common with our own nation?

Margaret. No, with every Christian nation.

Miss W. And is it only to the living that it binds us?

Mary. No, to the dead in Christ also.

Miss W. Why?

Several. Because they used it too.

Miss W. Is it not pleasant to think we are using the very same words that have been used by every single Christian from the time Christ was upon earth? Many whom we have never heard of, and never shall

* See Hooker on 'Often repeating the Lord's Prayer.'

hear of in this world, from the child lisping it as its first prayer, to the old man who has used it throughout his whole life, are, as it were, drawn near to us—how?

Several. By the use of this Prayer.

Miss W. It was used, too, by the very apostles, and perhaps in part even by our blessed Lord Himself. Certainly one clause we know He used. Can any of you tell me which?

‘Thy will be done,’ said little Agnes, after a moment’s thought.

Miss W. When did He offer this prayer?

Rose. In His agony in the garden. ‘O My Father, if this cup may not pass away from Me except I drink it, Thy will be done.’ (St. Matt. xxvi. 42.)

Miss W. Thus does this Prayer unite all Christians to each other, and to—Whom else?

Margaret. Christ, Who gave it to us.

Miss W. Its very words teach us this. How do we begin it?

‘Our Father,’ said Anna.

Miss W. And do we say ‘give *me* my daily bread,’ ‘forgive *me*’?

All. No, ‘give *us*,’ and ‘forgive *us*.’

Miss W. In its use, then, we pray, not for ourselves alone, but—?

For all our fellow-Christians,’ said Jane.

Miss W. And is it only in public, when a number are praying together, that we thus say ‘our’ and ‘us’?

Several. No, Ma’am, in our private prayers too.

‘Please, Ma’am,’ said Jane, ‘I heard a woman say the other day, that we ought not to say “our” and “us” when we say it to ourselves.’

Miss W. I am afraid she had not learnt the blessing of the ‘Communion of Saints,’ or she would not have thought this. She would have seen how by altering it we should be, as it were, cutting ourselves off

from fellowship with our brethren. What is it that makes children brothers and sisters to each other?

'Having the same father and mother,' replied Rose.

Miss W. So what is it that makes Christian people brothers and sisters?

Anna. Being all children of God.

Several of the other girls declared they had heard the same thing said, and some of them had even altered the Prayer accordingly, in their private prayers, and Margaret said,

'I remember Mother's talking about it, and she said she thought we ought always to say "our" and "us" because our Lord gave it so, and we shouldn't alter His words.'

'And that was a very good reason,' said Miss Walton. 'We may be quite sure that as our Lord gave the words, so it is best to say them, even though we could see no reason for it; but we can both understand and feel the reason if we try. Besides, how is it that we can venture to address God as our Father at all?'

'Because we are His children by adoption,' they replied.

Miss W. And how are we His children?

Mary. As members of Christ.

Miss W. Just so; as being disciples of Him Who gave us the prayer, and as members of His Body. What do you say you were *first* made in your Baptism, Alice?

'Members of Christ,' she replied.

Miss W. And then as members—?

Agnes. Children of God.*

Miss W. Then it is not meet that we should forget this—that God is the Father of each one of us, as being the Father of the Body of Christ, of which

* See Lesson iii.

are members: therefore our Lord taught us to—?

'Our Father,' they all replied. (See Eph. i. 7.)

Miss W. And when Christ compares Himself to a e, and us to—what?

'The branches,' said several.

Miss W. Yes; on what condition does He promise that prayer shall be answered?

Agnes. 'If ye *abide in Me*, and My words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done for you.' (St. John, xv. 7.)

Miss W. It is as branches abiding in the Vine—as members of the Body, that our prayers are promised to be heard; therefore as such we must address God in prayer, and say, not 'My Father,' but—?

'Our Father,' they all replied.

Miss W. Then this little word, 'our,' before 'Father,' teaches us great things. That each one is His adopted child as standing by himself alone, —?

'As a member of Christ's Body,' said Anna.

Miss W. Therefore all the other members are—what?

'Brothers and sisters,' quickly answered several.

Miss W. Further: As He is the Father of many, united into one family, into one Body, therefore one member suffer'—?

All. 'All the members suffer with it; or one member be honoured, all the members rejoice with it' (1 Cor. xii. 26.)

Miss W. And again; being thus closely united, must pray, not only each for himself, but—?

'For all the members with him,' said Agnes.

Miss W. And, lastly, that it is as members of Christ's Body we look and hope for our prayers to be answered. Therefore we say—?

All. 'Our Father.'

Miss W. And when you tell me what you desire of God in this Prayer, you say, 'I desire'—?

'My Lord God *our* heavenly Father,' repeated the girls.

Miss W. We may now go on to the next word of this holy Prayer. When we approach God to make our petitions, we are to address Him by what Name?

'Father,' they all replied.

Miss W. Yes, that we may go in confidence and love. In the Prodigal Son's deepest distress, to whom did he say he would go?

All. 'I will arise, and go to my father.'

Miss W. It was not to his brother he turned, it was—?

'To his father,' said Mary.

Miss W. Others had seen him want, yet did they help him?

All. No. 'He would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat; and no man gave unto him.'

Miss W. Why, then, did he expect any better treatment if he returned to his father?

'Because he *was* his father,' said Margaret.

Miss W. Just so; the stranger, the friend, the brother, might take no pity on him, but he turned with hope to—?

'His father,' they all replied.

Miss W. And was his hope disappointed?

Ruth. No; while 'he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him.' (See St. Luke, xv. 11–32.)

Miss W. With confidence in a father's love, he ventured to turn to him, even though acknowledging himself unworthy to be his son. So Christ teaches us, in making our petition to God, to address Him as—?

All. Our Father.

Miss W. Who, if any one can, will surely look with compassion and love upon His (it may be deeply erring) child. The name Father, then, emboldens us to approach with faith and confidence. Are we ever told that we must pray in faith, if we would have our prayers answered?

Margaret. ‘All things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive.’ (St. Matt. **xxi.** 22.)

Mary. ‘What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.’ (St. Mark, **xi.** 24. See also St. James, **i.** 5, 6.)

Miss W. Yes; and the very name of Father should give us this faith and confidence. Who does our Saviour teach us is unlikely to mock the request of a child asking for bread?

Ruth. A father. ‘What man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone? or if he ask a fish, will he give him a serpent?’

Miss W. Yes; it would be unnatural indeed for a father thus to treat a son; and how does He apply those words to God and us?

All. ‘If ye, then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask Him?’ (St. Matt. **vii.** 9–11.)

Miss W. And with these words of our Saviour’s before us, He teaches us to address God as—?

‘Our *Father*,’ they all replied.

Miss W. But is there no other feeling besides confidence and love that a child has towards a father? What does the fifth commandment bid children give their parents?

Several. Honour.

Miss W. Then children reverence or honour a father; they look up to him, and feel his superiority. Look at Malachi, **i.** 6.

Bessie. 'A son honoureth his father, and a servant his master.'

Miss W. Yes; and what does God go on to say?

Bessie. 'If, then, I be a Father, where is Mine honour?'

Miss W. You none of you would go and ask a favour from your father, in the same way as you would from a school-fellow, or an equal, would you?

'No, Ma'am,' said several.

'We should think more how we asked it,' said Margaret.

Miss W. Yes, you would be more careful of your manner: you would ask more humbly, and feel that your father was your superior, and had a right to deny your request. Now what may this feeling of a child's towards a father be called?

'Honour,' said Jane.

'Reverence,' said Rose.

Miss W. Very good. Then addressing God by the name of Father should give us not only a feeling of confidence and love—but?

'Of reverence, of honour,' said several.

Miss W. Yes, and (seeing that it is as erring children we come before Him) of humility too. The Prodigal Son, at the thought of his father, felt his own unworthiness: 'I am not'—?

'Worthy to be called thy son,' they repeated.

Miss W. His father he knew to be good, and kind, and far above him; and, therefore, in his wickedness, he felt he was not worthy to be called his son. Now it is as prodigal children—as children who have wasted the good things God has given to us—who have misused, or neglected to use, His grace, that we must come before God. What, then, should the name of Father make us feel?

'Humbled,' said Mary.

Miss W. Now tell me over again how the name Father should make us draw near to God.

'With confidence and love,' said one or two.

'With reverence and humility,' added others.

Miss W. And once more think of a very little child; does it ever doubt its father's power to help?

'No, I suppose not,' they replied.

Miss W. No, I think not. Of course, as a child grows older, it learns that many things are beyond its earthly father's power; but it does not think so at first. Now, that we may always have the feeling of the little child, what words does our Saviour teach us to add to **'Our Father'?**

'Which art in heaven,' they all replied.

Miss W. Then, as a heavenly Father, what may we undoubtedly trust in?

'His power,' said Agnes.

Miss W. Yes; Christ said in His words of teaching, **'If an earthly father will give good things'—?**

'How much more will your heavenly Father,' said Anna.

Miss W. And if an earthly parent can give them, much more can our—?

All. Heavenly Father.

Miss W. Therefore, you say, **'I desire my Lord God'—?**

All. **'Our heavenly Father, Who is the giver of all goodness.'**

Miss W. Our heavenly Father, or **'Father'—?**

'Which art in heaven,' they replied.

Miss W. From whence does St. James tell us every good gift comes?

Sarah. **'Every good gift, and every perfect gift, is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights.'** (St. James, i. 17.)

Miss W. Look also at St. John, iii. 27.

Harriet. **'A man can receive nothing, except it be given Him from heaven.'**

Miss W. Thus we are accustomed to look upwards for good things, and we know that, though the

powers of an earthly parent may fail, our Father Who dwells on high is—?

‘Great and powerful, and able to do all things,’ continued two or three.

Miss W. Therefore our Saviour taught us to say—?

All. ‘Our Father which art in heaven.’

Miss W. Yes, Which art so much greater than an earthly parent. And again, can we now see God?

All. No, Ma’am.

Miss W. But when do we hope to see Him

Several. In heaven.

Miss W. ‘Now,’ St. Paul says, ‘we see through a glass darkly’—?

‘But then face to face,’ continued Mary. (1 Cor. xiii. 12.)

Miss W. And David says, ‘In Thy presence’—?

Ruth. ‘Is the fulness of joy; and at Thy right hand there is pleasure for evermore.’ (Psalm xvi. 12.)

Miss W. We say, then, ‘which art in heaven,’ to remind us of that place where we shall see God, and be made like Him. (See 1 St. John, iii. 2.) How do we address God in the Litany?

All. ‘O God the Father, of heaven.’

Miss W. And since our Father is in heaven, how should we feel towards heaven?

‘Love it,’ said some.

Miss W. Yes; but that is not what I mean. The place where our earthly father dwells, that is our—?

‘Home,’ said Mary.


Miss W. Then how should we look upon heaven?

Several. As our home.

Miss W. Yes; why?

Mary. Because our Father dwells there.

Miss W. Very good. ‘Here have we no continuing city,’ St. Paul says, ‘but’—?

‘We seek one to come,’ added Margaret. (Heb.  iii. 14.)

Miss W. And in another place he says, 'Our conversation,' or citizenship, or *home*, 'is'—where?

Several. 'In heaven; from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ.' (Phil. iii. 20.)

Miss W. Then when we say, 'Our Father which art in heaven,' we are to think of heaven as—?

'Our home,' they all replied.

Miss W. But when we say this, do we mean that God is *only* in heaven?

Mary. No, for He is everywhere.

Miss W. Yes. Look at 1 Kings, viii. 27.

Anna. 'Behold, the heaven, and heaven of heavens, cannot contain Thee.'

Miss W. And what does He tell us by the prophet Jeremiah that He fills?

Rose. 'Do not I fill heaven and earth? saith the Lord.' (Jer. xxiii. 24.)

Miss W. We say, then, that God is in heaven, not meaning that He is *only* there, but that it is, as it were, a fixed place, where we may look to find Him—where He sits, ever ready to hear our prayer,—which we may look upon as our home. What does He tell us Himself that heaven is?

Several. His throne.

Miss W. Look at Isaiah, lxvi. 1.

Jane. 'Thus saith the Lord, The heaven is My throne, and the earth is My footstool.' (See also St. Matt. v. 34, 35. Acts, vii. 48, 49.)

Miss W. His throne, where He sits, ready to receive His suppliant people, to look graciously down upon His praying children, all-powerful to help in time of need. Why does David bid us sing praises unto God? Look at Psalm, lxxviii. 32–35. Alice, you read it.

Alice. 'Sing unto God, O ye kingdoms of the earth: O sing praises unto the Lord; Who sitteth in the heavens over all from the beginning: lo, He doth

send out His voice, yea, and that a mighty voice. *Ascribe ye the power to God over Israel; His working and strength is in the clouds. O God, wonderful art Thou in Thy holy places: even the God of Israel; He will give strength and power unto His people; blessed be God.*

Miss W. We may ascribe power to Him Who sitteth in the heavens over all, and sends out His voice to the ends of the earth. Therefore, when we address Him, we say—?

‘Which art in heaven,’ they all answered.

Miss W. Now what are the reasons we have seen why we are taught to say, ‘which art in heaven’?

‘Because every good and perfect gift comes from heaven,’ said Rose.

‘And from God, Who dwells there, and is the “Giver of all goodness,”’ said Mary.

Miss W. Yes, and Who is, therefore, able to give us all we need; and what other reasons?

‘Because heaven is where we hope to see God,’ said Agnes.

‘It is our home,’ added Mary.

Several. Because heaven is His throne, where He sits ready to hear us.

Miss W. Just so. And where are we bid to set our affections?

‘Above,’ replied one or two.

Miss W. Where did our Saviour go when He was parted from His disciples?

Several. Upwards, into heaven.

Miss W. The mention of heaven, then, teaches us to turn our thoughts—where?

‘Upwards,’ said some.

‘Above,’ said others.

‘To heaven,’ said Ruth.

Miss W. Yes, as our home. It seems to say to us, ‘Lift up your hearts.’ One more lesson you may learn from me which the mention of God’s being in heaven

teaches us. Why does Solomon warn us not to be rash with our mouth?

‘Because God is in heaven,’ said Margaret.

Miss W. Repeat the verse, any who can.

Several. ‘Be not rash with thy mouth, and let not thine heart be hasty to utter anything before God: for God is in heaven, and thou upon earth: therefore, let thy words be few.’ (Eccles. v. 2.)

Miss W. The thought of the greatness and glory, the mightiness and power of the Father we are addressing—the great distance, as it were, between us who speak, and Him to Whom we speak, should make us draw near with reverence of manner, and careful words. How did the publican behave in God’s presence?

Anna. ‘The publican, standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me a sinner.’ (St. Luke, xviii. 13.)

Miss W. He was too humble to turn his eyes—where?

All. To heaven.

Miss W. Yes, where he knew God dwelt; but he stood afar off, and smote upon his breast, feeling unworthy to come into the presence of his Father. Look at Heb. xii. 28, how we are bid to serve God.

Sarah. ‘Wherefore we receiving a kingdom which cannot be moved, let us have grace, whereby we may serve God acceptably with *reverence and godly fear*.’

Miss W. And what should help us to this ‘*reverence and godly fear*’?

Mary. The thought of God in heaven.

Miss W. Yes; enthroned in glory, from whence He sends out His voice, and that a mighty voice. ‘Our God is a consuming fire,’ St. Paul reminds us. ‘He is in heaven, and we upon earth; therefore, let our words be few’—our manner humble and reverent.

All the holy truths taught by these words of the Lord's Prayer, are far from being even touched upon in this lesson, partly because of their height, and length, and breadth, and depth, and partly because they will be found drawn out in other lessons on other portions of the Catechism; as for example, Lessons iii. and xiv. And though they might well be repeated in *vivâ voce* catechisings, it did not seem advisable to repeat them in print; but rather to lead the thoughts to a somewhat different view of the same comprehensive subject. This plan has been necessarily adopted in other instances, to avoid repetition as far as seemed possible, though perhaps at the cost of not touching upon the most obvious lessons. For the same reason, 'Catechisings on the Collects' have been referred to occasionally.

LESSON LII.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

‘HALLOWED BE THY NAME.’

EMILY'S illness was felt much by the girls of the first class. Even the most thoughtless could not quite forget that one of their number was, as they all thought, passing from this into another and unknown world; and when they came to their lessons with Miss Walton, either Margaret's absence, or her altered manner when present, kept it continually in their minds. Margaret was, indeed, kind and thoughtful as ever, but her bright cheerfulness was dimmed. Many were the inquiries always made about Emily, and sad and serious were the looks when no better account could be given.

When they assembled in the afternoon, Margaret was not with them, and they feared Emily was worse, but just before the lesson began, Margaret entered the room.

‘Which is the first petition in the Lord's Prayer?’ asked Miss Walton.

Several. ‘Hallowed be Thy Name.’

Miss W. Whose Name do we here pray may be hallowed?

Sarah. God's.

Miss W. But what have we called Him in our address?

Agnes. ‘Father.’

Miss W. And what did we see, last Sunday, was given to a father?

‘Honour,’ said Rose.

Miss W. ‘A son honoureth his father;’ so God says, ‘If, then, I be a Father’—? (Mal. i. 6.)

‘Where is Mine honour?’ they continued.

Miss W. Yes; therefore, after addressing God as ‘Our Father,’ we go on to pray that we may give Him a child’s honour; we say—?

All. ‘Hallowed be Thy Name.’

Miss W. But we not only address Him as ‘Our Father,’ but further, as our—?

‘Father in heaven,’ replied one or two.

Miss W. And what was the last reason you told me why we add ‘in heaven’?

‘Because it teaches us to be reverent,’ said Agnes.

‘Because it makes us remember that God is so much above us,’ said Margaret.

Miss W. Quite right. We acknowledge God to be above us, therefore to be approached with reverence and—?

‘Godly fear,’ they continued.

Miss W. He is in heaven, we upon earth far below Him. And having acknowledged this, we pray—?

Anna. ‘Hallowed be Thy Name.’

Miss W. What, then, do you mean by ‘hallowed’?

‘Honoured,’ said two or three.

‘Kept holy,’ said Ruth.

‘Reverenced,’ added Jane.

Miss W. Very good. And what do we pray may be hallowed, Alice?

‘God’s Name,’ she replied.

Miss W. Now I hope you remember what I explained was meant by *God’s Name*?*

‘Anything by which He makes Himself known to us,’ said Rose.

Miss W. Yes; such as His—?

* See Lesson xxxv. on the Third Commandment.

‘Titles, and attributes, and Word,’ said Anna.

‘And the sacraments, and all religious services,’ said Rose, again.

Miss W. I am glad you remember; and by His attributes I told you we mean the love, and truth, and justice, and mercy, &c. which are His very nature, and by which He makes Himself known to us. How has He made Himself known to us as a God of mercy and love?

‘By sending His Son to die for us,’ replied several.

Miss W. Yes, and by every good thing He gives us, food and raiment, sunshine and rain, the flowers of the field, and the fruits of the earth. All these, and hundreds of other good gifts, proclaim Him to be a God of—?

‘Love and mercy,’ said Margaret.

Miss W. Then when we pray that God’s Name may be hallowed, we mean not only His Titles—but?

All. His attributes, His Word, His sacraments, and all religious services.

Miss W. And by the very offering up of this prayer, of what do we acknowledge God to be worthy?

‘Of honour,’ said one or two.

Miss W. What is the song of heaven?

Several. ‘Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory, and honour, and power; for Thou hast created all things, and for Thy pleasure they are and were created.’ (Rev. iv. 11.)

Miss W. And we on earth, by the use of these words in the Lord’s Prayer, confess that we, too, believe God to be worthy of honour and glory. With whom, then, have we communion in the use of these words?

Agnes. Those who dwell in heaven.

Miss W. Yes; but we do more than declare God’s worthiness in these words, we acknowledge our own weakness. By whom is His Name too often profaned?

Sarah. By man.

Miss W. The heavenly host do not *pray* that His Name may be hallowed, as we weak sinful creatures do, confessing thereby that without His aid we are unable to do—what?

‘Hallow God’s Name without His help,’ said three or four.

Miss W. Thus, in the very first petition of the Lord’s Prayer, we acknowledge our own weakness. Listen to a few words which I will read to you about this. ‘In the very first petition, after the words which bring us, as children, before our Heavenly Father, there is an acknowledgment at once of His Infinite Holiness, and of the difficulty of our bearing ourselves as becomes His children. We pray that His Name may be hallowed, meaning that without His aid we are unable duly to hallow it. This feeling meets us when we come before Him. How are we to fit ourselves to this perfect all-pervading Holiness? Were we very Saints, we should still have occasion to begin with this petition, lest there should be anything in our doings before God wherein we failed to do honour to His Holiness, and to sanctify Him in our hearts.’* We see, then, that in these short words we acknowledge—first—?

‘God’s holiness,’ said Rose, ‘that He is worthy of honour.’

Miss W. And secondly—?

‘Our own weakness,’ said Mary; ‘that we cannot honour Him without His help.’

Miss W. But can anything *we* do add to God’s holiness?

Several. No, Ma’am.

Miss W. No, for holiness is His very nature; but He is pleased to say we hallow His Name when we acknowledge It, when we give It honour and glory. What does He say we do in offering Him thanks?

* ‘Hints on Private Devotion.’ Rev. C. Marriott, B.D.

Jane. ‘Whoso offereth Me thanks and praise, he honoureth Me.’ (Ps. l. 23.)

Miss W. And are we told in the Bible that we are to hallow God’s Name? Look at Ps. lxxxix. 6–8.

Bessie. ‘Who is He among the clouds that shall be compared unto the Lord? And what is he among the gods that shall be like unto the Lord? God is very greatly to be feared in the council of the saints, and *to be had in reverence* of all them that are round about Him.’

Margaret. ‘Sing unto the Lord, and praise His Name, be telling of His salvation from day to day. *Declare His honour unto the heathen, and His wonders unto all people.*’ (Ps. xcvi. 2, 3. See also lxvi. 1, 2.)

Sarah. ‘Give the Lord the honour due unto His Name: worship the Lord with holy worship.’ (xxix. 2.)

Anna. ‘They shall give thanks unto Thy Name, which is great, wonderful, and holy.’ (xcix. 3.)

Miss W. And which command bids us hallow God’s Name.

All. The third, ‘Thou shalt not take the Name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His Name in vain.’

Miss W. Thus we see how God expects us to give Him that honour which Christ taught us to pray might be His—how God claims honour to His Name. What, then, must we do, as well as *pray*, that It may be hallowed?

‘Try to hallow It,’ said Margaret.

Miss W. Yes; our prayer will be a mere mockery unless, while we pray, we try in heart, in word, and in deed, to hallow It. How does St. Paul tell us to glorify God? Look at 1 Cor. vi. 20.

Bessie. ‘Glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God’s.’

Miss W. How can you glorify God in ‘spirit’?

'By feeling reverently,' said Agnes.

Miss W. Yes, by adoring Him in heart as well as outwardly. What have you told me is your duty to God?

Several. 'To believe in Him, to fear Him, and to love Him, *with all my heart, with all my mind, with all my soul, and with all my strength.*'

Miss W. With 'all your heart,' or in spirit. Then you say you must 'worship Him.' What did I say this worship meant?

'Adoring Him,' said Rose.

'Giving Him honour and glory,' said Sarah.

Miss W. Very good; not only outwardly, but in heart; ever thinking of Him with reverence and care, cherishing the remembrance of His greatness, and holiness, and love, and power; and dwelling on them inwardly. Look how St. Peter bids us hallow God in heart, 1 St. Peter, iii. 15.

Jane. 'Sanctify the Lord God in your hearts.'

Miss W. You know how differently you think of different people. You don't think in the same way of your parents and your companions, do you?

'No; our companions are like ourselves,' said Rose.

Miss W. Just so; the thought of them stirs up no feeling of respect, or of your own inferiority. But is it so when you think of those to whom you do really look up?

'I suppose not,' said Margaret, slowly, as if pondering over the subject while she spoke.

Miss W. I think not. You think with respect, and something like awe, of those you feel to be superior to yourself, and yet whom you love and admire.

'Please, Ma'am, as we think of Mr. Walton,' said Anna.

Miss W. Yes; I have no doubt you thus think of

Mr. Walton ; your thoughts of him are a union of love and respect, of awe and admiration. Now I have asked you about this, that you may understand better how you should hallow God’s Name. In—what ?

‘Heart,’ said some.

‘Thought,’ said others.

Miss W. Yes. The same kind of feeling which you have to an earthly superior whom you love, you should have to God, only in a much higher degree. You should sanctify Him in your hearts by always thinking of Him with calm reverence, and by cherishing any holy thought which comes from Him. Why would you try to be alone if you wish to think of, or meditate upon holy things ?

‘That we may not be disturbed,’ said Margaret.

Miss W. Yes, that you may give to God thoughts as uninterrupted as possible. Where did Isaac go to meditate ?

Ruth. Into the fields. (Gen. xxiv. 63.)

Miss W. Where everything around him would help his thoughts. And where did St. Peter go for prayer ?

Several. To the house-top. (Acts, x. 9.)

Miss W. That thus he might give his heart undisturbed to his prayers and thoughts of God. But sometimes, in the busiest moment, a holy thought may be put into our minds. How can we, then, show our reverence of heart to God ?

‘By attending to it,’ said Mary.

‘By giving it place,’ said Margaret.

Miss W. Yes, by valuing and cherishing it. In our fixed devotions, then, we shall show reverence of heart—how ?

‘By giving undisturbed thought to God,’ said Rose, ‘if we can.’

Miss W. And how shall we show it in the midst of business or pleasure ?

midst of noise to think of God, and pray to
if they do this reverently, they will perhaps
to be disturbed by what is going on about
be in the midst of laughing and talking,
to hear it. In factories I dare say this is
case. But in what, besides thought, must
God's Name ?

Several. In word.

Miss W. Yes ; if we do it in heart, we
in word also. Now I have before spoke
reverence of word, which is what the third
ment especially enjoins ; but there is
want to say to you younger girls. Are you
of hymns ?

‘ Oh ! yes, Ma’am,’ they replied.

Miss W. And do you not sometimes sing
yourselves ?

‘ Yes, often, or sing them,’ said Ruth.

Miss W. And what are hymns generally

‘ God, and heaven, and holy things,’ they

Miss W. Very well ; then, if you try
God's Name, how should you say those hymns

‘ Reverently,’ said Ruth.

Ruth blushed, Agnes said nothing, but Harriet said, ‘Please, Ma’am, we were trying how many we could say.’

‘Agnes wouldn’t try,’ said Ruth, in a low voice.

‘It was the manner of your doing it, my dear children,’ said Miss Walton, ‘that made it wrong; you were not repeating them reverently, not thinking of the holy words. You only said them for amusement, and because of the pretty sound. I did not know when I spoke that any of you were there, but I am glad I mentioned it. Will you try and remember it another time?’

‘Yes, Ma’am,’ replied Ruth, and Agnes, who had, indeed, from Ruth’s testimony, remembered it before.

Miss W. You may repeat little songs in that way, but not holy words, because—what do you pray?

All. ‘Hallowed be Thy Name.’

Miss W. Not in thought only, but in—?

‘Word also,’ they all replied.

Miss W. Look at Eccles. v. 2.

Harriet. ‘Be not rash with thy mouth, and let not thine heart be hasty to utter anything before God.’

‘Anything, or any “word,” as it is in the margin,’ said Miss Walton. ‘The same feeling which would make us careful in our thoughts of holy things, will make us careful of our words, and of *the times* of speaking about sacred things. Now in what direct way can we hallow God’s Name in word?’

Anna. By prayer and praise.

Miss W. Therefore, in this petition of the Lord’s Prayer, we desire our Lord God . . . to send His grace, that we may—?

‘Worship Him, and serve Him,’ continued the girls.

‘How?’ asked Miss Walton.

‘As we ought to do,’ they replied.

Miss W. And with what do we worship Him?

Margaret. With our lips.

Miss W. Yes ; worship here must be taken in its fullest sense ; it includes all the service of our lips which we offer unto God, as well as the adoration of heart. In praying, then, that God's Name may be hallowed, we pray that we may have grace to offer Him—what sort of worship ?

Several. Holy worship.

Miss W. Very good. And in what else, besides thought and word, did I say we must hallow His Name ?

'Actions,' said several.

Miss W. Yes ; or by act. So St. Paul teaches us we are to glorify God, not in spirit only, but—?

'In body too,' returned Sarah. (1 Cor. vi. 20.)

Miss W. Now God has taught us in many ways the importance of reverence of manner, or of actions. When He was about to give the Law on Mount Sinai, what directions did He give for the conduct of the people ? Turn to Exo. xix. and look at verses 10 and 12.

Harriet. 'And the Lord said unto Moses, Go unto the people, and sanctify them to-day and to-morrow, and *let them wash their clothes . . .* And thou shalt set bounds unto the people round about, saying, Take heed to yourselves, that ye go not up into the mount, *or touch the border of it* : whosoever toucheth the mount, shall be surely put to death.'

Miss W. Now why were the people thus to sanctify themselves, to wash their clothes, and to abstain from touching the mount ?

Several. To show honour to God.

Miss W. They were acts of—what ?

Anna. Reverence.

Miss W. Yes ; outward tokens of the honour they knew to be due to God. Again, when God spoke to Moses at the burning bush, what outward token of reverence did He bid him show ?

Ruth. 'Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the

place whereon thou standest is holy ground.’ (Exo. ii. 5. · See also Josh. v. 15.)

Miss W. He said also, ‘draw not nigh hither:’ the same direction that was given to the people at Mount Sinai, to keep from coming upon the mount, and from touching it. We see, then, that reverence of manner may be shown both by *acts* of reverence, and by restraining ourselves in our approach to God, and in dealing with holy things. Why do I make you stand and to repeat texts?

‘Because it is the Bible we say,’ replied some.

‘To show reverence,’ said others.

Miss W. Yes, as an act of reverence. For the same reason we kneel in prayer, and stand to sing, and say the Creed. And after Baptism, what is done with the water?

Several. It runs into the ground.

Miss W. In order that it may never be used for common purposes. Our church teaches us, by little acts of this kind, to be reverent in manner, to approach holy things with care, that so we may hallow God’s Name. We have an awful instance in the Bible of God’s anger displayed against irreverent behaviour. Turn to 2.Sam. vi. David was about to bring the ark from Kirjath-jearim, where it had been since the Philistines restored it. What did they place it upon?

Several. A new cart.

Miss W. Why *new*, do you think?

‘To show it honour,’ said Agnes.

Miss W. Very good; and who drove the cart?

Jane. Uzzah and Ahio, sons of Abinadab.

Miss W. Yes, in whose house it had been kept. Now read verses 6 and 7, Alice.

Alice. ‘And when they came to Nachon’s threshing-floor, Uzzah put forth his hand to the ark of God, and took hold of it; for the oxen shook it. And the anger of the Lord was kindled against

Uzzah ; and God smote him there for his error ; and there he died by the ark of God.'

Miss W. God had forbidden that holy things should be touched. Look at Num. iv. 15.

Sarah. 'They shall not touch any holy thing, lest they die.'

Miss W. Yes ; and Uzzah forgot the holiness of the ark, and ventured to touch it with an unholy hand ; and how did God show His anger, Alice ?

'By striking him dead,' she replied.

Miss W. So much did this impress David with awe and dread of God, that—did he take the ark any further ?

Margaret. No. 'David was afraid of the Lord that day, and said, How shall the ark of the Lord come to me ? So David would not remove the ark of the Lord unto him, into the city of David.' (Verses 9, 10.)

Miss W. It at once impressed him with a sense of the honour due to God, and to that which is dedicated to God ; and made him feel his own unworthiness. But David, perhaps, did not show his reverence in a right manner, in declining to bring the ark further. For what are we told God did for the house of Obed-edom where the ark stayed ?

Several. He blessed it, and all his household. (Ver. 11.)

Miss W. And, consequently, David afterwards fetched it to the city of David with gladness. Reverence should not drive us far from God, only it should make us careful how we approach Him—make us prepare our hearts. God also punished the men of Beth-shemesh for an irreverent act. Look at 1 Sam. vi. 19, 20.

Bessie. 'He smote the men of Beth-shemesh, because they had looked into the ark of the Lord, even He smote of the people fifty thousand and threescore and ten men . . . and the men of Beth-she-

mesh said, Who is able to stand before this holy Lord God?

Miss W. They had not restrained themselves, but had irreverently approached holy things. Now what must we learn by all these examples?

‘To be reverent,’ said some.

‘To hallow God’s Name,’ said others.

Miss W. Yes. To act towards anything dedicated to God with care and reverence, and so to hallow God’s Name. To Whose service are our churches set apart?

‘God’s,’ they all replied.

Miss W. And being thus dedicated to God, they become holy: how, then, should we behave ourselves in them?

‘Reverently,’ replied one or two.

Miss W. When no service is going on, is not a church still God’s house?

All. Yes, Ma’am.

Miss W. If, then, we have occasion to enter it, we should not do so without thought, but restrain ourselves, be gentle in our movements, low in speaking, that so we may honour—Whom?

Several. God.

Miss W. When our blessed Lord saw the people selling oxen, and sheep, and doves, (probably for sacrifice,) in the Temple, what did He do?

Mary. ‘He made a scourge of small cords,’ and ‘drove them all out of the temple, and the sheep, and the oxen; and poured out the changers’ money, and overthrew the tables; and said unto them that sold doves, Take these things hence; make not My Father’s house an house of merchandise.’ (St. John, ii. 15, 16.)

Miss W. God’s house is not to be profaned by being used for common purposes; for, in doing so, Whom do we dishonour?

Several. God.

Miss W. Yes, to Whom it is dedicated. Now we try to help you, in every way we can, to hallow God's Name by honouring His house. We bid you be silent as you approach it, to enter it quietly, to say a prayer asking for help to remember His presence; but when *our* eyes are not upon you, do you remember all this? Night by night, as you come to church, do you always remember to *restrain yourselves* as you near the holy ground? I am afraid not. I heard a great deal of noise last night as you came along the church-yard, and the church-door was opened with violence, and your steps were hurried. Do you ever open my parlour door in that way?

Several. No, Ma'am.

Miss W. No; you honour me by knocking first, and you enter gently. Will you honour me more than you honour God? As you knock to show respect to me in entering my room, so you ought, by your gentleness, and thoughtful and subdued manner, to show that you remember into Whose presence you come, Whose house you enter, when you go into church. I would say the same about any holy services; the prayers we read in school, family prayer, prayers by a sick-bed. In all these how must you show a sense of God's presence?

Margaret. By a reverent manner.

Miss W. Yes, that you may hallow God's Name. Then Who speaks to you in the Bible?

All. God.

Miss W. How, then, should you even *handle* the Bible?

'Carefully,' said one or two.

Miss W. Yes; differently to what you would any other book. And why should you show special honour to clergymen?

'Because they are God's messengers,' said Margaret.

Miss W. St. Paul says, 'We are ambassadors,

(that is, messengers,) for Christ;’ and look what he says again in 1 Cor. iv. 1.

Ruth. ‘Let a man so account of us, as of the ministers of Christ.’

Miss W. That is, look upon them as ministers of Christ, treat them as such. If our Queen sent a message to any of us, how could we show our honour to her?

Rose. By showing it to her messenger.

Miss W. So how can we show honour to God?

Several. By honouring His ministers.

Miss W. Do you remember, in our Lesson on the Third Commandment, the special instance I gave of the way in which we dishonoured God?

‘By not going to the Holy Communion,’ said Sarah.

Miss W. Yes; by despising His feast, or going to it unprepared. And what is the other sacrament?

All. Baptism.

Miss W. What Name are we then baptized into?

Several. ‘The Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.’

Miss W. Then, if we would hallow God’s Name, how, too, must we regard that sacrament?

Several. With reverence.

Miss W. Indeed we should, of both thought, word, and deed. Yet I am afraid many look upon the Sacrament of Baptism, only as an interesting sight. They turn round and look on, and forget to kneel and pray, neglect to thank God for putting them into a state of salvation, and for permitting another to be called by His Name. But what do we pray each time we say the Lord’s Prayer?

All. ‘Hallowed be Thy Name.’

Miss W. These words we repeat, but they are uttered in vain, unless, while we pray that it may be hallowed, we *try* to hallow it. How, have I said?

Several. In thought, word, and deed.

Miss W. Yes, as it is revealed to us by His Titles,

in His Word, in all holy ordinances, in the holy sacraments, by His ministers: and by honouring those things which are holy, as being set apart for His service. *Why* are we to look upon the church as holy?

Mary. Because it is set apart for *God's* service.

Miss W. Yes, it is *His* house. *Why* do we feel that the Bible is holy?

Several. Because it is *God's* Word.

Miss W. *Why* must we handle with reverence holy vessels?

Several. Because they are used in *God's* service.

Miss W. Then to Whom is all the honour given?

All. To God.

Miss W. Yes; things are to be looked upon as holy, because dedicated to *God*; and in honouring them we hallow—?

‘His Name,’ they replied.

Miss W. Then, take care, girls, how you approach holy places and holy things, lest, while you pray, ‘Hallowed be Thy Name,’ you should be displeasing God by carelessness and irreverence—lest you profane His Name, though you would fear to curse and swear, or to laugh at holy things.

Miss Walton now dismissed the girls, for she had promised to see Emily some time that afternoon. Margaret had given but a very poor account of her, and had doubted whether to venture to the lesson. She disliked, however, so much missing those on the Catechism, which were continuous, that, as we see, she had decided to come, though she had not been in the morning.

So Miss Walton now walked down with her, and, as she went along, she said,

‘It is very sad to see your sister continue in the state she is, without any appearance of real amendment.’

‘Yes, Ma’am; but I don’t think she gets worse,

‘Only she is so weak,’ replied Margaret. ‘But Dr. Benthorp said yesterday, if the fever returned, he should bleed her to-day: I think he may have been with her now.’

Margaret quickened her steps as she said this, proving her anxiety, though her manner of speaking would not have betrayed it. When they reached the cottage, they found that Dr. Benthorp had been there directly after Margaret had come to school, and finding Emily very feverish, had bled her. Mrs. Freeward was with Emily, and Margaret immediately went up-stairs, followed by Miss Walton. She found the whole family assembled in that little room. On one bed sat the father and brother, on another, Ellen and Annie, while Mrs. Freeward sat in her usual place, at the head of Emily’s bed. On the faces of several there were evident traces of tears; and the father’s eyes were fixed on Emily, who lay in a stupor, looking more like one dead than alive. Miss Walton approached the bed, while Margaret sat down by her sisters, and turned her head away to hide her startled grief, for the sight of Emily had quite overcome her.

‘She seems painfully weak,’ said Miss Walton, as she sat down by her, and with difficulty could hear her breathe.

‘Yes, Ma’am, she’s been in this way ever since the bleeding: I know not what the end will be. I hardly think she will ever come round.’

‘What does Mr. Benthorp think?’ asked Miss Walton.

‘I don’t know, Ma’am; he left me something to give her as soon as she comes round: I don’t think he knows what will be the end.’

All this was said by Mrs. Freeward with outward composure; but her trembling hands, and heaving breast, showed how much she was suffering.

‘It is a comfort to see the dear child in no pain,’

said Miss Walton : ' she appears quite free from suffering.'

' Yes, Ma'am, that is a comfort ; and if it please God to take her, I am thankful it should be in this way, and not in convulsions.'

Miss Walton sat a little while trying to say a few words of comfort—of hope she hardly durst, for she felt that Emily could not last through that night. Just as she was about to leave, Mrs. Freeward said,

' Mr. Walton promised to administer the Holy Communion to her : I fear she will never revive for it now.'

That very day Mr. Walton had made this promise to Emily. She had not, indeed, been confirmed, but she was willing and desirous to be, and had herself asked Mr. Walton if she might receive the Holy Communion. It was her one wish, she said. She thought she could die happily if she might have that. Mr. Walton did not long hesitate. Emily had shown such true repentance for all her faults ; she had so humbly confessed the sin which lay heaviest upon her—her opposition to her mother's will about going out to service—she had been so patient and gentle in her illness, and so reverent and earnest in attending to his words of teaching, and the prayers he offered up with her. One thing he asked her before consenting, whether she quite forgave all the unkindness of the nurse towards her, and her reply satisfied him.

' Yes, Sir, I have said the Lord's prayer ever since I came home ; I dar'n't have done that if I hadn't ; and mother has forgiven me.'

It had been remarkable in the dear child from the beginning, that not one unkind, revengeful word had fallen from her. She had, indeed, told her history, but apparently rather to relieve her own mind than to blame others.

Mr. Walton, then, did not hesitate to grant her desire, and had intended to administer it after morn-

ing service, but she was in so much pain then, that it was impossible; and now it seemed as if she would yet fall asleep without it, for she was still quite incapable of attending; she evidently knew nothing that was going on. It was hard to say whether she slept, or whether she was in a stupor.

‘Perhaps she may revive for it,’ said Miss Walton: ‘you must let us know if there is any change;’ and saying this, she left the house.

On calling again at the cottage on their way to church in the evening, Mr. and Miss Walton still found her in the same state, except that her mother thought it seemed more like sleep.

‘We will call again as we return,’ said Mr. Walton; ‘and we shall not forget her now in our prayers.’

The evening service was over, and once more Mr. Walton and his sister bent their steps towards Mrs. Freeward’s cottage. None of the family had ventured to leave Emily, for they felt that any moment might be her last.

‘There is no change, Sir,’ was Isaac Freeward’s greeting as they entered the cottage. ‘I only just came down, Sir, to see to the fire.’

He seemed quite broken down with anxiety; and Mr. Walton took a chair, and tried to suggest some thought of comfort.

‘Ah, Sir! her going to that place was a bad job,’ said Isaac. ‘She was well enough, poor maid, before she went away.’

‘We must not look at second causes in that way, Isaac,’ returned Mr. Walton, ‘but remember Who is over all, and that not a sparrow falls to the ground without His knowledge; much less can anything happen to your dear child without His permission.’

‘Yes, Sir, that is true; but it is hard not to blame oneself, too, for ever consenting; but her heart was so set upon it, poor maid!’

‘And God our Father may yet make it all work together for her good. It has already taught her a lesson of submission to her parents,’ said Mr. Walton, ‘and perhaps she needed the lesson.’

‘Oh, Sir! she was a good maid generally; rather set upon her own way when she got a thought into her head, but never wilfully disobedient!’

‘It will be a comfort to you to remember that she was a good child if God takes her,’ returned Miss Walton.

‘Ah! that it will, Ma’am; and she *was* a good child; with all her spirits, Ma’am, she loved her church and her Bible,’ replied the poor father with warmth; ‘and she never neglected her prayers, or her learning.’

Just as her father said this, Mrs. Freeward’s steps sounded on the stairs, and entering the kitchen, she said,

‘Oh, Sir! she has awoke up, and heard your voice, and is asking for you.’

Mr. Walton immediately went up, and found her quite sensible, and free from all pain, and earnestly desiring then to receive the Holy Communion. Generally she awoke light-headed, but there was no appearance of anything of the kind now; and Mr. Walton decided to put off no longer, but to administer to her at once that Bread of Life.

In ten minutes from that time, all were assembled in that little chamber, as it seemed of death—all, I mean, who with her were to partake of the Heavenly Food—alas! that one—her brother could not be of the number—there was her mother in her usual place, her father, her two sisters, Ellen and Margaret, and Mr. and Miss Walton; and propped up in her bed, lay Emily, her face pale as a lily, her white hands crossed before her, her eyes closed, her breath so gentle it could not be heard; and over all, an expression of peace, not of this world. Yes, peace was surely there! not with her only, as it seemed, but

pervading the whole room. Every sound was hushed—not a tear fell, nor a sigh escaped, while all knelt, waiting for the holy words to begin. Miss Walton had often been to private communions before, but she had never felt as if heaven were indeed brought down to earth—or, shall we say, earth drawn up to heaven?—as in that small crowded chamber; so low, that you could not stand upright near the walls, with no luxury or comforts about it; the thatch of the cottage, which time had blackened, forming the only ceiling, and one small dip-candle burning dimly.

Yet what mattered all this? How trifling did earthly comforts appear when compared with the peace of God, which passeth all understanding! There, in that cottage-room, was God present, and all other things seemed as nothing worth. The holy words began, and the voices of those who knelt joined in the prayer of confession; Emily’s lips, too, moved, her hands clasped tighter, but her voice could not be heard. Then followed the blessed words of absolution, God’s promise of pardon; and the song of the angels, ‘Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts, heaven and earth are full of Thy glory.’ And was not that cottage-room full of His glory? Those who knelt there felt it; and in heart, and as well as with their lips, continued, ‘Glory be to Thee, O Lord most High.’ With His glory thus around—with His presence among them—how could they, weak and sinful, presume to draw near to His Table? How? Not trusting in their own righteousness, but in God’s manifold and great mercies; unworthy so much as to gather up the crumbs under His Table, they could, in Christ their Lord, yet look for children’s food; and in this their confidence, they could ‘take and eat in remembrance that Christ died’ for them; they could drink ‘in remembrance that His Blood was shed’ for them.

And soon each of that little band was fed, and

the white cloth was reverently thrown over the holy vessels; and, after a moment's silence, was begun, 'Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy Name,' &c.; and then was heard another voice joining in the words. Every clause did Emily utter with a voice low, but clear, raising her clasped hands a little from the bed. It was heard by all, not only those who knelt close to her bed, but by the more distant; and surely it was heard by Him Who

'Stays His ear
For every sigh, contrite suppliant brings!'

Who

'Listens to the silent tear,
For all the anthems of the boundless sky.'

An 'Amen' from the same lips was heard, both after the prayer, begging of God mercifully to accept the offering of praise and thanksgiving, of honour and glory offered to His Name, and to pardon all imperfections, and after the words of blessing with which the holy service concludes.

It was with unwilling hearts that Mr. and Miss Walton left that calm bed of sickness. They sat, long after the service was over, watching Emily, who had again sunk into an almost death-like sleep after taking the medicine left for her, which she had begged might not be given until after the Holy Communion was over. It did, indeed, seem as if she had awoken for that heavenly Food; and now, satisfied, had dropped asleep again. Her brother had once more taken his seat to watch her, and few words were spoken as all sat around.

At length, however, Mr. and Miss Walton felt they must leave, and begging they might be sent for if death should really follow sleep—for they both wished to be with her at the last—they said good-night.

No summons, however, came, and the morning message was, that Emily was better; that she had awoke again quite sensible, and free from pain; and that her first words to her mother were,

'I feel as if I might get better now, Mother.'

LESSON LIII.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

‘THY KINGDOM COME.’

‘Do you know Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton have really arrived?’ said Rose, as she joined a party of her school-fellows.

‘No,’ returned Anna, ‘I didn’t know they were coming.’

‘Oh! yes; Miss Walton told us so at evening school,’ said Sarah; ‘she said she hoped they would come in a few days.’

‘I wasn’t there,’ returned Anna, ‘so I didn’t hear anything about it.’

‘When did they come?’ asked Jane.

‘Late last night,’ replied Rose, who, from being letter-carrier, was generally better informed as to what went on at the Vicarage than the rest, though she was a very good child for never telling anything she ought not, or making gossip out of what she saw or heard. Mrs. Lunn had warned her when Mr. Walton engaged her.

‘Mind, Rose,’ she said, ‘that you never tell of what you see going on at the Vicarage among your companions. You’ll make mischief if you do, and Mr. and Miss Walton will cease to trust you.’

‘I wonder,’ said little Ruth, ‘if Mrs. Hamilton is like Miss Walton.’

‘I don’t know,’ returned Rose. ‘I didn’t see her.’

‘Don’t you mind Miss Walton talked of her telling us stories? so I think she is kind, like Mr. and Miss Walton,’ said Ruth.

‘And don’t you mind the story that she wrote, which Miss Walton read to us? I *did* like that story about Emma Hinde,’ remarked Anna.

‘I am sure she must be a nice lady, to write that story,’ said Rose, with great decision of manner.

‘Perhaps she’ll come to the school this morning,’ said Jane, ‘then we shall see her.’

‘Oh! I don’t think she will; she’ll be tired,’ remarked Sarah.

‘Well, we shall see!’ said Margaret.

‘I shan’t like her as well as Mr. and Miss Walton, I’m sure!’ exclaimed Jane. ‘Nobody is like them!’

‘I should think not,’ returned Rose, dryly.

They had now reached the school-room door, and presently entered.

Before long, Miss Walton came in, and the girls looked eagerly to see whether her sister, Mrs. Hamilton, were following; but no, Miss Walton was alone, and as it was school-time, Mr. Spencer read the prayers, and the lessons began at once. When they were ended, however, and the children were arranged for walking down to the church, little Ruth spied Mr. Walton coming from the Vicarage with his brother and sister, but they only just caught a glance of her, and then the procession started, and Miss Walton, instead of going along with it, walked towards Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, and the party kept some distance behind the school all the way down. The Forley children knew it would be rude to stare at them, so, like good children, they restrained their curiosity, and walked steadily to church.

Miss Walton soon joined them in their gallery, and perhaps it was as well for them that Mrs. Hamilton did not sit in sight, or they might have been

tempted to look at her instead of minding the service.

They were rewarded afterwards for their patience, for, on coming out of church, Miss Walton called her class round her outside the church-yard gate, and on Mrs. Hamilton's coming out, introduced her to the children, saying,

'These are my scholars. You see some of them are great girls.'

'But not too old to learn, are you?' asked Mrs. Hamilton with a pleasant smile, addressing Anna.

'No, Ma'am,' Anna replied with a courtesy; 'we like to go to Miss Walton's lessons.'

'And you take up a great deal of her time, I am afraid,' returned Mrs. Hamilton, looking round upon them all with the same pleasant smile, and speaking in a gentle tone of voice. 'I shall quarrel with you if you do that, for I shall want to see all I can of her.'

Ruth looked as if she would like to make some answer, but none of them spoke, while Miss Walton said,

'I expect they are hoping to take up some of your time, too, for *I* know they are very fond of stories, and *they* know that you sometimes write them.'

This time Ruth could not contain herself, but exclaimed,

'Oh! yes, we do like stories!' and one or two others said the same in a half-whisper.

'Some day,' said Mrs. Hamilton, 'perhaps I can gratify them. I know other little girls who like stories as well as you,' she added, speaking to Ruth.

'And please, Ma'am, do you read them some?' she asked, looking into Mrs. Hamilton's face with her dark sparkling eyes, and then quickly dropping them again, and blushing, as if ashamed of her boldness.

'Yes, sometimes,' returned Mrs. Hamilton, 'though

I don't think I indulge my little girls as much as Miss Walton indulges you;’ and then, turning to Agnes, who was standing by Ruth's side, looking very demure—a strange contrast, with her large light blue eyes, and pale cheeks, to Ruth's dark eyes, brown complexion, and sparkling manner—Mrs. Hamilton said,

‘And do not you like stories?’

In her low, silvery voice, and with her usual half-smile, she answered,

‘Yes, Ma'am, very much!’

‘But you must not look for a story to-day from Mrs. Hamilton,’ said Miss Walton; ‘she is tired, and I shan't let her come to you to-day.’

A shade of disappointment passed over Ruth's face; and then, the three gentlemen coming out of the church-yard, Miss Walton said,

‘You may run on home now, girls.’

They all made a courtesy, and as Agnes, Harriet, and Jane, turned one way, the rest ran before Miss Walton and her friends, towards their homes. They did not now rudely loiter near, or stare at the strangers, as I have seen some little girls do, but quickly got out of their way, without looking back; though, when Mr. and Miss Walton were alone, they were accustomed to walk up with them. In the afternoon they assembled at the Vicarage, but they saw no more of Mrs. Hamilton, who was tired with her long journey. After they had repeated the Lord's Prayer, Miss Walton asked,

‘In order that God's Name may truly be hallowed, what are we next taught to pray?’

All. ‘Thy kingdom come.’

Miss W. Who rules a kingdom?

‘A king,’ replied some.

‘A sovereign,’ said others.

Miss W. Very good. By these words, what, then, do we acknowledge God to be?

Several. A king, a sovereign.

Miss W. Yes; with holy David we acknowledge, 'The Lord is'—?

Mary. 'King for ever and ever.' (Ps. x. 18.)

Miss W. And what is that called over which a sovereign reigns?

Ruth. His kingdom.

Miss W. Yes; we pray to God every day for this 'kingdom in general,' meaning—what?

Rose. All the country our queen reigns over.

Miss W. Now what does God reign over?

Several. The whole world.

Miss W. Yes; His providence and directing power are over the whole world, and all that is therein; and, therefore, what may we say is God's kingdom?

Anna. The whole world.

Miss W. This is one meaning of God's kingdom. In this sense God is often spoken of as a King; can you remember any verse? The Psalms will furnish us with many.

Margaret. 'God is the King of all the earth.' (Ps. xlvii. 7.)

Sarah. 'Tell it out among the heathen, that the Lord is King: and that it is He Who hath made the round world so fast that it cannot be moved; and how that He shall judge the people righteously.' (xcvi. 10.)

Miss W. And that He guides and rules all things you will see in Ps. lxviii. 32, 33.

Harriet. 'Sing unto God, O ye kingdoms of the earth; O sing praises unto the Lord; Who sitteth in the heavens over all from the beginning: lo, He doth send out His voice, yea, and that a mighty voice.'

Miss W. Again, Ps. cxlv. 10–13, &c.

Harriet. 'All Thy works praise Thee, O Lord... They show the glory of Thy kingdom, and talk of Thy power; that Thy power, Thy glory, and mightiness of Thy kingdom, might be known unto men.'

Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom; and Thy dominion endureth throughout all ages,’ &c. (See also 1 Sam. ii. 1–10.)

Miss W. From the beginning He has been over all the kingdoms of the earth, ruling with His power, however impatient man may be. Look again at Ps. xcix. 1.

Ruth. ‘The Lord is King, be the people never so impatient: He sitteth between the cherubims, be the earth never so unquiet.’

Miss W. As King of all the earth, then, not only the good are under His power, but also—?

‘The wicked,’ replied several.

Miss W. Solomon says, ‘The Lord hath made all things for Himself’—Can none of you go on?

‘Yea, even the wicked for the day of evil,’ continued Rose. (Prov. xvi. 4.)

Miss W. Even the wicked are under His power, and, however unwillingly, must, in the end, add to His glory. And could we do without God’s directing providence over us? What would become of the world if He for one moment withdrew it?

‘Everything would go wrong,’ said Agnes.

Miss W. Therefore, what are we taught to pray?

Several. ‘Thy kingdom come.’

Miss W. That is, that God will graciously continue His protection over us, that He will continue to rule, and not allow evil to triumph, as it would if He withdrew His rule and direction. When we are in trouble by war, or famine, or pestilence, what does our Church teach us to do?

All. To pray to God to help us.

Miss W. Yes; and thus we acknowledge His providence, and pray Him to surround us by it. Look at the collect which we are taught to use in time of war. What do we acknowledge God to be?

Sarah. ‘King of all kings, and Governor of all things.’

Miss W. And what do we say of His power?

Jane. No creature is able to resist it.

Miss W. To Him we say it belongs to do—what?

Several. Punish sinners, and be merciful to those who truly repent.

Miss W. Just so. Now when we pray, 'Thy kingdom come,' we pray to God as a King, thus to continue to guide and govern all things, to let no evil get the upper hand. Look at Ps. ix. 19, 20.

Bessie. 'Up, Lord, and let not man have the upper hand: let the heathen be judged in Thy sight. Put them in fear, O Lord, that the heathen may know themselves to be but men.'

Miss W. But although God's sovereign power is over all the world, do all acknowledge Him as their King?

'No, Ma'am; many nations do not know Him,' said Rose.

Miss W. Just so; and though even over them He exercises dominion, yet He has ever chosen out of the world a *special* kingdom where He exercises *special* dominion, and is acknowledged as King. Who were of old His peculiar people?

All. The Jews.

Miss W. Yes; when God appeared to Moses, what did He call the people?

Rose. 'I have surely seen the affliction of *My* people which are in Egypt.' (Exod. iii. 7.)

Miss W. God chose them, from among the rest of the world, to be His especial people. Look at Deut. vii. 6.

Jane. 'The Lord Thy God hath chosen thee to be a special people unto Himself, above all people that are upon the face of the earth.'

Miss W. And while they were His peculiar people, He was their acknowledged King. What did Gideon say when asked to rule over the children of Israel? Judges, viii. 23.

Sarah. ‘I will not rule over you, neither shall my son rule over you: *the Lord shall rule over you.*’

Miss W. And what did Samuel say was the chief reason why the asking for an earthly king was a sin in the Jews?

Mary. Because the Lord their God was their King. (See 1 Sam. xii. 12, and viii. 7.)

Miss W. Of old, then, we see the Jews were God’s peculiar people. And what were all the rest of the world?

‘Heathens and idolaters,’ said several.

Miss W. Just so; and who has ever been the great enemy of God’s kingdom?

Several. The devil.

Miss W. Ever since the fall of man he has been permitted to have, as it were, a rival kingdom in the world, ever opposed to the kingdom of God. And who belong to Satan’s kingdom?

Agnes. All who take him for their master.

Miss W. Yes, there are but two masters to choose between; and those who will not follow God, must be following Satan, must be subjects of his kingdom; they are not God’s people, not of His kingdom. But are the Jews *now* God’s peculiar people?

Margaret. No, for they rejected Christ.

Miss W. Is God, then, without an especial kingdom?

Rose. No, He established a new kingdom.

Miss W. Very good. And what is that new kingdom?

Several. The kingdom of Christ.

Miss W. And when was it first set up?

All. On the day of Pentecost.

Miss W. I am glad you remember. And who are the subjects of this kingdom?

Several. All who are baptized.

Miss W. Is it confined, like the Jewish church, to one nation?

Anna. No, it is the Catholic Church.

Miss W. Very good. Into this kingdom all are invited to enter; all who will forsake the service of the devil, and enrol themselves the subjects of God. What do we say of this in the Te Deum?

Rose. 'When Thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death, Thou didst open the kingdom of heaven to all believers.'

Miss W. On the first day that the kingdom was set up, how many enrolled themselves?

Several. Three thousand souls.

Miss W. And, after that, who were added daily?

Ruth. Such as should be saved.

Miss W. The kingdom of God, then, is—?

'The Church,' replied several.

Miss W. And those who are baptized into Christ, become God's peculiar people. Look how St. Peter speaks of Christians. 1 St. Peter, ii. 9, 10.

Alice. 'Ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, *an holy nation, a peculiar people*; that ye should show forth the praises of Him Who hath called you out of darkness into His marvellous light: which, in time past, were not a people, *but are now the people of God*: which had not obtained mercy, but now have obtained mercy.'

Miss W. Once they had belonged to the rival kingdom, the kingdom of darkness, or of—?

'Satan,' said Mary.

Miss W. Yes; but now, by Baptism, they had been made God's people—put into Christ's kingdom. Look again at Col. i. 12, 13.

Ruth. 'Giving thanks unto the Father Who hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and *hath translated us into the kingdom of His dear Son.*'

Miss W. And St. Paul tells the Ephesians that they were once 'aliens,' that is, separated, or shut out, 'from the commonwealth of Israel, and strangers from the covenants of promise, having no hope, and

without God in the world.' But what change had taken place?

Sarah. 'But now in Christ Jesus, ye who sometimes were far off, are made nigh by the blood of Christ Now, therefore, ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God; and are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner-stone.' (Eph. ii. 12, 13, 19, 20.)

Miss W. Once again, look at Titus, ii. 14.

Mary. Christ 'gave Himself for us that He might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works.'

Miss W. Thus we see that God has still a kingdom upon earth; and what are we taught to pray concerning it?

All. 'Thy kingdom come.'

Miss W. Christ's kingdom is set up in the world; it is open for all to enter it: but *have* all entered it?

Several. No, Ma'am; there are many heathen nations yet, and the Jews are not converted.

Miss W. Quite right. The kingdom of God has not yet come to multitudes, and, therefore, we are taught to pray—?

All. 'Thy kingdom come.'

Miss W. Yes, we pray for the extension of Christ's kingdom—for the spread of His gospel—for the acknowledgment of His dominion; and this, I think we may say, is the principal meaning of the petition, 'Thy kingdom come,' though we shall yet see that it has a further and more personal meaning. You say in the Catechism that you desire our heavenly Father that we may worship Him—and what else?

'Serve Him, and obey Him as we ought to do,' they continued.

Miss W. Yes; 'serve Him.' Can we serve Him

as we ought to do, until we have acknowledged Him as our King?

Several. No, Ma'am.

Miss W. And that He may be acknowledged and served as King, we pray that His kingdom may come, that it may be spread throughout the whole world, and multitudes be gathered into it. In Whom does St. Paul tell us all must be gathered together? Look at Eph. i. 10, 11.

Jane. 'That in the dispensation of the fulness of times, *He might gather together in one all things in Christ*, both which are in heaven, and which are on earth; *even in Him*; in Whom also we have obtained an inheritance.'

Miss W. Then in Whom are all to be gathered together?

All. In Christ.

'There is neither Jew nor Greek; there is neither bond nor free; there is neither male nor female; for ye are all one in Christ Jesus,' repeated Rose. (Gal. iii. 28.)

Miss W. And how are all made one in Him?

Agnes. By being made members of His Body.

Miss W. Christ compares His kingdom to a fold, and He says all His sheep are not yet brought home; but what does He promise concerning them?

Ruth. 'Other sheep I have which are not of this fold; *them also I must bring*, and they shall hear My voice; *and there shall be one fold, and one Shepherd.*' (St. John, x. 16.)

Miss W. And there is a wonderful prophecy in Ezekiel concerning Christ's kingdom, foretelling how it shall be one kingdom, and have but one king. Turn to Ezekiel, xxxvii. 21, &c. You may read it by turns to the full stops.

Anna. 'Thus saith the Lord God: Behold, I will take the children of Israel from among the heathen . . . and will gather them on every side, and bring

them into their own land: and I will make them one nation in the land upon the mountains of Israel; and one king shall be king to them all: and they shall be no more two nations, neither shall they be divided into two kingdoms any more at all . . . so shall they be My people, and I will be their God.'

Miss W. Before you go on, tell me what does Israel typify?

Mary. The Christian Church.

Miss W. The one kingdom, then, is—?

Several. The kingdom of Christ.

Miss W. And Who is the one King?

All. Jesus Christ.

Miss W. And what do the heathen typify?

Several. The world.

Miss W. Now go on. You will find Christ is called David in the next verse.

Ruth. 'And David, My servant, shall be king over them, and they all shall have one Shepherd: they shall also walk in My judgments, and observe My statutes, and do them.'

Miss W. What throne was Christ to sit upon?

Several. The throne of David. (St. Luke, i. 32, 33.)

Miss W. Yes, which, in Him, was to have no end. And Who is called the Good Shepherd?

All. Christ. (St. John, x. 11.)

Miss W. Go on with the 26th verse.

Jane. 'Moreover I will make a covenant of peace with them; it shall be an everlasting covenant with them: and I will place them, and multiply them, and will set My sanctuary in the midst of them for evermore.'

Bessie. 'My tabernacle also shall be with them: yea, I will be their God, and they shall be My people.'

Alice. 'And the heathen shall know that I the Lord do sanctify Israel, when My sanctuary shall be in the midst of them for evermore.'

Miss W. Yes; these are the glorious promises of what the kingdom shall be; but do we see it so yet?

All. No, Ma'am.

Miss W. Therefore we pray—?

All. 'Thy kingdom come.'

Miss W. Yes; and as long as we see multitudes who are yet strangers to God's kingdom, who are serving in the rival kingdom, we should earnestly offer up this prayer. For whom does the Church teach us to pray on Good Friday?

Several. For all 'Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Heretics.'

Miss W. What do we pray for them?

Margaret. That they may be brought home to the flock.

Miss W. Yes, and be saved among the true Israelites, and made—what?

Bessie. 'One fold, under one Shepherd, Jesus Christ.'

Miss W. In one word, we pray that they may be brought into Christ's kingdom, from which they are now shut out. And in another prayer we ask, for all sorts and conditions of men, that God would be pleased—?

Sarah. To make His ways known unto them, His saving health unto all nations.

Miss W. And again in the Litany, what do we pray for those who have erred?

Rose. That it may please Him 'to bring into the way of truth all such as have erred, and are deceived.'

Miss W. And where are grace and truth to be found?

Mary. In Christ's kingdom.

Miss W. St. John says, 'Grace and truth came'—?

Several. 'By Jesus Christ.' (St. John, i. 17.)

Miss W. Then all these petitions, which we offer

up in different parts of our service, are contained in—which few words of the Lord’s Prayer?

‘Thy kingdom come,’ answered all the girls.

Miss W. His kingdom will come by His saving health being known unto all nations, by those who have erred being brought into the way of truth. Have we any promise that the kingdom of God shall be extended all over the world?

‘Yes, Ma’am,’ said Margaret, repeating,

‘They shall not hurt nor destroy in all My holy mountain; for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.’ (Isa. xi. 9; and Hab. ii. 14.)

Miss W. But this is far from being yet the case; and until it is, we must go on praying, ‘Thy kingdom come.’ Has it spread since it was first established?

‘Oh, yes! Ma’am,’ replied the girls; ‘then there were only three thousand souls.’

Miss W. Just so; and now there are millions and millions in the kingdom; and yet there are many dark places of the earth where the kingdom of God has never been preached, where the good tidings of the Gospel have never sounded; and if we can do nothing else for such places, we may pray God for them, we can beg of God to let—?

‘His kingdom come to them also,’ said one or two.

‘But I think,’ continued Miss Walton, ‘there are few of us who cannot do something besides pray. What did Mr. Spencer tell you, in the last Missionary meeting, was wanted, to send out more Missionaries?’

‘Money,’ said two or three.

Miss W. Yes; and don’t you know that every little helps? Have you *never* halfpence of your own?

‘Sometimes,’ they replied.

Miss W. And would not it be pleasant and right sometimes to give, if it be but a halfpenny, to help?

You know there is always a box standing in the school-room, and you can, when you like, put in a penny, or a halfpenny, instead of spending it in sweets.

‘A halfpenny seems so little,’ said Sarah.

‘Every little helps,’ said Miss Walton. ‘If all of you put in a halfpenny, how much would that make?’

‘Sixpence,’ they replied.

Miss W. And we know God will accept as little as a halfpenny, if it is all we can give. Who put less than that into the treasury, and was accepted?

Several. A poor woman. She put in two mites. (St. Luke, xxi. 1-4.)

Miss W. Give what you can, and if it be ever so little, God will accept it. But it is not only *heathen* nations who do not know God; even in our own Christian land, there are multitudes of unbaptized persons who know nothing of Christ and His kingdom, who are still aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, and strangers from the covenant of promise, having no hope, and without God in the world.

‘Please, Ma’am, why don’t they go to Church?’ asked Ruth.

Miss W. For many reasons; perhaps there is no church near them, or they have never been taught to go to church, or they are so poor, they are ashamed to go, for want of clothing; and they do not care about it, they do not know the blessing they lose.

‘But don’t the clergymen go and teach them?’ asked Agnes.

Miss Walton replied, ‘They do their best; but you, happy children, who live in the country, cannot imagine our crowded towns, and how impossible it is for the few clergymen there are to teach the hundreds and thousands who need their teaching, who live crowded together in cellars, and in narrow, dark streets.’

‘How very dreadful!’ exclaimed two or three.

‘Oh! how glad I am I don’t live in a town!’

‘But why are not there more clergymen?’ continued the persevering little ones—‘enough to teach them all?’

‘Because God’s kingdom has not yet come in all its power,’ said Miss Walton. ‘We want many, many more clergymen, many more schools, many more to visit among the poor, and teach the poor children. Even with regard to this Christian land, we have need to pray, “*Thy kingdom come.*” We are told that, on one occasion, when our Lord saw the multitudes, “He was moved with compassion on them, because they fainted, and were scattered abroad, as sheep having no shepherd;” and what did He say to His disciples?’

Anna. ‘The harvest, truly, is plenteous, but the labourers are few; pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that He will send forth labourers into His harvest.’ (St. Matt. ix. 36–38.)

Miss W. So we may say now; there are multitudes scattered abroad, ready to be brought into the kingdom: but who is to bring them in? Now, wouldn’t you all like to do something for these poor, ignorant, untaught people, in our large towns?

‘Please, Ma’am, what *can* we do?’ they asked.

‘I know,’ whispered Agnes.

‘Can you do *nothing*?’ asked Miss Walton.

‘We can pray for them,’ said Agnes.

Miss W. Yes. We repeat the Lord’s Prayer very often, and we can’t think of everything at once which we need. Now supposing that, once in the service, you tried to think of these poor people when you say—which words?

All. ‘Thy kingdom come.’

Miss W. Yes; supposing you thought of them, and prayed God to raise up means of sending the good news of His kingdom among them—prayed that His kingdom might come even to them. Then, ano-

ther time, when you say the Lord's Prayer, whom might you think of?

'The heathen,' they replied.

Miss W. Yes, those who worship gods of wood and stone; or you might think of the poor Jews, who are still bearing the punishment of their great sin. What was it?

Several. They crucified Christ.

Miss W. They rejected Him as their King, and whom did they choose?

Sarah. Cæsar.

Miss W. Yes; and still they reject Him, still they refuse to serve in His kingdom.

'Please, Ma'am, do they worship God as they used to do before Christ came?' asked Rose.

Miss W. Yes, as far as they are able, scattered, as they are, over the whole world; but I believe many traditions of men have been added to God's law. If you remember, our Blessed Lord Himself spoke of this when He was among them. Look at St. Matt. xv. 3, and 6.

Alice. 'He answered and said unto them, Why do ye also transgress the commandment of God by your tradition? . . . Ye have made the commandment of God of none effect by your tradition.'

'Please, Ma'am, what does "tradition" mean?' asked Margaret.

Miss W. It means rules made by man, which have been handed down from generation to generation. Sometimes traditions are good, sometimes they are evil. If they go against God's law, what must they necessarily be?

'Evil,' said three or four.

Miss W. Well, the Jews have many human traditions, which even go against the law of Moses, and by which they still try to guide themselves.

'But they worship God, do they not, Ma'am?' asked several.

Miss W. They worship God the Father, but they reject God the Son; they do not acknowledge Him as their King: how, then, can they be of His kingdom? But we should pray that they may be brought in, and we have many promises that they shall yet be brought in,—that the kingdom shall come to them also. Look how St. Paul speaks of the restoration of the Jews in Rom. xi.

The girls turned to the chapter, and Miss Walton said,

‘St. Paul compares them to branches cut off an olive tree; but look what he says in verse 23.

Harriet. ‘And they also, if they abide not in unbelief, shall be grafted in: for God is able to graff them in again.’

Miss W. And then he goes on to say that if the Gentiles, whom he compares to wild branches, were grafted in, ‘much more’—?

Jane. ‘Shall these, which be the natural branches, be grafted into their own olive tree.’

Miss W. Read on.

Ruth. ‘For I would not, brethren, that ye should be ignorant of this mystery . . . *that blindness in part is happened to Israel*, until the fulness of the Gentiles be come in. *And so all Israel shall be saved: as it is written, There shall come out of Sion the Deliverer, and shall turn away ungodliness from Jacob.*’ (Verses 25, 26.)

Miss W. We owe much to the Jews. It is through them that we have received the Old Testament; and we should remember that it was of the seed of David that Christ came. Surely, then, we ought, with earnestness, to pray for their conversion, that they may once again be brought into the kingdom of God, and be among God’s peculiar people. And we can do this by sometimes letting them be in our thoughts when we pray—?

All. ‘Thy kingdom come.’

Miss W. Yes; we can pray that the veil may be taken away that hides from them the light of truth, and that they may look upon Him Whom they have pierced, and mourn before it is too late.

‘Please, Ma’am, do the Jews live in the land of Canaan now?’ asked Anna.

‘Not as a nation,’ replied Miss Walton. ‘From a few years after they crucified the Saviour, they have been scattered over the world, a despised and ill-used people. Our Saviour’s curse was fulfilled, “Behold your house is left unto you desolate.”’ (St. Matt. xxiii. 37.)

Miss Walton paused for a moment, when a deep drawn sigh from little Ruth made her look at her watch, and say,

‘I think our lesson has been long enough; I must leave the further explanation of ‘Thy kingdom come’ till next Sunday; Ruth is sighing.’

‘Oh! please, Ma’am, I didn’t sigh because I was tired!’ she exclaimed.

‘Yes, I think you did,’ returned Miss Walton, smiling, ‘though perhaps you did not think about it. Harriet, too, and Alice, have both been sighing.’

‘Please, Ma’am, I’m sure I’m not tired,’ exclaimed Ruth again, with earnestness.

‘Well, then, if you won’t let me have that excuse for stopping the lesson, I must acknowledge that I am tired if you are not, and I think you have had enough, too, for one day; but I am going to tell you something of the miserable false religion of one of the Asiatic nations, that you may feel how earnestly we should pray, “Thy kingdom come.”’

‘Oh! that’s right!’ replied the girls.

‘But please, Ma’am, you said you were tired,’ added Margaret, though she had been one to exclaim with pleasure.

‘Not too tired for that, I think,’ said Miss Walton. ‘It does not require so much thought as asking you

questions. You all know where Tartary is on your maps, do you not?’

‘Yes, Ma’am,’ said Rose. ‘It is in Asia, and joins China.’

‘Yes; now the people of Tartary are not Christians, they believe in a false god that they call Buddha. They have many idols representing their god, generally of large sizes, with faces fine and regular, but with long ears. They build temples for these idols, and offer up prayers to them; and many priests, called Lamas, attend upon the temple, and recite prayers, and teach the people. These Lamas live in small houses, built around the temple of Buddha, and one of them is called the Grand Lama, to whom all the others look up. Sometimes there are as many as thirty thousand Lamas living in the Lamasery, (as the temple and the priests’ houses are called,) and there are many Lamaseries scattered over the country, so that there is no lack of idols, or of Lamas to teach and pray for the people; but then it is to their false gods that they pray, and they teach the people error.

‘At one time the French Church made great efforts for the conversion of these people, and sent Missionaries among them; and one of them has written an interesting account of his and a fellow-missionary’s travels through Tartary. The two holy men travelled with one servant, a converted Tartar, and they had to endure a great deal of danger and fatigue; but they did not mind this, in the hope of converting some to the Christian faith; and they were generally treated kindly, because they were priests; and the Tartars look up to their Lamas with great respect and love. These French Missionaries adopted the dress of the Tartar Lamas, and so they were always received with kindness, and called “men of prayer.” They travelled with three camels, a horse, and a mule.’

‘Oh! Ma’am, I have seen a camel,’ exclaimed Bessie, ‘when I went to see my sister! There was a show of wild animals brought into the town, and there was a camel amongst them. It was such an ugly creature.’

‘They are certainly ugly, but they are very useful, and very patient. They can endure great fatigue, and are able to go longer without food than almost any other animal; and this, in desert countries, makes them very valuable.’

‘Please, Ma’am, is Tartary desert?’ asked Mary.

‘Yes,’ returned Miss Walton; ‘large tracts are desert, without either food, or sometimes water, to be found, so that those who travel are obliged to carry food with them, and often suffer much for want of water. They also carry a tent, to set up at night. They convey these things on the backs of the camels, who kneel down to receive their load, and will carry a great weight.’

‘Kneel down! Do you really mean that they kneel?’ exclaimed Ruth.

‘Yes, Ruth; have you never seen a little lamb kneel down on its fore knees to eat?’

‘I have!’ exclaimed Harriet.

‘Well, the camels kneel in the same way. But to return to the two French Missionaries. One day, in their travels, they approached a large Lamasery, in which there were three Buddhist temples, and a great many huts, where the lowest Lamas lived. As they rode through the streets, the mule, on which their servant was riding, saw something on the ground, took fright, and dashed off at a gallop, followed by the two camels, which carried the baggage, and were led by the man who rode the mule; and what do you think it was they saw to frighten them?’

‘Please, Ma’am, we don’t know,’ the girls replied.

‘It was a young Lama, stretched at full length in the middle of the street, performing an act of devo-

tion to Buddha. The poor ignorant people think that it is very pleasing to their god that they should go all round the Lamasery, prostrating themselves, with their foreheads to the ground, at every single step they take.’

‘Well, I never heard anything like that!’ exclaimed one or two.

‘Indeed it is very grievous to think of,’ said Miss Walton; ‘sometimes the number who perform this painful service to their god is very great; they follow each other along the path which encircles the Lamasery and all the buildings, and sometimes it takes them from early morning till nightfall to accomplish it. They are not allowed to stop and rest for one moment, or it is supposed that all the virtue of the act has gone; and they must lie quite flat each time, and touch the earth with their foreheads, and spread out their arms before them, the hands joined as if in prayer; and all this they do, thinking to please their false god; their faces and clothes become all covered with mud and dust, and they will do this in the coldest weather, amid frost and snow.’

‘Poor people!’ exclaimed Agnes; ‘will they ever be Christians, I wonder!’

‘We must hope they will some day,’ returned Miss Walton; ‘and each of us ought to do what we can for them; each, at all events, can pray God to let His kingdom come to them. I have told you this to-day, to help you to understand the great difference there is between the Christian religion and false religions, and how much we should feel for those who are still aliens from God’s kingdom, and strangers to the good news of the gospel. But now I think it is time I went to my sister, don’t you?’

‘I suppose *she* thinks so,’ said little Ruth.

‘Then be quick and put away your things.’ The girls did so, and bidding good afternoon, left Miss Walton at liberty to return to her sister.

LESSON LIV.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

‘THY KINGDOM COME.’

‘WHAT, Emily down-stairs!’ exclaimed Miss Walton, as she entered Mrs. Freeward’s cottage, accompanied by her sister, and found Emily lying on a bed made up on chairs.

‘Yes, Ma’am,’ said Mrs. Freeward, ‘she thought she should like it better than up-stairs; and I thought, perhaps, the air from the opening door might do her good.’

‘And how are you, Emily?’ she asked; ‘do you think you can stand the bustle of down-stairs?’

‘Yes, Ma’am, I think so,’ she replied; ‘I seem to feel refreshed.’

‘You must take care of cold,’ returned Miss Walton, as she looked at Emily’s pale, thin face, and white delicate hands, and saw the same trembling fits come over her every now and then, and thinking to herself that she looked as if a breath would almost blow her away.

‘What does Dr. Benthorp say of her?’ asked Miss Walton of Mrs. Freeward.

‘He says, Ma’am, she wants strengthening; and he has brought her some quinine, and says she ought to have some bitter-beer; but I find that it is very expensive.’

Miss Walton and Mrs. Hamilton sat down, and went on talking for a little while with Mrs. Free-

ward, who, when the clock struck twelve, rose to give Emily her medicine.

As Mrs. Freeward approached the bed, a sort of shudder came over Emily, but she said nothing, and allowed her mother to prop her up in bed, saying, ‘Come, my child, take it as quickly as you can.’

Emily’s trembling hand tried to take the glass, but the expression of pain on her face was quite distressing; and as her mother steadied the glass, and guided it to her mouth, she exclaimed,

‘I can’t swallow it, Mother; I can’t indeed!’ Three or four times she put it to her lips, and each time withdrew it again almost choking, and at last burst into hysterical sobs.

Her mother laid her down again, and stood by the bed, while Mrs. Hamilton whispered to her sister,

‘She will not surely give way: the child must take the medicine, or she never will be better.’

‘No, I don’t think she’ll give way,’ said Miss Walton. ‘The poor child cannot help it; from the beginning of her illness, the idea of taking medicine has almost always brought on these fits.’

Directly afterwards, Emily’s sobs subsided, and, with a trustful look into her mother’s face, she said,

‘I can take it now, Mother.’

Again Mrs. Freeward raised her, and Emily swallowed the dose without another word, and lay down again quietly, while Mrs. Freeward returned to her work. In a few moments afterwards, Miss Walton and her sister left the cottage; and Mrs. Hamilton exclaimed,

‘How beautiful was the way in which that dear child subdued herself, and took the medicine after all. I don’t think I ever saw anything like it.’

‘I thought it was very beautiful,’ said Miss Walton, ‘and without her mother’s having to say another word to her; but I have seen her do the same thing before, and always with that look of trust which she

gave her mother. She seems to have resigned herself so completely into her mother's hands, and to her mother's will. I almost dread to see her get well, lest her own strong will should gain the mastery again.'

'Not if she bends it to submission,' said Mrs. Hamilton. 'I mean if her will is strong, and she wills to submit, the danger will be less instead of greater, because it is strong.'

'I understand you,' returned Miss Walton, 'and I believe I ought not to doubt her; but I know the temptation to wilfulness will be much more powerful when her health returns than now, and the enemy will be more alert.'

'Yes; but He who has conquered in her weakness, can uphold and strengthen her according to her needs,' returned Mrs. Hamilton, 'if it is His will to restore her to health.'

After a moment's silence, Miss Walton exclaimed, 'We must manage to get her some bitter-beer. I think it would surely do her good.'

'You must let me give her half-a-dozen bottles,' returned Mrs. Hamilton. 'I intended to propose it to you when her mother named it.'

Miss Walton thanked her sister, and said she was sure Mrs. Freeward would be very grateful; and then, reaching Mrs. Roberts's cottage, they turned in.

Sarah met them with a bright smile, rose to reach a couple of chairs, and dusting them, asked them to sit down, saying, her sister would be in directly.

'It was you we wanted as much as your sister,' said Miss Walton. 'Mrs. Hamilton has never seen any glove-making, and I knew you were a good hand at it, and so I brought her to watch you. Sit down and go on with your work.' Sarah obeyed; and her fingers sewed quickly with the little short needles, which those unaccustomed to them

would be apt to drop at every stitch. Mrs. Hamilton asked a number of questions about the work, and presently Mrs. Roberts entered. Miss Walton was pleased to find that her entrance did not, as it used to do, make Sarah instantly silent; and she thought they spoke to each other in a kinder, pleasanter way than formerly. When Catherine was ready to sit down, she spoke rather sharply to Sarah for not folding up the gloves she had just shown to Mrs. Hamilton, instead of leaving them open on her chair; and though it brought the colour to Sarah’s cheeks, she made no reply, but quickly and carefully folded them up in the white cloth in which they were kept.

Mrs. Hamilton had quite made friends with most of the children by the following Sunday, for she had helped Miss Walton at the evening school, as well as visited in some of their houses.

It was, therefore, with great delight that they heard from Miss Walton that, when their lesson was over, Mrs. Hamilton had promised to come and tell them a story.

‘We must begin without delay,’ said Miss Walton, ‘and get done in good time.’

What was the first meaning of God’s kingdom, of which we spoke last Sunday?’ she asked.

‘The whole world,’ they replied, ‘over which God rules.’

Miss W. And when we pray, ‘Thy kingdom come,’ what do we pray concerning this kingdom?

Several. That God would continue to watch over and govern it.

Miss W. Yes, that wicked men may not have the upper hand. What are the words of the Collect for the Fifth Sunday after Trinity?

Jane. ‘Grant, O Lord, we beseech Thee, that the course of this world may be so peaceably ordered by Thy governance, that Thy church may joyfully serve Thee in all godly quietness.’

Miss W. And what was the second meaning of God's kingdom.

'The Church, which is gathered out of the world,' said Rose.

Miss W. And concerning this kingdom, what do we pray in the petition, 'Thy kingdom come?'

Anna. That it may come to all nations.

Agnes. That Jews, Turks, infidels, and heretics, may be gathered into it.

Miss W. Yes; that all nations, and kingdoms, and people, may be gathered into the kingdom of Christ, into the one fold. But, as I said, there is a still deeper and more personal meaning in this petition. Who do you say is the King?

Alice. Christ.

Miss W. Who are the subjects?

Several. All who are baptized.

Miss W. Very good. And to Whom do we vow allegiance when we become subjects of the kingdom?

'To Christ our King,' said Rose.

'Please, Ma'am, what does "allegiance" mean?' asked Agnes.

'Duty or service,' replied Miss Walton. 'We promise three things when we are made subjects of the kingdom; what are they?'

All. 'To renounce the devil and all his works, the pomps and vanity of this wicked world, and all the sinful lusts of the flesh. Secondly, to believe all the articles of the Christian Faith. And thirdly, to keep God's holy will and commandments, and to walk in the same all the days of our life.'

Miss W. Yes, this was our oath of allegiance. When we entered upon the service of Christ our King, whom did we determine to have nothing to do with?

'The devil,' replied several.

Miss W. Yes, the great enemy of the kingdom. But though we renounce his service, does he quietly

ve up possession of us? does he cease to molest?

Margaret. No; our 'adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour.' (1 St. Peter, v. 8.)

Miss W. In the parable of the tares and the wheat, who is represented as sowing the tares? (See St. Matt xiii. 24, 25, 39.)

Several. The devil.

Miss W. We see, then, that the devil continues to be the enemy of men, even after they are sworn subjects of Christ the King. And if he constantly pre-illed against the subjects, what would at last become of the kingdom?

Agnes. It would be destroyed.

Miss W. Yes, and this is what the devil is ever trying to do; he is trying to destroy Christ's kingdom, by winning the subjects back again into his vice. What is the service of the devil?

Sarah. Sin.

Miss W. What does St. John say of this?

Mary. 'He that committeth sin is of the devil; the devil sinneth from the beginning.' (1 St. John, 8.)

Miss W. Then, although we may have been brought to Baptism into Christ's kingdom, what more is necessary?

'That we should be faithful subjects,' said Rose.

'That we should resist the devil,' said Anna.

Miss W. You are both right: therefore we are right to pray—?

'Thy kingdom come,' said one or two.

Miss W. Yes, that we may be faithful subjects; that is, that God's kingdom may be set up in our hearts—that we may love the service of our King, and faithfully perform it. How is it with the subjects of an earthly king? If they are good subjects, how will they feel towards him?

‘They will love him,’ said Ruth.

‘And fear him,’ added Jane.

Miss W. And will their service be an unwilling service?

Several. No, willing, hearty.

Miss W. And will the affairs of the kingdom be a matter of no importance to them?

Rose. No, they will wish well to the kingdom.

Miss W. Yes, and try to advance its glory; and this they will do, because they have the kingdom in their hearts, as it were. They love their country or their kingdom, and they love and revere their king, and, above all things, seek the good of the kingdom, and so advance the glory of the king; they are willing to lay down their lives, as many a noble-minded man has done, for the good of the kingdom. And would such as these listen to any rival king?

‘Oh, no, Ma’am!’ they all replied.

Miss W. How would they look upon their king’s enemies?

‘As their own,’ replied Anna.

Miss W. Yes; and if the enemy advanced against the kingdom, what would they do?

Several. Fight for it.

Miss W. And for whom would they feel that they were fighting?

Agnes. Their king.

Miss W. Now that all who are subjects of the kingdom of Christ may thus feel and act towards their King and kingdom, is what we pray when we say—?

All. ‘Thy kingdom come.’

Miss W. We pray that we may not only be subjects in name, but in—?

‘Heart also,’ said one or two.

Miss W. But we see multitudes who have been baptized into Christ caring little for their King, and each one must feel how far short he himself falls.

of the duty he owes to God. Look how complete St. Paul teaches us our subjection to Christ our King should be. (2 Cor. x. 5.)

Bessie. ‘Casting down imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and *bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ.*’

Miss W. We must admit nothing to shake our love or obedience to our King, but He must reign in our hearts supreme; and that He will do this, we pray when we say—?

All. ‘Thy kingdom come.’

Miss W. In other words we say, ‘Do Thou reign alone in our hearts; may they be Thy kingdom, and Thine alone;’ and so this prayer belongs to each person, as it were. It is not only a prayer for those who are not of the kingdom, but—?

‘For all of us,’ said Margaret.

Miss W. Yes, because all of us fail in our duties to our King, even the very best. What do we confess of ourselves every day in church?

Several. That we have erred and strayed from God’s ways like lost sheep.

Miss W. Yes, and that we have followed too much the devices and desires of our *own* hearts. In following the wishes of our own hearts, Whose rule have we gone against?

‘God’s,’ they replied.

Miss W. Then what more do we confess?

Several. ‘We have left undone those things which we ought to have done; And we have done those things which we ought not to have done.’

Miss W. Thus we acknowledge how imperfectly we all serve our King, and we see how much need we have to pray that Christ alone will reign in our hearts, and that we may never serve His rival. Who is that?

All. The devil.

Miss W. Look at Jer. xxxi. 33, 34, what God promises to the children of His kingdom.

Bessie. 'But this shall be the covenant that I will make with the house of Israel; After those days, saith the Lord, I will *put my law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts*; and will be their God, and they shall be My people. And they shall teach no more every man his neighbour, and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord: for they shall all know Me, from the least of them unto the greatest of them, saith the Lord.'

Miss W. In order that this promise may be fulfilled in its highest meaning, where must Christ reign?

Rose. In the hearts of His people.

Miss W. Very good. Do you remember St. Paul's prayer for the Ephesians? chap. iii. 14.

Ruth. 'For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ That He would grant you, according to the riches of His glory, *to be strengthened with might by His Spirit in the inner man; that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith*; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God.'

Miss W. And thus we pray that Christ may dwell in our hearts. What did our Saviour promise to those who loved Him? Look at St. John, xiv. 23.

Harriet. 'If a man love Me, He will keep My words; and My Father will love him, *and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him.*

Miss W. And if we strive to be faithful subjects, what shall we do when attacked by the enemy of our King?

'Resist him,' said one or two.

W. Our life, as children of the kingdom, is red to a warfare. Look at 2 Cor. x. 4.

a. 'For the weapons of our warfare are not' (See also 1 Tim. i. 18.)

W. Look also at 2 Tim. ii. 3.

ie. 'Thou therefore endure hardness, as a soldier of Jesus Christ.'

W. And why are we signed with the sign cross?

In token that hereafter we shall not be d to confess the faith of Christ crucified, and ly to fight under His banner against sin, the and the devil, and to continue Christ's faith- liers and servants unto our life's end.

W. And what sort of enemies does St. Paul in the Epistle to the Ephesians, we have to gainst?

y. 'We wrestle not against flesh and blood, ainst principalities, against powers, against the of the darkness of this world, against spiritual ness in high places.' (Eph. vi. 12.)

W. Yes, as subjects of Christ's kingdom, we ach fight against these enemies of our King iddom; but can we do this unaided?

No, Ma'am; God must help us.

W. What do we pray God, in one of our s, to give us grace to withstand?

al. The temptations of the world, the flesh, e devil, and with pure hearts and minds to God. (See 18th Sunday after Trinity.)

W. We pray to have grace to follow or God alone. Has not Christ, in His own , subdued the devil, the world, and the flesh?

.. Yes, when He was upon earth.

W. And can the devil any more assail Him on?

as. No, for He overcame him, and has gone to

Miss W. Yes, in triumph. Then whom does the devil attack instead?

'The subjects,' said Rose.

Miss W. And to Whom must they look for help and strength against this the enemy of their King and kingdom?

Margaret. To the King.

Miss W. Being unable to overcome in our own strength, we must beg our King to fight for us, and in us. And this we do when we pray—?

All. 'Thy kingdom come.'

Miss W. Yes, for if the enemy always prevailed, what do you say would become of the kingdom?

Several. It would be destroyed.

Miss W. Again, our Church service will enlarge our understanding of this petition for us, or show us its breadth. Do you think there is anything we need which we cannot ask for in the Lord's Prayer?

'Please, Ma'am, you said there was not,' replied Agnes.

Miss W. I did; it comprehends our every need. Now do you remember what we pray in the Litany, after asking that those who have erred may be brought into the way of truth?

Anna. 'That it may please Thee to strengthen such as do stand; and to comfort and help the weak-hearted; and to raise up them that fall; and finally to beat down Satan under our feet.'

Miss W. Whom do we mean by those who stand?

Ruth. Those who are trying to be good.

'Those who serve their King, and stand against His enemies,' said Mary.

Miss W. Very well. But do those who stand require nothing from their King?

Anna. Yes, strength.

Miss W. Strength for what?

Rose. To continue to stand.

Miss W. And in the steadfast standing of the subjects, what would be advanced?

Margaret. The kingdom.

Miss W. And for Whose glory would the advancement of the kingdom be?

Several. Christ our King's.

Miss W. Yes; therefore we pray that in those who stand, His kingdom may be advanced by the strength given to them. But is it only those who stand for whom we pray?

Bessie. No, for the 'weak-hearted' also.

Miss W. If a weak-hearted person is attacked by an enemy, what is he likely to do?

Margaret. To yield.

Miss W. Yes; perhaps not daring to make a stand, to begin the struggle. Now what do we pray the King to do for such as these?

Several. To comfort and help them.

Miss W. What do you think would be the greatest comfort to a faint-hearted person if suddenly attacked by an enemy?

Alice. To see somebody coming to help him.

Miss W. Very good. Now Who alone can come to the rescue of the weak-hearted in Christ's kingdom?

Agnes. Christ Himself.

Miss W. And if even a weak person in the kingdom, by the power of his King, overcomes a stronger enemy, to Whose glory will it be?

Several. The King's.

Miss W. And what will be advanced?

Several. The kingdom.

Miss W. Yes; therefore we pray Christ to advance His kingdom and glory by comforting and helping—whom?

All. The 'weak-hearted.'

Miss W. We must remember how these first petitions in the Lord's Prayer concern God's glory. We first pray that His Name may be—?

‘Hallowed,’ said several.

Miss W. And then we pray that His kingdom may come, not, *first of all*, for the good of the subject, but for—?

‘The glory of the King,’ said one or two.

Miss W. Yes; and this may be shown forth, even more, by the help given to the weak, than by strength to the strong. Look at 2 Cor. xii. 9.

Harriet. ‘And He said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee: for *My strength is made perfect in weakness*. Most gladly, therefore, will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me.’

Miss W. Gladly He would be weak Himself, in order that the power of God might be shown forth in Him. And when God would save Israel out of the hands of the Midianites, how many men did he allow to go with Gideon? Look at Judges, vii. 7

They turned to the chapter, and answered, ‘Three hundred men.’

Miss W. Thus was God’s glory the more shown; His strength was made perfect in weakness. How, then, can His kingdom and glory be advanced by the weak-hearted?

‘By His helping them,’ said Rose.

Miss W. Yes, and enabling them to conquer, notwithstanding their weakness. Whom have they to fight with?

All. The devil.

Miss W. And left to themselves, they could not fight, or they would only fight feebly, and then the enemy would prevail; therefore their King will fight for them, and beat down—?

‘Satan under their feet,’ continued the girls.

Miss W. And so will the kingdom stand, and the King be honoured. But, thirdly, for whom do we pray in the Litany?

Several. Those who fall.

Miss W. Under whose power will they have fallen?

Sarah. The devil’s.

Miss W. And what can be done for them?

Jane. God can raise them up again.

Miss W. Yes; He can rescue them from the enemy, and enable them, in their turn, to beat him down. But if, being once down, they are left to perish, they will be lost out of the kingdom, and the victory will be gained by—whom?

Several. The devil.

Miss W. But we would not see the enemy of our King victorious over the children of the kingdom, and therefore, for His own glory, we pray Him to—?

‘Raise them up, and finally to beat down Satan under our feet,’ said Margaret.

Miss W. Yes, so that he may no more attack those that stand, or alarm the weak-hearted, or trample on the fallen, and that the glory of our King may shine forth in his overthrow, and the kingdom be advanced. And how is it that we so often fall under our enemy?

‘Because we are weak,’ said Anna.

‘Because we don’t resist him,’ said Mary.

Miss W. Yes, Mary, that is the reason. Many resist him but feebly, without crying to their King; others never resist him at all, but willingly follow him, and forsake their true and lawful King. It is very sad to look around us in the Church, and see how many do this; how many openly choose another master rather than their God and King. And what may we pray for these?

Sarah. That they may be converted.

Miss W. Yes; that they may be brought into the way of truth, and return to their lawful King. When Israel most grievously sinned against God, and He threatened to forsake them, do you remember on what ground Moses pleaded for them? Turn to Num. xiv. 13, &c.

Jane. 'And Moses said unto the Lord, *Then the Egyptians shall hear it if Thou shalt kill all this people as one man, then the nations which have heard the fame of Thee, will speak, saying, Because the Lord was not able to bring this people into the land which He sware unto them, therefore He hath slain them in the wilderness. And now, I beseech Thee, let the power of my Lord be great.*'

Miss W. Thus he prayed God, for His own glory's sake, to spare and pardon them. In praying, then, 'Thy kingdom come,' we may pray God, for His own glory's sake, to convert the wicked, and not to suffer them to be lost out of His kingdom, and thus fall into the hand of His enemy for ever. David prays in this way. Look at Ps. lxxix. 8-10.

Ruth. 'O remember not our old sins, but have mercy upon us, and that soon, for we are come to great misery. Help us, O God of our salvation, *for the glory of Thy Name*: O deliver us, and be merciful unto our sins, *for Thy Name's sake.*'

Miss W. And having in the words 'Thy kingdom come,' prayed to God to govern the world, and—what else?

Agnes. To bring into His kingdom the heathen and Jews, and all who do not know Him.

Miss W. Yes; and that all who are brought into the kingdom may be—what sort of subjects?

All. Faithful.

Miss W. Yes; that Christ, and Christ alone, may reign in their hearts, and that He will fight for and in them, and beat down—whom?

All. Satan, our great enemy.

Miss W. Yes; and that His kingdom and glory may be advanced by the strengthening of those that stand; by helping and comforting—whom?

Several. The weak-hearted.

Miss W. Right; and by raising up those that fall,

and bringing into the way of truth those who have chosen the way of error:—having thus prayed to God to enlarge, perfect, and sanctify His kingdom, and to make it meet for the presence of its King, we need not fear to give the last meaning to these words, and pray for the coming of His kingdom of glory, that He would perfect the work which He has begun, ‘accomplish the number of His elect, and hasten His kingdom.’ Why does St. Paul tell us Christ gave Himself for the Church?

Several. ‘That He might sanctify and cleanse it That He might present it to Himself a glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy, and without blemish.’ (Eph. v. 26, 27.)

Miss W. Yes; and in the petition, ‘Thy kingdom come,’ we ask Him thus to sanctify and cleanse His Church, and then to come in His kingdom of—what?

‘Glory,’ they replied.

Miss W. Just so; when every enemy will be vanquished in the kingdom, and He will reign supreme. And when will that be?

Several. At the last day.

Miss W. What are we told of the end in 1 Cor. xv. 24–26?

Ruth. ‘Then cometh the end, when He (i.e. Christ) shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, even the Father; when He shall have put down all rule, and all authority and power. For He must reign; till He hath put all enemies under His feet. The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death.’

Miss W. To Whom is the Lord’s Prayer especially addressed?

Mary. To God the Father.

Miss W. And for Whose honour have we especially prayed?

Several. The Father’s.

Miss W. Yes; and now we pray that He will

hasten the time when He shall reign supreme. Read ver. 28.

Jane. 'And when all things shall be subdued unto Him, then shall the Son also Himself be subject unto Him that put all things under Him, *that God may be all in all.*'

Miss W. And what are the enemies that will in that day be destroyed?

'The devil,' said some. (Rev. xx. 10.)

'Sin,' said others.

Miss W. Yes, and something else, over which Christ, in His own Person, won the victory?

'Death,' said one or two.

Miss W. Read Rev. xx. 14.

Sarah. 'Death and hell were cast into the lake of fire.'

Miss W. And what is there laid up for the righteous?

Agnes. A beautiful crown. (2 Tim. iv. 8.)

Miss W. And when will it be given?

Several. When Christ comes.

Miss W. Yes; when our King comes in the glory of His kingdom; when the devil, and sin, of which the devil is the author, shall be for ever beaten down under our feet, and when death and hell shall be no more. What does a good servant do when his Lord is absent?

'Serves him,' said some.

'Wishes for his return,' said Mary.

Miss W. So we should serve our King now with all diligence, and long for His presence, for His return to us. You shall read a few verses describing the glories of the kingdom. Turn to Rev. xxi. 1-4.

Several. 'And I saw a new heaven and a new earth . . . And I, John, saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a great voice out of heaven, saying, Behold,

the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people, and God Himself shall be with them, and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.’

Miss W. Almost the whole of this chapter is a description of the glories of the triumphant kingdom. You may read it all at home; but now go on to the 23rd verse.

Several. ‘And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof. And the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it; and the kings of the earth do bring their glory and honour into it. And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day: for there shall be no night there. And they shall bring the glory and honour of the nations into it.’ (Also chap. xxii. 1–5.)

Miss W. Yes; and after this glorious description, how does St. John conclude, chap. xxii. 20.

Mary. ‘He which testifieth these things saith, Surely I come quickly; Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus.’

Miss W. ‘Even so, come.’ ‘Thy kingdom come.’ One word more I must say to you, girls. We are all among those who have been gathered into Christ’s kingdom—when?

All. In our Baptism.

Miss W. Yes. We must, then, take good heed to serve no other king but Christ, our Prophet, Priest, and King. Watch and pray, lest the devil gain the mastery over you, and make you dishonour your God and King; try day by day to please and serve Him, so that when He comes in His glory, He may be able to say to each one of you, ‘Come, ye blessed of My Father’—?

‘Inherit the kingdom prepared for you, from the foundation of the world;’ they continued. (St. Matt. xxv. 34.)

Miss W. Yes; ‘Take the place prepared for faithful subjects in My kingdom of glory.’

Miss Walton stopped speaking, and a moment afterwards shutting up the book, said,

‘Now I will call Mrs. Hamilton.’ Presently she returned with her sister, who took her seat, while she lay down on a sofa, for she had not been well all day. Mrs. Hamilton knew what the lesson had been about, but she asked the girls to tell her, and then continued,

‘I will try and tell you the history of an old blind woman who lived in the parish where my home is. I shall call her Sarah.’

BLIND SARAH.

When I first knew her, (said Mrs. Hamilton,) she was quite an old woman, and had been blind for some years, and though she was pretty well in health, she had suffered so much from rheumatism, that she could not do more in the day than get from her bed to her chair by the fire, and back again at night. She lived quite alone, only a neighbour came in to light the fire, help her to dress in a morning, and give her some breakfast; and again at dinner and tea-time, and to help her into bed; and a little girl, of about eleven years old, generally slept in the house with her. I was first introduced to her by our clergyman, Mr. Vinor, asking me to receive the Holy Communion with her soon after we had gone to live in his parish, and as I went along he told me something about her, and said he thought it would be a great kindness if I would go and see her sometimes, and read to her.

Her cottage, with one or two others near it, was about half a mile from our house ; but I thought that would only be a pleasant walk occasionally, and I willingly promised to do what I could. From that day, whenever I had a spare hour, book in hand, I used to find my way to old Sarah’s cottage. I read other things to her besides the Bible, sometimes a story, sometimes the life of a holy person, and occasionally a sermon ; for her mind was very active, perhaps all the more so because her body could not be, and she thought over what I read to her while she sat alone afterwards.

After spending half an hour with her one day, when I had known her a long time, I remarked,

‘ You must feel very lonely, so many hours as you spend alone, without being able even to read or work to divert yourself ?’

‘ So I do, Ma’am,’ she replied, ‘ at times ; but after all I wouldn’t go back to what I was before I was blind. It may seem strange, Ma’am, but I think the loss of my sight the greatest blessing God ever sent me.’

‘ God often turns troubles into blessings,’ I remarked, ‘ and I suppose you feel He has done so in this instance ?’

‘ Yes, Ma’am,’ she replied. ‘ It was the first thing which brought me with all my heart to Him. I was always trying before to serve two masters, and that you know the Bible says we can’t do. I was a wild, high-spirited girl, and a stirring woman, (though you wouldn’t think so to look at me now,) and I was always respected by my neighbours ; but I know I didn’t serve God heartily ; other lords besides Him had dominion over me ; but now, Ma’am, I would indeed wish Him to reign alone.’

‘ And you think your blindness helped you to wish *this more heartily* ?’ I said.

‘ Yes, Ma’am ; as long as I had earthly occupations,

and went bustling about my work, I did not think, as I ought to have done, about the "one thing needful." I see it now, Ma'am; I didn't then.'

'But you used to be regular at church, and read your Bible before you were blind, did you not?' I asked.

'Yes, Ma'am, I did *that*, but all the time my heart was really set on this world. I cared more about a clean house, and clean clothes, than a clean heart; and so God laid me low, and put me into the dark, to teach me to "seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness," and not the world and the things of the world.'

'You seem to remember the Bible,' I remarked, having been often struck by the way she quoted it. 'This must be a comfort to you in your blindness.'

'Ah! Ma'am, I often wish I remembered it more. But it's very strange, I remember best what I learned as a girl at school; the words come back to me now, I am thankful to say, though I didn't mind them much then. I can't remember as well what you and Mr. Vinor read to me.'

'That is often the case,' I answered. 'It is a good thing you were taught when you were a child.'

'If only I had minded it more,' she answered. 'I'll tell you, Ma'am, what my life was in days gone by, and then you'll see how much I have to think about, as I sit here alone.'

'I was one of a large family of brothers and sisters—there were ten of us. Three brothers and a sister were older than me, and then three sisters younger, and two twin brothers. Betsy was next me in age; then came the twins; Harry and poor little Arthur, who was a cripple and a poor delicate thing. My father was a small farmer, and my mother an active stirring woman, who taught her children to be the same. The elder ones were always up by four o'clock in the morning, regularly, in the summer, and

we girls were set to house-work, while my mother went about milking the cows and the farm-work, for we kept no servant maid. I often wonder how my poor mother got through all the work she did. She was very particular, and made us do thoroughly anything we were set to do, whether it was to scrub the floor, or clean the grate, or wash out the milk-pans, or mind the younger children; and in my own way, Ma'am, I liked to see a thing done well too; but I was wilful, and often would do things my own way, instead of my mother's; and so I am afraid I often worried her more than I helped her. Well, Ma'am, by breakfast-time we were pretty forward with our work, and then came school for some of us. When I began to go, my eldest sister gave up, but there were generally four or five of us to go, boys and girls together. We had about half a mile's walk to the village, so that Arthur couldn't go. The most he could do was to crawl into the lane near the house. It was at this school, Ma'am, that I learned what I now find the comfort of. I was quick enough at learning, (indeed I remember mother used to say I was quick enough at anything,) and was always at the top of my class, and I felt a sort of pride at being there, and in saying long chapters off without a mistake. They didn't teach the sort of things in schools then that they do now, and I sometimes wonder what good so much learning will do poor folks. They taught us to read and sew well, and made us learn off by heart a pretty lot; they made us sum, too, and those who wished, learned to write; but that was all they taught. All these things I learned with very little trouble, and laughed at those who made a burden of them, and at my younger sister among the number. Betsy was very slow, but, in looking back, I know she was a much better girl than I. She took pains, and I didn't; and she thought more of what she learned than I did. Once having said my

lessons I thought no more about them, so that all the holy things I learned in the Bible and Catechism were lost upon me. I didn't care about them except for the praise they brought me. I liked to be told that I had said my lesson well, or to hear the mistress whisper to a visitor, that "Sally Trevor was the quickest girl in the school;" but that was all I cared for, and just after saying that my duty to God was to believe in Him, and fear Him, and love Him with all my heart, and mind, and soul, and strength, I forgot all about Him, and gave my heart and mind to a bit of sewing, or a game of play.

'Ah! Ma'am, those were sad days. I can't say God reigned in my heart then, as Mr. Vinor says He ought to do. It was filled only with pleasures and business of this life.'

'There are few who can look back upon their girlhood without feeling self-condemned,' I remarked; 'without feeling that they were too much engrossed with this world.'

'May be so,' returned Sally; 'but I think I was worse than others. I know Betsy was different, for I've seen her cry when the clergyman talked to us children; but I generally tried to forget, as soon as I could, anything I didn't like to remember.'

'One day, just after the death of a school-fellow, (I mind it so well,) the clergyman spoke very seriously to us all, and bade us think if we were fit to die if called as suddenly. We all looked serious while he was speaking, and some cried as he spoke of the glories of heaven, and reminded us that no proud tempers, or angry feelings, or lying lips, could be admitted there. For a bit I felt different, a solemn feeling came over me, and I felt uncomfortable. Ah! Ma'am, if I had only cherished those feelings, maybe my life would not have been what it has been; but instead of that, as soon as ever we got out of school, I proposed a game of play to drive

away dullness, I said, and I was quite vexed with Betsy and a party of girls, who chose rather to learn a hymn on death, which the clergyman had set us. I remember I exclaimed, “I can’t bear to think of Ann’s death; do let’s play and forget it.” And when some of the girls said, “Mr. Roper told us we had better not forget it,” I answered again, “Never mind what he said; I am sure it’s not pleasant to think about, and spoils all our fun; it is time enough to think about death when we are older.”

‘And that is the way, Ma’am, that I went on driving God out of my heart, and letting the love of play and pleasure reign instead; neglecting Him and His service.’

‘Then hadn’t you been taught to attend to your religious duties,’ I said, ‘to say your daily prayers, and go to church?’

‘Yes, Ma’am; I said my prayers as a thing of course,’ she replied; ‘and mother always told us it was respectable to go to church once a Sunday, and so we always went. But all this was only outward service, Ma’am. Surely it is no good unless our heart goes with it.’

‘No,’ I said; ‘and yet the habit was a good one.’

‘Yes. My poor mother!’ she continued, after a moment’s pause; ‘I am thankful to her for teaching me even this. I fear she did not know herself then the vanity of worldly things; I trust God had mercy on her, and led her to better things before her death.’

‘I must ask you to stop now,’ said Miss Walton, as she looked at her watch, ‘there is not time for more to-day.’

‘Very well,’ replied Mrs. Hamilton; ‘next Sunday, if you are good girls, I must tell you more.’

‘Thank you, Ma’am—thank you,’ they replied, as they rose to prepare to go.

LESSON LV.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

**'THY WILL BE DONE IN EARTH, AS IT IS IN
HEAVEN.'**

AFTER Emily's removal down-stairs, and after she had taken the tonic medicine and bitter beer for a day or two, her recovery progressed slowly, but surely. She appeared, to those who had watched her at her worst, like one slowly returning to life; as if, one by one, her faculties were restored after death had taken possession of them. Her mother watched her recovery with the tenderest interest, as though she felt continually that death might yet claim her—as if she could hardly believe that one lately so near another world as Emily had seemed to be, could be restored to what she was before; and yet there was every reason now to hope that she might be; for, as I said, her recovery, though slow, was marked each day. She did not lose the extreme delicacy of complexion which had been so remarkable from the beginning of her illness, (and this was perhaps one reason why all who looked at her felt a sort of misgiving, as though one so fragile-looking was not intended for this rough world,) but her appetite gradually improved, her nerves were daily stronger, and the fits of hysteria were less violent, and less frequent.

Mrs. Freeward had come up to the Vicarage one day for some work, and on Miss Walton's saying,

'Emily really seems much better to-day,' she replied,

'Yes, Ma'am, I thought so, too, this morning. I never saw her so cheerful before, and I began to think I might put away my fears; but this afternoon she seems very poorly.'

'You must expect changes of this kind,' replied Miss Walton; 'perhaps she tired herself this morning.'

'Yes, Ma'am, perhaps she did. I warned her she was sitting up too long, but she wasn't willing to lie down again. It is the first time, Ma'am, I've seen anything like opposition to my will since she was ill, and you may think it strange for me to say so, but I felt as if it were a sign that she was better.'

Miss Walton looked towards her sister with an expression which meant to say, 'I feared it would be so,' and replied to Mrs. Freeward,

'I quite understand you. I always feared that, with Emily's returning health, self-will would show itself again; but you must not give way to it, and I trust she will herself struggle against it.'

'When she feels better, Ma'am, it is hard for her to lie still. I think it is often harder to submit to God's will when one is getting better from an illness, than at its worst.'

'I quite agree with you,' returned Miss Walton, 'and we must try and make Emily feel that, by patiently bearing restraint now, she is doing God's will. Poor dear child! she has had a sharp lesson.'

'That she has, Ma'am,' returned Mrs. Freeward, as Miss Walton walked with her from the front door to the garden gate, 'and so have we, her parents, not to give way to her. We nearly lost her, and I yet feel as if her life hung on a thread. It may be God's will yet to take her.'

'It *may* be,' returned Miss Walton, 'but, as at the worst, I trust you can still say, "Thy will be done."'

'I think I am like my child,' she replied. 'It seems harder to say it now, when hopes have been

raised, than when I sat by (what I thought) her dying bed. I have the same lesson to learn as my child has.'

'We have all that lesson to learn, I believe,' returned Miss Walton; 'at all times, and under all circumstances, to say and feel, "Thy will be done," to learn to lie still under God's hand without struggling to free ourselves:' and Miss Walton repeated to Mrs. Freeward:—

"O Lord my God, do Thou Thy holy will—
I will lie still—
I will not stir, lest I forsake Thine arm,
And break the charm
Which lulls me, clinging to my Father's breast,
In perfect rest." *

'Thank you, Ma'am,' said Mrs. Freeward. 'It is harder to lie still when our hopes are nearly fulfilled; we become restless then.'

They had now reached the garden gate, which Miss Walton opened for Mrs. Freeward; and as she saw the calm expression of her face, she thought to herself, as she walked back to the house,

'If there is a struggle for resignation, it is a struggle deep within; she has so far gained the mastery, and subdued her will, that there are no outward tokens of the conflict.'

But if we are to hear Mrs. Hamilton's story, we must hasten to join the lesson with Miss Walton and her girls in the afternoon. Bessie was absent, for it was just at this time that the fever, which was spoken of in the history of the Forley boys, broke out, and for several Sundays Bessie was kept a close prisoner at home, minding the house, and the children, while little Alfred devoted himself to the sick. It was an anxious time for Mr. and Miss Walton, and Mr.

* Wednesday before Easter.—*Christian Year.*

Spencer, for many were ill, but chiefly younger children. Only one or two grown-up people, except the Mason family, were attacked by it.

Miss Walton was glad to see that only Bessie was absent, and at once began the lesson.

'Whose will should direct the affairs of a kingdom?' she asked.

'The king's,' replied several.

Miss W. Therefore, after praying, 'Thy kingdom come,' what does our Saviour next teach us to pray?

Several. 'Thy will be done in earth.'

Miss W. Whose will?

All. God's will.

Miss W. Yes, His Whom we have called Father, and acknowledged as King. His will we pray may be done—where?

All. In earth.

Miss W. And how do we pray that it may be done?

Several. 'As it is in heaven.'

Miss W. We have seen that, in God's kingdom on earth, all His subjects do not obey Him—that they are led astray from the service of their King—by whom?

Anna. The devil.

Miss W. Yes, and that even the most faithful of His subjects fail in their duty to their King, and so keep back, or retard, the advancement of the kingdom; therefore, we need add to the petition, 'Thy kingdom come,' the prayer—?

All. 'Thy will be done in earth, As it is in heaven.'

Miss W. And by whom should God's will be done on earth?

Several. By everybody.

Miss W. By whom is it done in heaven?

Ruth. By the Holy Angels.

'By all who dwell in heaven,' said Agnes.

Miss W. Yes ; and as all in heaven do His will, so we pray that—?

‘All in earth may do it,’ said Margaret.

Miss W. But how do you think God’s will is done in heaven ?

‘Perfectly,’ said Mary.

‘Always,’ said others.

Miss W. Yes ; therefore we pray that, as in heaven it is done perfectly and continually, so—?

‘It may be done on earth,’ quickly replied three or four.

Miss W. Very good. Now can you remember how David tells us in the hundred-and-third Psalm, the Holy Angels do God’s will ?

Sarah. ‘O praise the Lord, ye Angels of His, ye that excel in strength : *ye that fulfil His commandment, and hearken unto the voice of His words.*’ (Ps. ciii. 20.)

Miss W. That is what I meant. Two things are mentioned of them, ‘That they hearken’—?

‘To the voice of God’s words,’ said Anna.

Miss W. Yes ; and what else ?

‘That they fulfil His commandment,’ said Jane.

Miss W. Very well ; and thus they do His will, and as they do it, we pray—?

‘That we may do it,’ returned Ruth.

Miss W. Yes, we, weak creatures upon earth. But if we are to do it *like* them, when God speaks, what must we do ?

Several. Listen, hearken.

Miss W. Yes ; they do His will because they—?

Harriet. ‘Hearken unto the voice of His words.’

Miss W. We fail to do it, because we neglect to hearken ; we are very often too much taken up with the things of this world, to listen for God’s voice. How does He speak to us ?

Agnes. By His Word.

Miss W. Yes ; in the Bible He speaks to us. If,

then, we do His will as the Angels do it, we must—?

Several. Hearken to the Bible.

Miss W. But does God speak to us in no other way?

Mary. Yes, by His Holy Spirit.

Miss W. How, Mary, does the Holy Spirit speak?

'By our consciences,' she replied.

Miss W. Very good. As, then, the Angels hearken to the voice of God's Word, so must we hearken to the voice of—?

All. Our consciences.

Miss W. Yes, which is God's voice speaking to us; and if we hearken and obey, Whose will shall we follow?

'God's,' they all replied.

Miss W. And do the Angels hearken without obeying?

Margaret. No, they fulfil His commandment.

Miss W. Then, to be like them, what must we do when we hear His Voice?

All. Obey.

Miss W. And that we may do this, we pray when we say—?

All. 'Thy will be done in earth, As it is in heaven.'

Miss W. Have we any histories in the Bible of the Angels fulfilling God's will? (The girls did not answer, and Miss Walton said again,) When it was God's will to save Lot from the destruction of Sodom, who were found ready to fulfil His will?

Rose. Two Angels.

Miss W. And since it was God's will that Lot should be saved, did they suffer the men of Sodom to hurt him?

Several. No; they pulled him into the house and shut the door, and struck the men with blindness.

Miss W. And when in the morning Lot lingered, what did they do?

Anna. They hastened him.

Rose. They 'laid hold upon his hand, and upon the hand of his wife, and upon the hand of his two daughters, the Lord being merciful unto him; and they brought him forth, and set him without the city.' (See Gen. xix. 1, 10, 11, 15, 16.)

Miss W. And thus fulfilled—Whose will?

All. The will of God.

Miss W. And when it was the will of God that St. Peter should escape from the hand of Herod, who flew to his deliverance?

All. An Angel. (Acts, xii.)

Miss W. It would take us much more than our lesson hour to mention all the instances of the blessed Angels hearkening to God's words, and fulfilling His command—doing His will, as we pray we may do it—where?

Several. On earth.

Miss W. Now there are two ways in which God's will may be done by us. I remember speaking to you about it in our lesson on the vow of obedience. Can any of you tell me the two ways? (The girls thought for a moment, and Miss Walton heard Rose whisper, 'I can't mind,' so she said again,) Don't you remember how I said a little baby did its mother's will?

'Oh, yes! by submission,' exclaimed one or two.

Miss W. Yes; or, as I said, passively.

'Oh! I mind now! Active and passive obedience,' exclaimed Rose.*

Miss W. Very good. God's will may be done by us actively and passively, or by obedience and—?

'Submission,' said Anna.

Miss W. Yes; that is to say, it may be done *by* us, and *in* us. It is done *by* us—when?

'When we obey God's commands,' said several.

* See Lesson XI.

Miss W. Yes; and it is done *in us*—when?

Agnes. When we submit ourselves to Him.

Miss W. When we lie still under His hand. When Samuel told Eli the message of God's threatened wrath against his sons, what was his answer?

Mary. 'It is the Lord: let Him do what seemeth Him good.' (1 Sam. iii. 18.)

Miss W. Eli had to obey no command, to *do* nothing, yet was God's will done—how?

Margaret. By his submission.

Miss W. Yes, by the spirit of resignation with which he bent his will to God's chastisements. Job showed the same spirit. What did he say when troubles overwhelmed him?

Jane. 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the Name of the Lord.' (Job, i. 21.)

Miss W. And what does he say afterwards, when pressed by his wife to 'curse God and die'?

Rose. 'Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?' (Chap. ii. 10.)

Miss W. David shows the same spirit. Look at Psalm, xxxix. 10.

Harriet. 'I became dumb, and opened not my mouth, *for it was Thy doing.*'

Miss W. And when fleeing from Absalom, he uses almost the same words as Eli. Turn to 2 Sam. xv. 25, 26. Zadok the priest had brought the ark along with David in his flight; but what does he say?

Jane. 'Carry back the ark of God into the city: if I shall find favour in the eyes of the Lord, He will bring me again, and show me both it, and His habitation: But if He thus say, I have no delight in thee; *behold, here am I, let Him do to me as seemeth good unto Him.*'

Miss W. Thus did he resign himself into God's hands, that God's will might be done in him. And

very, very often, girls, are we called, in like manner, to do God's will. See how it has been with your companion, Emily. How long God has seen fit to let her lie in an almost senseless state, doing His will in her! And how could *she* do God's will all this time?

'By submitting herself to it,' said Margaret.

Miss W. In one sense she could not help submitting, because we cannot resist God, we *must* endure what He puts upon us. What sort of submission must it be, in order that we may do God's will by it?

'Willing,' said some.

'Submission of heart,' said Agnes.

Miss W. Very good. God's will is done by us when we really bow our will to His will—not only bear what He appoints, but willingly bear it, feeling with Eli, 'It is the Lord; let Him do what seemeth Him good—let Him work His will in me.' And, indeed, I trust this is the spirit in which Emily has been enabled to receive God's chastening. But it is not only in great things we have need to show this spirit. Who appoints the daily little occurrences of life?

'God,' they all replied.

Miss W. But do things always happen just as we like?

'No, Ma'am,' answered several; while Anna continued,

'Last week, Father promised to take me and Kitty to Ilsham on Wednesday; it was the only day he could spare, and it poured of rain all day. I was so sorry; we were obliged to stay at home.'

Miss W. I dare say others can remember similar things.

'I mind,' said Agnes: 'once when mother had all fixed to go and stay at my uncle's for a week, the very day before we were to start, baby was taken

with the measles, and we couldn’t go. Janey did cry so.’

Miss W. These seem but little things, yet they are the very things in which children, indeed everybody, may do God’s will—how?

‘By submission,’ they all replied.

Miss W. Yes; by remembering Who appoints our daily trials, and saying, ‘Let Him do what seemeth Him good.’ And where do we pray that we may thus submit—that God’s will may be done?

All. In the Lord’s Prayer: ‘Thy will be done in earth, As it is in heaven.’

Miss W. Yes, and we often cannot thus submit without a struggle. The holy Angels (we believe) so completely do God’s will, that they know no will but His. His will is ever their will. But is it so with us?

Several. No, Ma’am.

Miss W. No, *we* have perverse wills of our own, which go against the will of God. Therefore, in order to submit, we have often to struggle to subdue our own wills, and bring them into subjection to the will of God; and we have to pray God to help us to do His will, as we are taught to do in this very prayer. I said just now, that in one sense, we *must* submit to God’s will. Look at Dan. iv. 35.

Sarah. ‘He doeth according to His will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth: and none can stay His Hand, or say unto Him, What doest Thou?’

Miss W. But our Saviour, by teaching us this prayer, would teach us to pray that we may not wish to resist it,—that God’s will may be done by us in cheerful submission; and in what else?

‘In obedience,’ said one or two.

Miss W. Yes, the Catechism teaches us that in the Lord’s Prayer, ‘We desire . . . our Heavenly Father, that we may’—?

‘“Worship Him, serve Him, and obey Him, as we ought to do,”’ they repeated.

Miss W. Yes, ‘obey Him,’ or do His will—how?

All. By obedience.

Miss W. And what must we obey?

All. His commands.

‘His voice speaking within us,’ said Mary.

‘His Word,’ added others.

Miss W. Just so. God reveals His will to us in His Word and commandments, and makes it known by the voice of our consciences; and we must, by obedience to these, do His will. Have we promised to do it?

Alice. Yes, in our Baptism.

Miss W. We promised to ‘keep’—?

‘“God’s holy will and commandments, and walk in the same all the days of our life,”’ they repeated in a body.

Miss W. Do you remember the prayer of Epaphras for the Colossians? (Chap. iv. 12.)

Anna. ‘Epaphras . . . a servant of Christ, saluteth you, always labouring fervently for you in prayers, *that ye may stand perfect and complete in all the will of God.*’

Miss W. As the Angels do. Look also at 1 St. Peter, iv. 1, 2, to what he says we should live?

Ruth. ‘He that hath suffered in the flesh, hath ceased from sin; that he no longer should live the rest of his time in the flesh to the lusts of men, *but to the will of God.*’

Miss W. The will of God must be the rule of our daily actions, if we would carry out our prayer that God’s will be done—?

‘In earth, as it is in heaven,’ they continued.

Miss W. And now, before we finish our lesson, I should like you to tell me Who is our great Example of thus fulfilling God’s will?

‘Jesus Christ,’ they all replied.

Miss W. In both ways did He do God's will?

' Yes, Ma'am,' replied several.

' He was obedient,' said some.

' And He submitted,' said Agnes.

Miss W. Can you tell me any direct act of our Blessed Lord's obedience to God's law?

' He subjected Himself to His parents,' said Rose.

Miss W. When?

Several. When ' He went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them.' (St. Luke, ii. 51.)

Miss W. And what did He reply to St. John the Baptist, when he objected to baptizing our Lord?

Agnes. ' Thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness.' (St. Matt. iii. 15.)

' In truth,' said Miss Walton, ' every act of our Lord's life was doing the will of God. What did He say to the disciples when they brought Him meat at Jacob's well?

Mary. ' My meat is to do the will of Him that sent Me, and to finish His work.' (St. John, iv. 34.)

Miss W. And again, Chap. v. 30.

Sarah. ' I seek not Mine own will, but the will of the Father, which hath sent Me.'

Miss W. And again, when He applied the words of Isaiah to Himself, for what did He say God had sent Him? (St. Luke, iv. 18.)

Anna. ' He hath sent Me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind,' &c.

Miss W. And how did He spend His life?

Several. In teaching, and healing, and going about doing good.

Miss W. And thus His whole ministry was one act of obedience—of fulfilling—?

All. God's will.

Miss W. For what purpose did He say He came down from heaven?

Margaret. 'Not to do Mine own will, but the will of Him that sent Me.' (St. John, vi. 38.)

Miss W. Not only by active obedience did He do the will of God, but how else?

Several. By submitting to it.

Miss W. What sort of a life did He lead?

Ruth. One of pain and sorrow.

Miss W. Yes, and of scorn and neglect; and did He submit to this?

All. Yes, Ma'am.

Miss W. Yes; how did the devil tempt Him to relieve His wants?

Several. By making the stones into bread.

Miss W. Did He yield?

All. No, Ma'am.

Miss W. No, He submitted to the hunger. And do we ever hear of His performing a miracle merely to relieve His own wants?

The girls thought, and answered, 'I don't mind any.'

Miss W. No, I don't think we shall find that He did. Rather than offend, He provided the money for tribute; but though, as man, it seems as if He must have been continually tempted to provide for His necessities by miracle, we never hear that He did; He submitted to His Father's will, and bore hunger, and thirst, and weariness. And at last, when the hour of death came, what was His prayer?

Mary. 'Father, if Thou be willing, remove this cup from Me: nevertheless, not My will, but Thine be done.' (St. Luke, xxii. 42.)

Miss W. How often do we read He uttered this prayer?

Several. Three times.

Miss W. Yes; for as man He shrank from the bitter cup; yet His will He resigned, and submitted Himself—to what?

Margaret. 'Death, even the death of the Cross.'

Miss W. Yes, with all its attendant bitterness. As the prophet Isaiah says, 'He is brought'—?

Ruth. 'As a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so He openeth not His mouth.' (Isaiah, liii. 7.)

Miss W. And why? because it pleased the Lord to bruise Him. Look again at chap. i. 5, 6.

Harriet. 'The Lord God hath opened Mine ear, and I was not rebellious, neither turned away back. I gave My back to the smiters, and My cheeks to them that plucked off the hair: I hid not My face from shame and spitting.'

Miss W. Thus is He our perfect Example of obedience and submission to the will of God. Thus should we try to do His will on earth, as—?

'It is done in heaven,' they all replied.

Miss W. That is perfectly, and continually.

'I am sorry,' added Miss Walton, after a pause, 'that poor Bessie is not here for Mrs. Hamilton's story, but I fear it would be no use waiting for her: she is likely to be kept away for some Sundays.'

'I saw her just as we came up,' said Margaret, 'and she said she was so sorry to miss it.'

'You must try and repeat it to her,' returned Miss Walton, as she rose up to call her sister. Mrs. Hamilton was soon seated, and began her story.

BLIND SARAH, (Continued.)

'WHEN I was about fourteen, (the old woman continued,) my mother said she couldn't spare me to go to school any more, there was so much needlework to be done. Now I hated needlework, and made up my mind I wouldn't be kept at it if I could help it. I'm sure I gave my mother a deal of trouble by my wilfulness; but I got my way at last, and knew what

put to work, and I helped in the farm-work. I liked this much better, and soon became a great hand at milking, and butter and cheese making, and took pride in keeping everything clean and tidy. My father was an easy-tempered, quiet man, but we were all very fond of him, and he used to praise my bread-making, and call my butter first rate. Day after day, Ma'am, and week after week, I used to go on working cheerfully enough over things of this kind, while poor little Betsy sat in the house sewing, and looking pale and tired. Arthur was her only companion, and so a great fondness sprang up between them. My heart sometimes misgave me when I went into the room and found her crying because she was so tired of needlework; but, then, I thought it was fitter for her to do than for me, for she was so stupid; she wasn't fit for farm-work, and I couldn't sit moping there. I sometimes begged her off for half-an-hour's run, but I didn't like to do this often, because mother used to say,

“It's you who ought to help her; I could do without so much help in the farm, as I've often told you.”

“But I chose to do farm-work, and didn't choose to do needlework, and so my mother's words went for nothing, and I took my own way. I ought to have told you, that soon after I was taken from school, my elder sister married, and so I was the oldest at home, and managed to get my own way in almost everything. I was very happy, for I was fond of my elder brothers, particularly Jim, the one next to me, and they were fond of me. I had a cheerful way with them, and was generally ready to do any little thing they wanted; but all this time, Ma'am, I thought of this world only, and lived for this world only.

■ ‘About this time, God gave me two calls, if I

would only have listened to them. There was a confirmation, and as a thing of course, both Betsy and I were to be confirmed, and we went to the examinations. But I thought little about it, except to be sure and say my Catechism perfectly, and to keep up my character in answering questions. I was much more ready, I thought, than Betsy, and it rather vexed me not to be more praised, and to see the clergyman take quite as much notice of her as of me; indeed, I think more, for he tried to encourage her, and I thought sometimes put me back. I see now, Ma'am, that he was right, but I only felt vexed at the time, and still more did his words surprise me, when he gave me a ticket, saying, that he had felt some doubts about doing so, for he feared I did not think seriously enough of what I was about to do; that I was satisfied with answering well, without acting upon what I learned.

'I felt inclined to tell him that I was as good as the rest, but there was something in his manner, and something in my own heart, too, which kept me back, and I said nothing; but I remember walking home in great haste, (I wouldn't wait for Betsy,) feeling very indignant, and saying to myself,

"Not give me a ticket, indeed! I wonder what he can know against me; I'm sure I answered better than any one of them, and I go to church every Sunday, and I say my prayers generally, I wonder what more need be done:" and then, Ma'am, my conscience told me that wasn't enough, and I remembered saucy words to my mother, and sharp words to my little brothers and sisters; and I thought of Betsy's patience and gentleness, how she never answered when she was blamed, how she went on day by day at needlework without complaint, though I knew she didn't like it, and I felt there was a difference, but I wouldn't acknowledge the true reason of it; I said to myself,

‘“ She hasn’t the spirit I have; she’s dull and stupid; it isn’t the same to her,” and so I went to the confirmation almost without a serious thought. I was very careful to have my dress well ironed, and my cap neatly got up, and that Betsy’s should be the same; but I cared not whether my heart was clean or not.’

‘I fear too many go in the same spirit,’ I said. ‘It is very sad; for a blessing is then lost which can never be recalled.’

‘That’s what I’ve thought many a time since, and it is wonderful to me that God should so patiently bear with us. To think, Ma’am, that I should have gone there, and with my own mouth promised to keep God’s holy will and commandments, and to walk in the same all the days of my life, when I had no thoughts of really doing so, when I was following my own will, without a thought of His day by day. Is it not wonderful that God does not punish such mockery in some awful way?’

‘Indeed it is of God’s mercies that we are not consumed,’ I replied; ‘but He waits with patience, and gives us time for repentance.’

‘Ah! Ma’am, He has indeed had patience with me! But as I tell you, Ma’am, there were two calls at this time. About a week after the confirmation, Harry sickened with scarletina, and two days afterwards, Arthur and the two little girls. You may be sure, Ma’am, our hands were pretty full, and mother wanted to send for my elder sister to help, but I set my face against that. I was determined to do all myself, and to show how much I could do, and with Betsy’s help we got through for some time. Harry soon got better, but poor little Arthur died at the end of the week. Oh! Ma’am, he was such a patient little lamb. I did not hear a word of complaint from the beginning of his illness to his death, but I hadn’t the heart to take a lesson from it then. Poor Betsy

was almost broken-hearted at first, at Arthur's death. She had watched him with such care, and he had always shown a liking to her above me. I know I was wicked enough to feel vexed about it, and though I really needed Betsy's help, tried to keep her employed out of the sick-room, rather than let her interfere with me; for, as I said, I wanted to show what I could do; and I remember when the clergyman came to see the children, I felt proud that he should see me nursing them, and wondered whether he would now think me good enough to be confirmed, and I heard father say to him, "We could never have got along if it hadn't been for Sally, but she's such a stirring lass. She manages all the nursing, and sets Mistress at liberty to do the farm-work;" and I heard him answer, "I am glad she makes herself so useful; I should have thought nursing was more in Betsy's way." "Well, she helps," said my father, "but I don't think we could get along without Sally."

'I felt proud, Ma'am, and yet my conscience told me, if I would have listened, that mother would much rather have nursed more, and have let me do the farm-work; and that poor Betsy was never happy except when watching over Arthur's bed; and there was I, wilfully following my own will, and insisting upon doing all myself.

'But God, the day after Arthur's death, laid me low. I was attacked by the fever. I hadn't thought or cared about danger to myself; and now when I found the fever was attacking me, I felt—oh! Ma'am, I'm ashamed to say it—I felt angry. I rebelled in heart and act against God's will. I would not nurse at first, I said it was nothing, I had a bit of cold, and that was all; but though I wouldn't bend my will to God's, I was obliged to bend to His power, and take to my bed; and now there was none to nurse but Betsy, and what little mother could do.

How it was that Betsy held up I do not know, but she escaped; and I, the strong "stirring lass," was laid low, and very ill I was, and very impatient. Oh! what a time poor Betsy must have had with me. I was so wilful, I would do and take nothing but what I chose, and I tossed about, grumbling and complaining. Yet never did I hear an impatient or angry word from her. Much as she felt the death of Arthur, she cheered up, and went from one sick-bed to another, with a kind word and smile for all. Harry was well again and down-stairs, and the two little girls were getting better, and very hard work it was to keep them quiet and amused; and yet if they made a bit of noise I was angry; and angry with Betsy for not keeping them quiet, for we were all in one room. One day the clergyman, who was very good for visiting us through all, spoke to me about this impatience, and the duty of submission. I durstn't answer *him*, but I took it into my head that Betsy had complained about me, so instead of being better, I was only worse, and scarcely ever spoke a kind word to her. How she bore with me I don't know.'

'She bore with you, I suppose, because she was trying to do her duty,' I said. 'She realized that her trials were permitted by God, and bowed her will to His.'

'Indeed, Ma'am, I believe she did!' answered old Sally, warmly. 'In looking back I see what a good girl she was; how, without any talk, she just did her daily duties, and submitted with a patient humble spirit to her daily trials; but my heart was too hard to see it then, and her very gentleness provoked me. As I said before, she wasn't quick, and her slow way of going about irritated me, and I called her clumsy and stupid; and sometimes when I spoke in this way she would cry, but she never got angry.'

'While I was at the worst, Jim, my favourite

brother, was taken ill, and they durstn't tell me, for I was very fond of him; but they couldn't keep it long from me, for in a few days he followed little Arthur, and was laid in his grave.

' Oh! Ma'am, I cannot tell you what I felt when I heard this; how I murmured against God's will, and would not be comforted. I almost wished to die, and yet I couldn't wish that, for I knew I wasn't fit.

' My own impatience, Ma'am, kept me ill longer than I should have been, and when I did get about again, I was far from being as strong as before; and the house seemed changed, and I became discontented and fretful, and at last I determined I would go out to service. Both father and mother objected, but I had set my heart upon it, and go I would.'

When old Sally had got to this point of her story I was obliged to stop her, (said Mrs. Hamilton,) for I could not stay longer with her.

' May I hear more another day?' I said.

' Oh, Ma'am,' she replied, ' I have been talking on without remembering how I was keeping you. But I think over all these things as I sit alone, and wonder, and praise God for His goodness and forbearance towards me.'

' And I should much like to hear the rest of your history another day,' I said, ' if you don't mind going on. I was obliged to interrupt you now, because I have an engagement in half an hour.'

' I'll tell you and welcome, Ma'am, anything that I can. I like to talk over old times,' she replied.

With this promise of old Sally's I left, hoping soon to hear more.

And you, girls, will have to wait too, I suspect, (said Mrs. Hamilton.) I have no doubt Miss Walton is wanting me to stop.

‘It is time,’ returned Miss Walton; ‘though I was so much interested in your story, I had not observed how time was going.’

‘Please, Ma’am, haven’t you heard it before?’ exclaimed the girls.

‘No, I have not; so you see I am getting a treat as well as you.’

LESSON LVI.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

‘GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD.’

‘OH! isn’t it pleasant to-day!’ exclaimed even quiet Mary, as she walked towards school with Agnes, who had lingered for her by Farmer Brooks’s gate.

It was one of the first really warm days of spring. Not a cloud was to be seen in the bright blue sky, and scarcely a breath was stirring. The birds were singing their songs of praise, and the air was scented with the bursting flowers of spring. The hedges were beginning to show a green hue, and the fields to be sprinkled over with daisies and celandines. Mary had been hard at work all week, over the yearly ‘cleaning down,’ as Mrs. Brooks called it, and had also been kept from school in the morning, as Hannah had asked to go home for the day.

It was not quite time to go up to the Vicarage, so the two children lingered; and turned into a field to gather violets, and it was as they did this that Mary exclaimed,

‘Oh! isn’t it pleasant to-day!’

‘It is so still,’ replied Agnes. ‘Listen if you don’t hear the stillness.’

Mary obeyed without laughing at her, as Harriet would have done; and perhaps even Margaret could not have resisted a little teasing if she had been there; but Mary only stood as she was told, and replied,

‘Yes, one does; how strange it is! how far off every noise sounds!’ and the two children again stood, hand in hand, gazing over the beautiful valley that lay out before them, without speaking, and without moving for some time, and then in a whisper Agnes remarked,

‘How good God is to make everything so beautiful!’

A moment afterwards they were gathering violets as fast as their little fingers could pull them, eager to get a sufficient number to present to Miss Walton. The children always kept her well supplied through the violet season. She generally had three or four saucers in her parlour constantly replenished with fresh offerings.

Presently the school-room bell in town warned the two little girls it was time for them to go on, and they hurriedly walked towards the Vicarage.

‘I wish Miss Walton would give us our lesson out of doors,’ said Mary, who seemed to be quite inspired with the day.

‘Do’e ask her,’ returned Agnes.

‘No, I don’t like to do *that*,’ said Mary, who had not yet quite conquered her shyness. ‘I wish you would.’

‘I am afraid we shall be too late, and she will have begun,’ said Agnes, and the two girls quickened their steps. They were glad to find Miss Walton in the passage, just entering the room, as they came out of the kitchen; she saw them, and stopped with her hand on the handle of the door, saying,

‘I am glad to see you, Mary, this afternoon; I was afraid perhaps your mistress would be obliged to keep you at home again.’

‘No, Ma’am,’ said Mary, with a pleased smile; ‘she said one of the boys should milk. Please, Ma’am, will you take these violets?’

‘Thank you, Mary, they are very sweet.’

‘And these too, please, Ma’am,’ said Agnes, handing her bunch; ‘and please, Ma’am, will you give us our lesson out of doors?’

Miss Walton hesitated a moment, and then replied, ‘I don’t think I dare to-day. The ground can hardly be dry enough, and I know Mrs. Hamilton would be afraid to come out to you. We will sit by the window instead,’ and she opened the door into the parlour, where the rest of the girls were waiting for her, and walked up to the window, which was a bow, and opened to the ground, threw back the casement, and taking her seat facing it, at a little distance off, let the girls arrange their forms at each side of her, till they reached the window. They were a happy looking group, and the cheerful sunshiny garden was a pleasant view through the open window. As soon, however, as they were all comfortably seated, Miss Walton began the lesson.

‘Which petition of the Lord’s Prayer do we come to to-day?’ she asked.

‘The fourth,’ replied two or three, while all repeated,

‘Give us this day our daily bread.’

‘What does our Saviour tell us to seek first in His Sermon on the Mount?’ asked Miss Walton.

‘The kingdom of God and His righteousness,’ answered one or two. (St. Matt. vi. 33.)

Miss W. So again He teaches us in this prayer. What do we pray for in the first three petitions?

‘The glory of God,’ said Rose.

‘The kingdom of God,’ said others.

Miss W. Yes; we have sought first the kingdom of God, and that His honour, and glory, and power, may be manifested; and now, for what does our Saviour teach us to pray?

‘Ourselves,’ replied the girls.

Miss W. Yes, our own wants may be brought to the footstool of—Whom?

'Our Father,' said Mary.

Miss W. Just so; as children we may ask our Father for what we need; and what is the first of these petitions, Alice?

'Give us this day our daily bread,' she replied.

Miss W. And if a child ask bread of a father, will he give him a stone?

Several. No, Ma'am.

Miss W. What confidence, then, does this give us in asking God for bread?

Margaret. If we, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto our children, how much more shall our heavenly Father give good things to them that ask him? (See St. Matt. vii. 11.)

Miss W. Yes; we may have confidence that our Father in heaven will do as much for us as our father on earth. And on whom does a child depend for daily bread?

Rose. On his parents.

Miss W. And when a child is hungry, how does he show that he thus depends upon his parents?

Several. By asking for bread.

Miss W. Then what does our Saviour teach us by bidding us thus to ask for bread from God?

'That we depend upon God for it,' said Anna.

Miss W. Very good. We acknowledge our entire dependence upon God—as entire as a little child's upon its parents. A child cannot get bread for itself, neither can we. If we have it, Who gives it to us?

'God,' they all replied.

Miss W. We are apt to forget, I am afraid, that our daily food is God's gift. We work hard for it, perhaps, and we receive it day by day, and we look upon it as of our own getting, whereas it is really—what?

'God's gift,' said several.

Miss W. How were the children of Israel fed in the wilderness?

All. With manna.

Miss W. Had they anything to do themselves towards getting it?

'They had to gather it up,' replied Ruth.

Miss W. Quite right; but because they gathered it up, and baked it in cakes, was it therefore of their own providing?

Several. No, Ma'am, God gave it them.

Miss W. Yes; and it would have been thought strange if they had forgotten this; and yet God as really feeds us, and we forget it. Who makes the sun to shine, and gives us rain, and makes the corn to grow?

'God,' they all replied.

Miss W. Then He gives us our food, though we, like the children of Israel, have ourselves to—?

'Gather it,' said Jane.

Miss W. Yes, we have to plant and sow, to rise early, and late take rest, but the fruit of our labour is the gift of God. We pray *Him* to—?

'Give us this day our daily bread,' they all answered.

Miss W. Look at Deut. viii. 11–18.

Alice. 'Beware that thou forget not the Lord thy God . . . lest, when thou hast eaten and art full . . . and when thy herds and thy flocks multiply, and thy silver and thy gold is multiplied, and all that thou hast is multiplied, then thine heart be lifted up, and thou forget the Lord thy God . . . Who brought thee forth water out of the rock of flint; Who fed thee in the wilderness with manna, which thy fathers knew not . . . and thou say in thine heart, My power, and the might of mine hand, hath gotten me this wealth. But thou shalt remember the Lord thy God: for it is He that giveth thee power to get wealth.'

Miss W. Therefore we cannot look upon even our daily bread as gained by our own might and power, but as—?

‘The gift of God,’ said several.

Miss W. He giveth us, St. Paul says, ‘life, and’—?

‘Breath, and *all things*,’ continued Anna. (Acts, xvii. 25.)

Miss W. And how does he tell us we came into, and shall go out of, this world? Look at 1 Tim. vi. 7.

Harriet. ‘We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out.’

Miss W. We had nothing of our own when we came into the world, and, therefore, all we possess is the gift of God, and He can take it away when He wills. Do you remember how Job says the same thing?

Margaret. ‘Naked came I out of my mother’s womb, and naked shall I return thither.’ (Job, i. 21.)

Miss W. It is, then, in a spirit of dependence upon God, that we should pray—?

All. ‘Give us this day our daily bread.’

Miss W. And when we sit down to our meals, Whom should we thank for them?

All. God.

Miss W. And afterwards, we should thank Him for enabling us to take what He has provided. I hope none of you forget to do this.

‘Mother always makes us say grace,’ said Agnes.

‘And so does *my* mother,’ said several others.

Miss W. And when you are alone, you must try not to forget it, but always thank God for what He has provided for you. But do we pray only for ourselves?

Rose. No, for everybody.

Miss W. Why do you say this?

Several. Because we say, Give us our daily bread.

Miss W. Thus our Saviour teaches us not to think of ourselves alone, but of—?

'Others too,' replied Margaret.

Miss W. Yes; to think of their wants, and to pray that they may be supplied as well as our own. And for how much are we taught to ask?

Mary. For daily bread.

Miss W. That is, for the bread sufficient for each day; that He will, as it were, rain down the manna which we daily need, that each day we may gather sufficient for the day. How much manna were the children of Israel bid to gather?

Several. Enough for one day.

Miss W. And what happened to that which was kept?

Several. It went bad. (See Exo. xvi.)

Miss W. In the Sermon on the Mount, what did our Saviour bid us take no thought for?

All. 'Take, therefore, no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' (St. Matt. vi. 34.)

Miss W. He does not, therefore, teach us to pray for to-morrow, but for—?

Anna. 'This day.'

Miss W. Yes, this day, or for the present time: we pray God to give us our daily bread, the bread which is sufficient for the time, and we trust Him for the future; that, when the future becomes to-day, He will still give us—?

'Daily bread,' said one or two.

Miss W. 'Take no thought,' (He teaches us in His Sermon,) 'saying'—?

Several. 'What shall we eat? or what shall we drink? or wherewithal shall we be clothed? . . . for your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of *all these things.*' (Verses, 31, 32.)

Miss W. Our Heavenly Father knows that we need daily bread, and has it, as it were, prepared; therefore it is sufficient that we should ask for it for *this* day. And now, can you tell me what the Catechism teaches us this bread includes?

Agnes. 'All things that be needful both for our souls and bodies.'

Miss W. Tell me some of the things needful for the body as well as food?

'Clothing,' said some.

'Sleep—rest,' said others.

Miss W. Yes; and what is that without which food is not enjoyed, and sleep goes from us?

'Health,' said Margaret.

Miss W. And what has God provided for the restoration of health?

All. Medicine.

Miss W. Very well. Then, when we pray for daily bread, we pray God to give us all these needful things for our bodies, food, and drink—?

'Clothing, and sleep, and health,' said several.

'And medicine to make us well if we are ill,' added Ruth.

Miss W. And what is necessary for the growth of food, and the preservation of health and enjoyment?

'Rain and sunshine—cold and heat,' said Mary.

Miss W. Very good. These, too, are things needful for—what?

Sarah. Our bodies.

Miss W. And for all these things we pray, when we say—?

All. 'Give us this day our daily bread.'

Miss W. There is no temporal blessing which it is lawful to pray for at all, which cannot be prayed for in these words; and when we think of this, they become full of meaning to us, and may be used many times over without 'vain repetition.' Why does our

Saviour tell us many words are unnecessary in praying to God?

Several. Because ‘your Father knoweth what things ye have need of, *before* ye ask Him.’ (Ver. 8.)

Miss W. And how does He know?

Margaret. Because He sees and knows everything.

Miss W. If, then, you wish for any particular thing when you kneel down to pray, does He know your wish?

Mary. Yes, for He looks into our hearts.

Miss W. Exactly. Then it needs not many words to explain our wants; those in which our Saviour Himself taught us to ask for needful things for the body, will tell Him what our wants are, as well as the more direct expression of them. If we are ill, what does our body need?

Several. Restored health.

Miss W. And can we ask for this in words of the Lord’s Prayer?

Agnes. Yes, by thinking of it when we say, ‘Give us this day our daily bread.’

Miss W. Just so; and God, who looks into our hearts, knows our desires, and will give us that which is needful and best for us. But do we know what *particular* blessings others need?

Margaret. Not always.

Miss W. No, indeed we don’t. Many thousands, whom we have never seen, need some particular blessing for the body which we know nothing of, and cannot pray for in express words, yet which we may pray for in these words, ‘Give *us* our daily bread.’ We know our own particular needs, we trust to God to know, provide for, the especial needs of others, and, therefore, in general words pray—?

‘Give us this day our daily bread,’ they all repeated.

Miss W. And our Saviour would teach us something by mentioning bread only. He would teach

us to let our wants be few and simple. With what does St. Paul tell us to be content?

Jane. 'Having food and raiment, let us be therewith content.' (1 Tim. vi. 8.)

Miss W. And what does he go on to say of those who will be rich?

Rose. 'They that will be rich fall into temptation, and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition. For the love of money is the root of all evil.' (Verses 9, 10.)

Miss W. Riches and luxury are not what we are to pray for. Do you remember Agur's prayer? Look at Prov. xxx. 8.

Alice. 'Remove far from me vanity and lies: give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me.'

Miss W. But if God is pleased to give us wealth, and the comforts of this life, they then become what He sees best or needful for us; and the very richest (as well as the poorest, who knows not where the day's bread is to come from) has need to pray, 'Give us this day our daily bread;' give what Thou knowest to be needful for us.

'Please, Ma'am, I suppose it would kill the Queen to live as we poor people do,' said Rose.

'Indeed I think it would. It has pleased God that she should be born and brought up in the midst of every comfort and luxury, so that they have become necessary to her; and things which you feel no hardship, would be indeed hard for her; and so it is in different ranks; some things are, in a certain degree, needful to one person, which are not to another. Does a little child need as much food as a hard-working man?'

'No, Ma'am, he couldn't eat so much,' exclaimed Ruth.

Miss W. In the same way comforts and luxuries

are needful for one person which are not for another; and we ask God, as it were, to distribute to each the things needful, the daily bread each requires. But does this petition only mean things needful for the body?

Several. No, for the soul too. 'I pray unto God that He will send us all things that be needful both for our souls and bodies.'

Miss W. Why is bread or food needful for our bodies?

All. Because they would die without it.

Miss W. Our bodies need daily food to support and keep them alive. Do our souls need the same?

'No, Ma'am,' said some.

'Yes, Ma'am, spiritual food,' said Margaret.

Miss W. Quite right, Margaret. For the soul to live, it needs food; to be strong for its labour, it needs to be nourished. Now Who has called Himself the 'Bread of Life'?

Agnes. Jesus Christ. 'Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life.' (St. John, vi. 35.)

Miss W. And what did He tell the people not to labour for?

Sarah. 'Labour not for the meat which perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life, which the Son of man shall give unto you.'

Miss W. Then Whose gift is *this* bread, too?

All. The gift of God.

Miss W. And what life will this meat nourish?

Rose. The life of the soul.

Miss W. And what means has our Saviour especially appointed for giving Himself as the food of our souls?

Margaret. The Bread and Wine in the Holy Communion.

Miss W. What are the benefits whereof we partake in receiving the Bread and Wine in the Holy Communion?

Several. 'The strengthening and refreshing of our souls by the Body and Blood of Christ, as our bodies are by the bread and wine.'

Miss W. As bread and wine is food to the body, so—What is food to the soul?

Anna. 'The Body and Blood of Christ, which are verily and indeed taken and received by the faithful in the Lord's Supper.'

Miss W. Very good; and for this blessing we pray when we say—?

All. 'Give us this day our daily bread.'

Miss W. Yes, we pray that Christ will feed our souls with Himself, and so strengthen and keep life in them. After declaring Himself to be the Bread of Life, what does He go on to say?

Jane. 'He that cometh to Me, shall never hunger; and he that believeth on Me, shall never thirst.' (St. John, vi. 35.)

Miss W. Thus does He represent Himself as giving food and drink for the life and support of the soul, and not only so, but as being Himself *that* food and drink which He gives. Look again at chap. vi. 51, 54, 55.

Harriet. 'The bread that I will give is My flesh, which I will give for the life of the world. . . . Whoso eateth My flesh, and drinketh My blood, hath eternal life. . . . My flesh is meat indeed, and My blood is drink indeed.'

Miss W. We pray, then, not only for food for our bodies, but—?

Several. For our souls also.

Miss W. And that food we believe to be?

Margaret. Christ Himself.

Miss W. And the chief way in which He conveys Himself to us, and so nourishes our souls, we believe to be—?

Several. Through the Holy Communion.

Miss W. But though this is the chief way in which

God feeds and refreshes our souls, is there no other way?

‘By giving us His Holy Spirit,’ said Mary.

‘By His grace,’ said others.

Miss W. What you say is quite true, but not exactly the answer to my question. He gives the Holy Spirit, or His grace, in the Holy Communion: but by what other means may we obtain these blessings besides in the Holy Communion?

Several. By prayer.

Miss W. And what would become of our souls if God withdrew His Spirit from us?

Agnes. They would die.

Miss W. Our spiritual life would perish, if God withdrew from us entirely His Holy Spirit, as surely as the body would die without air to breathe. Look at what St. Paul says in Romans, viii. 9–13.

Margaret. ‘Now if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His.... If ye live after the flesh, ye shall die.’

Miss W. Therefore we pray each day—?

Jane. ‘Give us this day our daily bread.’

Miss W. And thus we pray Him to give us His Holy Spirit, together with all other things needful—?

All. ‘Both for our souls and bodies.’

Miss W. Yes, we ask for that which will nourish and support our souls, as well as for needful things for the body. Look once again at St. Matt. iv. 4.

Harriet. ‘Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.’

Miss W. What are we here taught is food for our souls?

Margaret. The Word of God.

Miss W. Yes, the teaching of God; and can our souls live without His teaching?

Several. No, Ma’am.

Miss W. No; for our souls to live, we need each

day to be fed by God's holy Word, that it should dwell in us richly in all wisdom ; and for this we pray when we say—?

All. 'Give us this day our daily bread.'

Miss W. But while we thus pray, we must also hunger, girls. Who does our Saviour promise shall be filled ?

'They that hunger and thirst after righteousness,' replied the girls. (St. Matt. v. 6.)

Miss W. Yes ; and we cannot hunger and thirst too much for the food of our souls. We may care too much for the food of the body, but not for the food of the soul. The more we hunger, the better it will be for us—why ?

'Because the more we shall be fed,' said Agnes.

Miss W. Yes, we shall then be filled ; but if we do not hunger, it is vain to ask for spiritual food ; it would not benefit us ; God will not give it to us. What does the song of the Blessed Virgin say of this ?

Rose. 'He hath filled the hungry with good things, and the rich He hath sent empty away.'

Miss W. Only let us ask with real hunger, and we shall surely be filled, as each day we pray for the bread of the day.

'Are we to hear more about blind Sarah to-day ?' asked Anna, as Miss Walton shut her books.

'Yes ; Mrs. Hamilton promised to go on ; you may go to the drawing-room door and knock for her, Ruth.'

Ruth obeyed, and Mrs. Hamilton returned with her, Ruth holding open the door for her to enter. All the girls rose to greet her, and Miss Walton was glad again to relinquish her seat to her sister.

'You do me quite as great a kindness as the girls,' said Miss Walton, 'for I am very tired.'

BLIND SARAH.

(Continued.)

I did not let many days go by before I found my way again to old Sarah's cottage, (said Mrs. Hamilton,) and after reading to her, I said,

'Do you remember our talk last time I was here?'

'Yes, Ma'am,' she said, 'I was telling you of my young days; I have thought so much about them since, and I see how good God has been to me, and how much more mercy and patience He has shown to me than I deserved.'

'We may all say that,' I replied; 'God deals mercifully with us, while we too often forget Him, and live as though He were not over all things.'

'That's true, Ma'am,' returned Sarah; 'I am sure, when I made up my mind to go out to service, I thought of little else but the change it would be; I thought I should be able to shake off the dull feelings that my illness, and poor Jim's and little Arthur's death had left behind, for somehow or other I couldn't get Arthur's death out of my mind; I thought I hadn't been kind to him when he was alive; I remembered the many sharp words I had spoken even during his illness, poor little fellow, when he was so gentle, I don't know how I could find in my heart to do it. Then, Ma'am, to think that he and Jim had both died of the very illness I was recovering from. It made me uncomfortable, and I thought if I could get out to service, I should be able to banish these thoughts. Now I see how much better it would have been to have cherished them.'

'I think you said your parents objected to your going out,' I said.

'Yes, Ma'am; my mother said she couldn't spare

me, and my father said, as long as he could keep us at home, he would much rather we didn't go out; and I think, Ma'am, that he had some fears for my steadiness. I don't think all the trouble of the children's illness, and Arthur's and Jim's death, was lost upon him, for he began to go to church in an afternoon as well as morning, and to read his Bible sometimes on Sunday, and seemed to have something on his mind. I think the clergyman had talked to him, and he had not turned a deaf ear as I had; for when I went away, he said to me, .

‘“Take care of yourself, Sally, and remember, my girl, there is another world beyond this, for which we ought all to be preparing. I fear we haven't thought enough of this; but begin now, Sally, my girl, for thou hast had a lesson thou should'st not forget. Thou mightest now have been by the side of little Arthur and Jim.”

‘Coming from my father, these words touched me for a short time; but the bustle of starting, and the novelty of travelling, soon drove them out of my mind, while the change of air, as I went along, seemed to revive me.’

‘Then you got a place?’ I said. ‘You have not told me that you did.’

‘Yes, Ma'am, I heard of a dairy-maid's place at Sir John Walters'. It was a long way from home, but I liked it all the better for that. Something new was what I longed for, and what I got; but that was, I think, the worst time of my life. I just starved my soul, Ma'am, and yet expected it to live and thrive.’

‘In what way?’ I asked, surprised at the old woman's simile.

‘Why, Ma'am, I first left off kneeling down to say my prayers, because I found that others didn't do it, and *that*, you may be sure, led very often to saying no prayers at all; and surely, Ma'am, the prayers we

say night and morning, are to our souls what food is to the body.'

'The grace of God, given in answer to our prayers, is indeed the food of our souls, or of our spiritual life,' I said.

'Yes, Ma'am, and we can't expect that grace without praying for it; and so, it seems to me, as if not saying our prayers, is like not eating our daily food. But not only, Ma'am, did I neglect that, but I soon gave up going to church every Sunday. I did not at first, for, as I told you, my mother always taught us that it was respectable to go once a day; but I found most of my fellow-servants thought little about it, and I soon learned to join them in their walks, or to go out visiting on a Sunday, instead of going to church. I went sometimes, just when it suited my fancy; but what good was that, Ma'am? I did not go hungry: how could I expect to be fed? If I mistake not, God only promises to fill the hungry.'

'And yet God was merciful to you,' I said, 'and did not withdraw His Spirit quite from you.'

'No, Ma'am; I often wonder why: it was for no merit of my own, I'm sure. I sometimes think it was in answer to the prayers of good people, who pray for all mankind as well as themselves; and perhaps, above all, in answer to the prayers of poor Betsy. God fed me, Ma'am, I think, though I would not seek for food,' she added, still keeping to her favourite simile.

'Perhaps,' I said, 'in answer to the prayer which we offer up in the words our Lord Himself taught us, "Give us this day our daily bread."'

The old woman, though she couldn't see, turned her head quickly towards me with an intelligent expression, and answered,

'Ah! yes, Ma'am; then we don't only mean bread for the body when we say that prayer?'

'Indeed we don't,' I said; 'we mean all things.'

needful for soul and body, and we know that the soul needs nourishment as well as the body; and when we use that prayer, we pray for everybody, for we always say *us* and *our*.'

'And God, in mercy, has heard that prayer,' said old Sarah, clasping her hands; 'and when I forgot Him, He didn't forget me; and when I would have starved myself, He somehow kept life in me.'

'But how did you get on in your place?' I asked.

'Oh, Ma'am! well enough, as far as this world goes. I was honest and industrious, and a favourite with the servants, and laughed and joked with the men; and the housekeeper trusted me, and altogether, I seemed to get on well enough in worldly matters; and this made me quite satisfied with myself. I should have been very angry if any one had told me that my life wasn't all it should be.'

'Do you mean that your conscience never spoke?' I asked.

'No, Ma'am, I can't quite say that,' she replied. 'Now and then something would make me feel all was not right. A letter from poor Betsy generally did this more or less; not that they were anything particular, only she spoke of not being well, and she didn't think she was long for this world, and things of that kind; and I wondered she could talk of it so quietly, and the old feeling of the difference between us would come over me.'

'When I had been at my place, Ma'am, it might be about two years, I got a letter from her, saying that she had been very ill, and was then so weak, she could hardly write. I mind, Ma'am, the very words she said in *that* letter:

"I am very weak, Sally," she said, "but the doctor says I am getting better, but I don't think it. I don't think I shall ever be better, and if it please God to take me, I hope, through Jesus Christ, I

shall go to a better world. I received the Holy Communion last week. It was a great comfort, and seemed to refresh me, and to support me in my suffering; and I hope to receive it again before I die. Oh, Sally, perhaps I shall never write to you again; do let me say what I have long wanted to say. Don't put off receiving the Holy Communion till you are dying. You know Father and I received it about a year after poor Jim's and Arthur's death, and it has been such a comfort to us, more and more, every time. I don't think I could have met death without much fear, but for that. You know I was always a coward, and I used to fear death very much. I thought about it most after poor Ann Nailor's death, when we were children; you'll remember it; and I never could face it without trembling, until God strengthened me at the Holy Communion; and now, if it please Him, I trust my fears will not return, but that as the Body and Blood of Christ have strengthened and supported me hitherto, they will to the very end. But it would not have been the same if I had put off receiving the Holy Communion till death was close upon me. The peace has come so gradually. Oh, dear Sally, do not put off. It is like going day by day without food for your body."

‘Such words as these, Ma'am, were so uncommon from Betsy, that I didn't know what to make of them.

‘I thought at first she wrote in that way because she thought she was going to die, and that when she got better she would think no more about it. Then I looked at the letter again, and saw that she and Father had been going to the Communion for a whole year, so it didn't seem to be a fancy of the moment; but as to *my* going, the thing seemed impossible, and there came over me something like a true idea of the life I was leading; but, like other *good thoughts*, I didn't carry it out. I put up

her letter and went to my work, and scrubbed and cleaned all day; but I couldn't get quite easy again, and the next day being Sunday, I went to church, and I thought I would go more regularly. But this feeble resolution was soon forgotten, especially after hearing better accounts of Betsy a few days afterwards. About this time, too, I began to keep company with one of the farm-men. People said I might have looked higher, but I didn't care to do it, for he was a well-looking young man, and girls' heads are easily turned with a little attention. I had saved a few pounds from my wages, though not so much as I might have done, if I hadn't spent it on dress to walk out in on Sunday. As things go now, Ma'am, my dress was plain enough, for dress hadn't come then to quite the pass it had even before I was blind, and I suppose it doesn't improve.'

'No,' I said, 'I think fine dressing is one of the crying sins of the day, which will yet bring its punishment.'

'About three months, Ma'am, after that letter from Betsy, without saying anything to my parents, for I was afraid they would make some objection, I married, and that very day brought an account of poor Betsy's death. It was a great shock to me, for I had begun to think there was no danger, though she had never been well since the great attack. They begged me to go home, not for the funeral only, but to stay; for Mother, they said, was complaining, and Rachel was too young to manage the farm.'

'You may think, Ma'am, what I felt. How could I write and tell them I was married? I couldn't! I sat and cried, and wished I wasn't married, until I quite angered Joseph.'

'That was your husband?' I said.

'Yes, Ma'am. It was a bad beginning to our married life; but, indeed, he was very good to me when, and wanted me to go to the funeral, though it

would have cost a great deal of money, but I wouldn't. I didn't feel as if I could bear to face them all, and at last I got him to write and tell them I was married, and couldn't go. I watched, Ma'am, anxiously for an answer, but none came, and then I saw that they were angry; and I was proud, and wouldn't write and humble myself. I wondered at my father, but I supposed Mother persuaded him to be silent, and so months went on without any tidings of him reaching me.'

'You must stop now, please,' said Miss Walton. 'It is time the children went home.'

'Very well, then more next Sunday, if all be well,' said Mrs. Hamilton.

'It is a good thing for you, girls, that Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton's stay is lengthened. She was to have gone next week,' said Miss Walton.

'Oh, Ma'am, we should be so sorry. We hope you won't go for a long time,' they all exclaimed, addressing Mrs. Hamilton.

'I hope it will be a long time,' she answered; 'but I don't quite know. I will try and finish my story first.'

LESSON LVII.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

**'FORGIVE US OUR TRESPASSES, AS WE FORGIVE
THEM THAT TRESPASS AGAINST US.'**

'How funny Mr. Walton was over the singing lesson last night! wasn't he?' exclaimed little Ruth, to a party of her school-fellows on their way to school.

'A singing lesson last night!' exclaimed Jane and Alice in one breath.

'Yes; why didn't you come?' returned one or two; 'Miss Walton wondered where you were.'

'I never heard a word about it,' they both replied; and Jane added in an injured tone,

'I think you might have taken the trouble to come and tell me.'

'So we would,' returned Margaret, good-naturedly, 'only we thought you knew.'

'I don't see how I was to know without being told!' she replied.

'Was it after church?' asked Alice.

'Yes; a good many "maidens" were not there, so Mr. Walton sent David to tell all the singers who could, to go to the Vicarage. You know we missed our lesson before, and Mr. Walton wanted us to try the tunes for to-day.'

'Well, he never came near me,' said Alice. 'I'm so sorry; I couldn't get to church, but I had done the cleaning by that time, and could have gone quite
-11.'

'I suppose he forgot you, because you have not been long in the choir,' said Rose.

'I have been in long enough; that couldn't make him forget me too,' again returned Jane in the same tone of annoyance. 'I'll take care how I ever tell him of a singing practice again.'

'Oh, don't say that, Jane; I'm sure he didn't do it on purpose,' said Margaret. 'He was likely enough to miss some among so many. I wish I had thought of it, and I would have come for you.'

Jane said no more, and Alice asked what they were to sing at the evening service.

'Oh! I know those tunes,' she replied, 'so it doesn't so much matter. I couldn't sing much this morning, because I didn't know them all.'

They walked on towards the Vicarage, talking of one thing or another, but Jane did not join. Anything which she thought neglect hurt her, and she walked along, dwelling in her mind upon the injury, as she thought it, which had been done to her. To the surprise of most of the girls, as soon as Miss Walton entered the room, she exclaimed,

'Please, Ma'am, they never told me of the singing lesson last night, and so I couldn't come.'

'No, you certainly couldn't come if you didn't hear of it,' said Miss Walton. 'I thought very likely you were busy, and couldn't come on Saturday.'

'No, Ma'am, I wasn't busy. I could have come quite well, but they didn't choose to tell me.'

Miss Walton now saw, what Jane's tone had made her suspect before, that she was angry, and replied,

'Whom do you mean by "they," Jane? Nobody was bid to go but David. Don't be a silly girl! I suppose, among so many, he forgot you; and I dare say, if you had been sent the message, you *might* have forgotten him. Don't you think you *might*?' .

Jane did not answer, but she felt inclined to say, 'I will forget him another time;' and she did not look at all convinced.

'He forgot you too, Alice, didn't he? You were not here!' said Miss Walton.

'Yes, Ma'am,' she replied, with a good-natured smile; 'I didn't know anything about it till we were coming along now.'

'And you can afford to forgive him, cannot you?' asked Miss Walton, smiling.

'Oh, yes! Ma'am,' she answered, laughing. 'It wouldn't be worth while to be angry.'

'No, I don't think it would, even if he had done it on purpose; whereas, I have no doubt it was either forgetfulness or idleness; perhaps he wouldn't take the trouble to go beyond the church.'

'That was it, I suspect,' said Margaret, 'for neither Edward nor Charles came. How lazy of him!'

'I shall leave him in your hands, Margaret, to scold him,' said Miss Walton, 'and tell him we shall have to choose a surer messenger next time; one who will not fail to let you know, Jane,' she added.

But still Jane did not smile, and Miss Walton, taking no more notice of her, began the lesson.

'What is the second petition in the Lord's Prayer concerning ourselves?' she asked.

Several. 'Forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive them that trespass against us.'

Miss W. How is it joined to the preceding petition.

Rose. With an 'And.'

Miss W. Yes, as though it would teach us that daily bread without God's favour is nothing worth. Were the quails which were sent to the children of Israel any blessing to them?

Margaret. No. 'While the flesh was yet between their teeth, ere it was chewed, the wrath of the Lord was kindled against the people.' (Numb. xi. 33.)

Miss W. Yet the food had been given in answer

to their desires. And lest God should deal in like manner with us, having prayed for daily bread, we go on to pray—?

All. 'And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive them that trespass against us.'

Miss W. That is, we desire our Lord God, who is the Giver of all goodness, that He will be—?

'Merciful unto us, and forgive us our sins,' repeated Ruth.

Miss W. Now, in asking for forgiveness, or mercy, what do we acknowledge ourselves to be?

Several. Sinful.

Miss W. Yes, this is the confession of the Lord's Prayer. We pray for forgiveness as being—?

Anna. Guilty.

Miss W. We confess that we do not hallow God's Name, or advance His kingdom, or do His will, as we ought to do, and therefore, as sinners, we come before Him, asking for—?

Several. Forgiveness.

Miss W. And from Whom do we ask forgiveness?

Agnes. God, 'our Father.'

Miss W. Then, in thus coming to Him for pardon, what do we acknowledge that He has power to do?

Sarah. Forgive us.

Miss W. 'Who can forgive sins but God only?' was the question asked by the Scribes—when?

Mary. When Christ said to the sick of the palsy, 'Thy sins be forgiven thee.' (See St. Mark, ii. 5—7.)

Miss W. Were the scribes wrong in thinking none could forgive sins but God?

Anna. No, Ma'am, they were right.

Miss W. Yes, their fault was in not acknowledging Christ to be God: but we go to our Father, acknowledging Him to be God, and therefore—?

'Able to forgive sins,' said Rose.

Miss W. Do we say 'sins'?

All. No, 'trespasses.'

Miss W. Do you know exactly what to 'trespass' means?

'Please, Ma'am, it is called trespassing to go on other people's land,' said Anna.

Miss W. You mean to go out of the road on other people's land, Anna, or on a forbidden road?

Anna. Yes, Ma'am.

'I mind it's written upon boards in a great many places in Lord Norgrove's woods, that trespassers will be prosecuted,' said Rose.

'So do I!' cried several.

'There's one board just by the gate into that large field,' said Alice.

Miss W. And why would it be trespassing to go there?

'Because there's no path,' said some.

'Oh! but there is a path where I mean,' said Alice.

Miss W. But would it not still be trespassing if any of you went there?

'Yes, Ma'am, because its forbidden,' said Agnes.

'It's only a private road,' said Sarah.

Miss W. Then to trespass is—?

'To go on a forbidden road,' said several.

Miss W. Rather it is to go beyond bounds, whether we are bound to a narrow path, or whether we have plenty of liberty still to go beyond the bounds would be—?

'Trespassing,' they all replied.

Miss W. Would it be trespassing to walk along the path up to the house?

All. No, Ma'am, that's a regular road.

Miss W. Or to walk along that footpath across the fields?

Several. No, Ma'am, that's a public path.

Miss W. But would you have any right to turn off the road to the house, and wander about the woods, without leave?

Mary. No, that would be trespassing.

Miss W. Yes, leaving the right road, and going beyond bounds on forbidden ground. And now why do you think our sins are called 'trespasses'?

'Because we go out of the right way when we sin,' said Agnes.

'Because we go beyond the boundary,' said Rose.

Miss W. Yes; and more than that, if we leave the right path, where do we go?

'Into a forbidden one,' said Margaret.

Miss W. Quite right. What is the path in which we ought to walk?

Margaret. God's commandments.

Miss W. What does David pray about this?

Rose. 'Make me to go in the path of Thy commandments, for therein is my desire.' (Ps. cxix. 35.)

Miss W. Yes; when were we put into this path?

Ruth. In our Baptism.

Miss W. What did we then promise about it?

Several. 'To walk in the same all the days of my life.'

Miss W. Then, every time we break God's command, what may our sin be called?

Rose. Trespassing.

Miss W. Yes, because we go beyond the—?

'Bounds,' said several.

Miss W. We turn out of the—?

'Right road,' they replied again.

Miss W. Very well; and turn into—?

'Forbidden paths,' said Mary.

Miss W. How many ways does our Saviour tell us there are in which we can walk?

'Two; the broad, and the narrow,' replied several.

Miss W. And which is the way of God's commandments?

All. The narrow.

Miss W. And if we step over the bounds out of that way, then we enter—?

'The broad, forbidden way,' said Anna.

Miss W. And are, therefore, guilty of—?

'Trespassing against God,' said Rose.

Miss W. It is very like the walk through Lord Norgrove's fields, I think. What sort of a path is that?

All. A narrow one.

Miss W. And what stretches out on all sides?

All. Fields and woods.

Miss W. And is there anything to make it impossible to go out of the narrow way?

Several. No, it is easy enough in most places.

'Only where the railings are on each side, we should have to climb them to go out of it,' said Harriet.

Miss W. Just so. In some places the boundary is more difficult to pass than in others, where only a little trench separates the path from the open field. But in no part are the bounds impossible to overleap, if we are bent on trespassing. Yet what should keep us in the path?

'Obedience,' said Agnes.

Miss W. Yes; at both ends there is written up the order, that passengers must keep to the foot-path, and obedience will make us do this. Now is it not the same in the path to heaven? Are the bounds so high and difficult, that we cannot overstep them?

Anna. No, Ma'am, we often do.

Miss W. But what will keep us within bounds?

'Obedience to God's commandments,' said several.

Miss W. Yes, by ruling ourselves according to the commandments; whether the wrong step to which we may be tempted is difficult or easy. In some places we can step over the bounds, scarcely conscious what we are doing; and in others they are higher, and more difficult to surmount. What is it which always opposes a wrong step?

The answer did not come very quickly, but at length Mary said,

'Our consciences.'

Miss W. Yes, that will always tell us where the boundary is. Then the instruction and guardianship of kind friends and parents, are helps to keep us in the right path. Or when God gives a command, He attaches a promise or a curse to the keeping or breaking of it; and these, as it were, mark the boundary, and make it plainer and stronger, like—what part of Lord Norgrove's foot-path?

Several. The part with the railings on each side.

Miss W. Which commands are thus marked?

Rose. The Third, and the Fifth.

Miss W. Yes, we cannot break them without, as it were, trampling under foot the threat, and despising the promise. God has, in great mercy, added them, in order that we may more easily keep in the right way. But, notwithstanding all this, what do we daily do?

'Go out of the right way,' said Sarah.

'Trespass against God,' said others.

Miss W. Therefore, we have need daily to pray—?

All. **'Forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive them that trespass against us.'**

Miss W. What did our Saviour call our sins, when He gave this Prayer in His Sermon on the Mount?

Jane. Debts. **'Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors.'**

Miss W. What do you mean by 'a debt'?

Several. What we owe to others.

Miss W. What do we owe to God?

Rose. Perfect obedience.

Miss W. But do we give this perfect obedience?

Several. No, Ma'am.

Miss W. Then we owe God what we do not pay, and are, therefore, His—?

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

'Debtors,' replied three or four.

Miss W. Do you remember the parable our Lord spoke, to teach us how deeply we are in God's debt?

Several. Yes, Ma'am; about the servant who owed his Lord *ten thousand talents*.

Miss W. You may turn to the parable. St. Matt. xviii. 23-35.

(The girls did so, and then Miss Walton said,) First tell me what you mean by a parable.

The children gave different meanings, and then Agnes said, in a low tone,

'An earthly story with a heavenly meaning.'*

Miss W. Very good. Let us, then, look at this earthly story, and see if we can learn anything of its heavenly meaning. Was the debt large, or small?

Several. Very large.

Miss W. Had the King been long reckoning when this great debtor was brought to him?

Ruth. No, he had only just 'begun.'

Miss W. Now what is the heavenly meaning, do you think, of these two things? What does the large debt teach us?

'That *we* owe God a large debt,' said several.

Miss W. And what do we learn by one of the first brought being so large a debtor? I think we learn that not one only, but that—?

'We *all* owe a great deal,' said Rose.

Miss W. Yes; that it is not necessary to seek for a debtor to God, for all owe Him—how much?

Harriet. Ten thousand talents.

Miss W. And the man was brought up, or stopped in his course. If he had not been, do you think his debt would have remained where it was?

Sarah. No, it would have gone on increasing.

Miss W. And when are we, as it were, brought with our debt before God?

* The Author believes that this answer was given really by a little Irish child.

Mary. When we kneel down to say the Lord's Prayer.

Miss W. Yes, Mary, or any prayer of confession. Now had this poor man anything to pay?

Several. No, nothing.

Miss W. And what sentence went out against him?

Jane. 'His Lord commanded him to be sold, and his wife, and children, and all that he had, and payment to be made.'

Miss W. And have we anything to pay for the debt of obedience we owe to God, and have neglected to give?

'No,' said Rose. 'We can't obey to-day for yesterday.'

Miss W. Just so. Once having failed in obedience, no present or future obedience can pay that debt. And what is the punishment of sin?

Several. Death.

Miss W. Yes; guilt deserves punishment. But what did this poor servant do, though the sentence had gone out against him?

Several. 'He fell down and worshipped' his Lord, 'saying, Lord, have patience with me, and I will pay thee all.'

Miss W. Yes, he could worship and cry for mercy. Now what has our Lord taught us to do? In the beginning of the Lord's Prayer we worship God; towards the end we ask for—?

Margaret. Forgiveness.

Miss W. Here the parable somewhat fails us; the poor servant promises in time to pay all. Can we do this?

All. No, Ma'am.

Miss W. No, in this the man is no fitting example to us, for it would be mockery in us to promise to pay. And what did his Lord do?

Sarah. He had compassion on him, 'and loosed him, and forgave him the debt.'

Miss W. His Lord knew it was mercy he needed, that he could not pay the debt, so he forgave him; and so our Lord teaches us, like this poor man, to fall down and pray God to—?

Several. Forgive us our debts.

Miss W. Now we may leave this parable a little while, and look on what *condition* our Saviour teaches us to make this request. What is it? (Often as the girls had said the Lord's Prayer, and been taught about it, none of them were ready with an answer to this question, and Miss Walton had to ask,) *How* do we beg God to forgive us?

'As we forgive them that trespass against us,' one or two then replied.

Miss W. Then on what *condition* are we taught to ask for pardon?

'On the condition of our forgiving others,' replied Rose.

Miss W. And if we break the condition, and kneel down and say this prayer with anger towards others in our hearts, what are we really asking God to do?

'To be angry with us,' said Alice.

'Not to forgive us,' said Anna.

Miss W. Supposing two of you had been quarrelling, and your mother was displeased, and said to you, 'Go and make friends with each other; until you have, I can't forgive you. The condition on which I will forgive you is, that you quite forgive each other. When you have done so, come to me and ask my pardon.' What would you think it necessary to do before you went to your mother again?

'To make friends,' they replied.

Miss W. Would you dare to go to your mother, and ask her to forgive you, while you were still angry?

Margaret. No, Ma'am, she couldn't do it, after saying that.

Miss W. But would it not be worse still if you went and said, 'Mother, forgive me, as I've forgiven

my sister,' while, at that very moment, you were full of anger towards your sister?

Several. Oh! yes, Ma'am.

'It would only make her more angry if she knew,' said Rose.

Miss W. And justly. Now this is what we do, if we dare to offer up this prayer to God while we are indulging hatred and anger towards others. What are Christ's express and plain words about it?

Ruth. 'If ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you.'

Miss W. Yes, there is the condition, and how does He go on?

Several. 'But if ye forgive *not* men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.' (St. Matt. vi. 14, 15.)

Miss W. Look also at St. Mark, xi. 25, 26.

Harriet. 'When ye stand praying, forgive, if ye have ought against any: that your Father also which is in heaven may forgive you your trespasses.'

Miss W. And look also what St. James says, chap. ii. 13.

Alice. 'For he shall have judgment without mercy, that hath showed no mercy.'

Miss W. The condition, then, on which we are allowed to ask for pardon is, that we—?

'Give it to others,' they replied, 'who have offended us.'

Miss W. 'Forgive us our trespasses,' our Saviour teaches us to pray—how?

All. 'As we forgive them that trespass against us.'

Miss W. Yes, 'as,' or in like manner. That we may be able, then, to ask God to forgive us, we must forgive others. This is a very serious and awful thought for us all, girls. Children quarrel and feel anger towards their companions. What must you do before you say the Lord's Prayer?

Several. Put away all anger.

Miss W. Yes, that you may venture to ask God to forgive you. But do you always do this? I know you don't. I know you sometimes nurse up anger, and will not perhaps speak to each other, or speak only what you cannot help. Is not this very shocking when you are taught to pray to God, Forgive us, as—?

'We forgive others,' they replied.

Miss W. Indeed it is not a light matter which you can pass over thoughtlessly, for God has plainly told us He will not forgive if *we* do not forgive. We should pray Him to cleanse our hearts from every unforgiving feeling, that we may be able to ask Him to forgive us. Look at St. Luke, xi. 4, how Christ expresses this petition of His Prayer.

Jane. 'Forgive us our sins; for we also forgive every one that is indebted to us.'

Miss W. This is a direct profession of forgiving others, as indeed the usual form of words is indirectly. And how often did our Lord tell St. Peter he must forgive?

Anna. 'Until seventy times seven.' (See St. Matt. xviii. 22.)

Miss W. That meant to say, 'always'. I have heard it well remarked that we ought never to think of a brother's offence as done against ourselves, but against God, and mourn over the sin against Him; then we shall not be angry, but sorry—sorry that God should be offended. Let us turn again to the parable. How did the servant lose the forgiveness once obtained from his Lord?

Mary. 'He went out and found one of his fellow-servants which owed him an hundred pence,' and he would not have mercy on him, but cast him into prison.

Miss W. And what are we told of the fellow-servants who saw this?

Ruth. ‘They were very sorry, and came and told unto their Lord all that was done.’

Miss W. Yes, they were *sorry*, not angry. And what did his Lord say?

Alice. ‘O thou wicked servant, I forgave thee all that debt because thou desiredst me; shouldest not thou also have had compassion on thy fellow-servant, even as I had pity on thee? And his lord was wroth, and delivered him to the tormentors, till he should pay all that was due unto him.’

Miss W. And what is the heavenly meaning our Saviour gives us to this?

Sarah. ‘So, likewise, shall My Heavenly Father do also unto you, if ye from your hearts forgive not every one his brother their trespasses.’

Miss W. Yes, God can look into the heart: He cannot be deceived, as was the lord in the parable. He knows whether we go to Him with anger in our hearts, or not; and if we do, our prayer will surely turn against ourselves. What, then, must we do before saying the Lord’s Prayer, or any prayer for pardon?

Several. Forgive others.

‘And how are we to find out whether we forgive them?’ asked Miss Walton.

Agnes. By stopping to think.

Miss W. Yes, and this we should especially do, if we are inclined to anger towards anybody in particular; but is it always easy to put away the anger?

‘No, Ma’am,’ said several, in low voices.

‘No, I know it isn’t,’ said Miss Walton; ‘but we can do it—how?’

Several. By asking God to help us.

Miss W. Yes; we must pray very earnestly to God to help us to put away all anger and malice out of our hearts, to help us to be kind, and tender-hearted, and forgiving, towards all; and we should try and realize that God has actually said He will not forgive

us while we are angry; and if we really wish to be forgiven, that will help us to put away our anger. And there is another thing should help us. Can we ever be so badly treated as was our Blessed Lord?

All. Oh, no, Ma'am!

Miss W. But did He feel anger towards His enemies?

Margaret. No; He prayed, 'Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.' (St. Luke, xxiii. 34.)

Miss W. Thus He set us an example of a forgiving spirit, which, if we thought about it, would help us to forgive. And have we any other example?

Mary. St. Stephen, who prayed for his murderers: 'Lord, lay not this sin to their charge.' (Acts, vii. 60.)

Miss W. And did Joseph keep up anger against his brethren who sold him?

All. No, he quite forgave them, and was kind to them.

Miss W. If we would learn to forgive, like our Blessed Lord, and St. Stephen, what must we do?

Agnes. Pray for those who vex us.

Miss W. Yes, that is the best way of conquering anger; and if it is in our power, we must, like Joseph, be—?

'Kind to them,' said one or two.

Miss W. Then may we venture, in the words taught us by Christ Himself, to say—?

All. 'Forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive them that trespass against us.'

Miss W. And have we any promise that God will forgive us?

Several. Yes, 'If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.' (1 St. John, i. 9.)

Miss W. We may go with the fullest hope, for it

is a Father we address, and a Father Who has given His Son to be the propitiation for our sins.

Miss Walton paused a moment, and then said very seriously,

“I wish you would all try more heartily to put away every little angry feeling; it is not great ones only which will hinder our prayers: it is the daily little heart-burnings, and unkindnesses, which you think so little about, but which leave unforgiving feelings in your minds, and make you unable, from your heart, to dare to say, “Forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive them that trespass against us;” or that make you sin in saying it.’

‘There is Mrs. Hamilton walking in the garden,’ whispered Harriet to Alice, who sat next to her.

‘Never mind, we don’t know whether Miss Walton’s done yet,’ was the whispered answer.

‘What are you saying, girls?’ she asked; but neither of them replied.

‘Are you tired of your lesson?’ she said again.

‘Oh, no Ma’am,’ said Alice. ‘Only Harriet said she saw Mrs. Hamilton in the garden, and I said, never mind, we didn’t know whether you had done yet.’

‘Yes, I think I have given you quite a long enough lesson. I will call Mrs. Hamilton.’

BLIND SARAH,

(Continued.)

‘All through those months,’ continued the old woman, ‘that I heard nothing from home, I was not happy, though, outwardly, things went on pretty well. I don’t know how I could expect to be happy, for I was altogether in a wrong way. After the first shock of Betsy’s death had passed away, I tried to forget it, and harden my heart against my parents’ silence. I wouldn’t write to them again, and instead of being

humbled by their silence, I was angry. But you may be sure, Ma'am, I wasn't happy, though I seemed to be doing well enough. I took great delight in having my cottage clean, and little garden in good order, and went out charring very often at my old master's, and other places. My husband had constant work, so that we seemed prosperous enough, and at this time we generally went to church once a Sunday. I began to go after Betsy's death, and Joseph generally went with me, but this didn't last very long. My husband began to stay out instead of coming home in an evening, and sometimes he came home not as sober as he left. Now I had never been used to anything of this kind at home, and I was very angry, and met him with nothing but angry words and reproaches. This only made him worse, and he stayed away oftener. I don't mean, Ma'am, that he was a regular drunkard; it was only now and then that he took too much, but he liked sitting in the ale-house better than a scolding wife. At the end of the year, Ma'am, I had a little girl, and for a time this brought my husband home again, for he was very fond of the child, and would hardly let her out of his arms after he came in; but at the end of three months she sickened and died.

'I am sure, Ma'am, God sent us this trouble in mercy, to draw our hearts upwards, but we wouldn't take it so. We only murmured, and from that time my husband took more than ever to the ale-house, and I was sharper than ever with him. One night when he came in very late, just having had enough drink to make him out of temper, and I had got out of all patience waiting for him, we quarrelled more seriously than ever we had done before. Ah! Ma'am, I have regretted that night a hundred times since, for I know, whatever his faults may have been, it was my duty to make him comfortable; but all I cared for then was to show him my anger, so I wouldn't

get his supper ready; I said if he came so late he might get it himself, for I had done mine. I angered him so much, that at last he struck me, and leaving the house said I should never see him again. Before he had been gone half an hour, I felt sorry for what I done, but I was too proud to seek for him, and all the next day I went about my work as usual, and tried to hide from my neighbours that any thing was the matter, and so I believe I did.

'From that day, Ma'am, I never saw him again. He kept his word, and went off to America. My heart sank within me when I heard this, to think that I had forsaken father and mother for him, and now he had forsaken me; but, as I tell you, Ma'am, I had a spirit of my own, and I only exclaimed, that he was a "worthless fellow," and went off the very same day and hired myself out to service again. But oh! Ma'am, my heart was sore, and though I held up in people's sight, I grieved in secret. I see now my grief was not of the right sort; I didn't grieve for my sins, I only fretted over my troubles; and all this time, Ma'am, I wouldn't write home. I kept up my anger against them. I should have liked to go home, but I wouldn't. It was perhaps about four months after my husband left me when I got a letter from him, which cheered me up. It was to ask me to go out to him. He said he was sorry he had left me for an angry word, and if I would come out to him, he would send me money for the voyage. He said America was a fine country, and we could get on very well. I wrote to him at once, saying I would go, and as soon as ever the passage money arrived, I sailed from Liverpool to New York. I began to think happy days were coming again, and my spirits rose as they did when I was quite a girl. I was sick enough the first part of the voyage, but I didn't care for it; I struggled against it, and I was one of the first who got over it.

When we had been at sea, Ma'am, it may have been fifteen days, (for I couldn't afford to go by a steamer,) and were approaching the coast of Newfoundland, a terrible storm came on. We passengers were all shut in below; and oh! how the vessel tossed, and the waves broke over her! We did not know but that any moment might be our last, and there was scarcely a passenger who was not on his knees; some were much calmer than others, but all cried for mercy during that awful storm.

'But oh! Ma'am,' she continued, with great earnestness, 'I couldn't make you understand what I felt then; how all my sins came before me, and seemed to stop my words when I tried to pray. Above all, Ma'am, when I tried to ask for mercy, the thought of my anger towards my parents choked my prayer, for I had learned when a child, those words of our Saviour's, "If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses," and it did seem to me that to be angry with my parents, to hold anger against them for so long, (for I had not even written to them before starting on my voyage, though I felt I should never see them again,) was worse than any other anger, and that I couldn't expect God to forgive me; and I thought every moment that I should die with His anger upon me.'

'Indeed your state must have been very dreadful,' I said, almost shuddering, for the old woman's manner and tone of speaking, seemed to bring the scene before me, and made me understand, in some degree, what such feelings at such an hour must be; 'but,' I continued, 'it was well that anything should bring you to a sense of the sin of indulged anger.'

'Yes, Ma'am, it was. We don't think enough of it, I'm sure, until we are brought into danger like this. Then we see the truth of things. I had always ~~un~~persuaded myself before that they were in fault, and

not I; and that I was only showing a proper spirit in not writing; but then all this notion of spirit seemed so hateful, and I knew that I had refused in my heart to forgive them, and I durst not ask God to forgive me.’

‘Yet I suppose you had often said the Lord’s Prayer, while your anger remained,’ I remarked.

‘Yes, Ma’am; I never thought, so I had dared to say it; but I don’t think, Ma’am, I have often said it since, that the memory of this storm hasn’t come into my mind; and there have been times since, when I’ve been put out with people, that I durstn’t say it at all.’

‘But that didn’t make you safe,’ I replied; ‘if you were afraid to ask forgiveness, it was because you were not in a state to receive it, and therefore surely in a most dangerous state.’

‘That is true, Ma’am,’ replied old Sarah; ‘and the wonder is, that God spares us, and gives us time to do better.’

‘The right way,’ I said, ‘is to beg God to help us to put away all anger, that we may be able to ask Him to forgive us our sins. We should ask Him to give us grace to say sincerely, “I do forgive,” that we may be able, without sin, and with good hope, to pray to be forgiven.’

‘Yes, Ma’am; but we take long to learn this,’ replied Sarah; ‘something of it I learned that night of the storm. I believe I did pray, for pretty nearly the first time in my life, that I might forgive, and be forgiven; and I promised that if God spared me, and I reached land, I would write home at once, and would live a different life to what I had ever done before.’

‘And God had mercy on me and all on board. After being tossed about for many hours, the wind began to die down, and we reached New York with the vessel very much shattered, but in safety.’

‘The memory of the storm and of my fears had not passed away, and it was with a feeling of thankfulness towards God that I stepped on shore.’

‘What news awaited her on shore, I must tell you next Sunday, girls,’ said Mrs. Hamilton.

LESSON LVIII.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

‘LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION; BUT DELIVER
US FROM EVIL.’

It had been quite fixed that Emily,—who had been to church for the first time the Sunday before, and returned thanks to Almighty God for His great mercy vouchsafed to her, in restoring her to health from the brink of the grave,—it had been quite fixed, I say, that this Sunday she should come to school in the afternoon. She had crept up to the Vicarage more than once, and she felt sure that she should be able to do it that day, after having been to church in the morning.

The day seemed propitious, for it was bright and warm, and Miss Walton offered, as she saw Emily going down to church with her mother in the morning, to have her class at the school-room in the afternoon, after the rest of the children were dismissed, and so shorten the walk for Emily.

‘But you will have to miss Mrs. Hamilton’s story if I do this; there wouldn’t be time for it,’ she added.

‘Oh! no, Ma’am,’ said Emily, ‘*don’t* do that. I do like the Vicarage much better, and I’m sure I shall be able to walk to it. I get to walk quite strong now.’

Miss Walton looked towards her as she said this, and noticed that Mrs. Freeward’s eyes were also upon her; and as she saw how pale she still was, except a slight colour from weakness, which even that short

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

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walk had brought to her cheeks, she felt as if poor Emily had not much strength to boast of yet, and said to Mrs. Freeward,

‘What do *you* think? Will it be too much for her?’

‘I hope not; but she must judge how she feels after the service. You see the Holy Communion makes it longer. I would not have you alter your lesson, Ma’am, on her account, because I think perhaps, after all, she won’t feel able to go.’

Emily’s colour rather heightened as her mother said this, but she only answered gently,

‘I think I shall, Mother.’

‘Well, my child,’ said Miss Walton, ‘I shall be very glad to see you if you are able to come, but I hope you’ll be very prudent, and not come if you don’t feel quite able,—or if your mother thinks you’d better not,’ she added.

Emily gave a sweet smile in answer, which made Miss Walton trust her.

‘She will do what is right, I’m sure,’ she said to Mrs. Hamilton, as they passed on together; ‘though if she has to relinquish the lesson, it will cost her a struggle.’

The morning service and the Holy Communion were over, and with the same party (only others were added to them,) as had knelt in Emily’s sick chamber, she had again received the pledges of her Saviour’s love, and offered herself, spirit, soul, and body, a sacrifice to Him.. He had mercifully restored her to health: could she do less than offer herself to Him in health as well as in sickness? Emily felt she could not, and had willingly and thankfully renewed her vows, and offered up her thanksgiving; but she did not know how much it would try her still weak frame, and was surprised to feel faint and weak as she took her mother’s arm to walk home again. She did not speak for some time, but at last she said,

'Mother, you are right; I shan't be able to go this afternoon, I mustn't try.'

'I would much rather you didn't, my dear child; you have had enough to-day, and you had better lie down when you have had your dinner,' replied her mother.

'Yes, Mother,' she answered, languidly, but presently added,

'You didn't tell me before you would rather I didn't go, Mother, or I think I wouldn't have said anything more about it.'

'No, I did not say it, because I thought it would depend upon how you felt; I did not feel quite sure; now I have no doubt about it. But I'm sorry you should be disappointed,' returned Mrs. Freeward.

'Never mind that, Mother,' she replied, 'I have had one good thing to-day, that's enough.'

Emily's dinner a good deal revived her, and she almost felt as if she could have gone to school after all, but she didn't say anything about it, and as soon as she had finished, said she would go up-stairs and lie down.

'Would you rather go up-stairs than lie here?' asked her mother.

'Yes, please,' she replied; and as Margaret threw a shawl over her, she said,

'I'm better out of the way when you start for school, and then I sha'n't mind it so much. I thought if I stayed down-stairs I should want to go so very much.'

'But if you feel able, why shouldn't you?' asked Margaret.

'Mother said, as we came along, that she would rather I didn't, and that I must lie down.'

'Oh! I didn't know; I thought Mother left it to you. I'm sorry you can't come.'

'Be sure you mind the story to tell me!' said Emily, as Margaret left the room.

'Yes, I'll try,' returned her sister.

When Margaret entered alone, Miss Walton said

'So poor Emily cannot come, after all.'

'No, Ma'am; Mother thought she'd better not, so she went to lie down instead.'

'I noticed that she looked very tired as she left the church,' said Miss Walton. 'Tell her I think she is quite right to wait patiently until next Sunday.'

The rest were all assembled when Margaret entered: and a neighbour's going in had set Bessie at liberty, so that she, too, was at the lesson. Miss Walton had been talking to her just before Margaret came in, but now she began the lesson.

'Can you tell me,' she said, 'what must follow sorrow for, and confession of sin, in order that repentance may be real?'

'Amendment,' said several quickly.

Miss W. Very good. Now in which petition of the Lord's Prayer do we confess our sins, and ask pardon?

All. 'Forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive them that trespass against us.'

Miss W. But this is not enough; for, what are we further taught to ask?

Several. 'Lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil.'

Miss W. To what are we tempted?

Anna. Sin.

Miss W. Yes, we are in danger of falling again into the sins we have repented of, and then our repentance would not be complete; therefore, immediately after our confession, we pray—?

Jane. 'Lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil.'

Miss W. Or, as a holy bishop draws out these petitions, 'Deliver us . . . from falling again into

those sins we have repented of.* But what comes before actual sin?

'The inclination to sin,' said Margaret.

Miss W. Yes; and what would you call the inclination, or rather the thing which inclines you to the sin, before the sin is committed?

'Temptation,' said Mary.

Miss W. What, then, does 'temptation' mean?

Sarah. Anything which inclines us to sin.

Miss W. Yes, anything which allures, entices, or draws us towards sin. If you pass an orchard, and see beautiful ripe fruits before your eyes, what might you be tempted, or drawn to do?

'Wish for them,' said some.

'Take them,' said others.

Miss W. In either case, what would allure, or tempt you to the sin of coveting, or stealing?

Ruth. The sight of the beautiful fruit.

Miss W. Or again; if a beautiful sunny day makes you wish to run away from work or school, what would the bright day be to you?

Several. A temptation.

Miss W. Yes; because it might allure, or draw you to—what?

Agnes. To do wrong.

Miss W. Then a temptation is—?

'Anything which draws us to do wrong,' said one or two again.

'Anything which makes us inclined to sin,' said Rose.

Miss W. And when does the temptation come?

Sarah. Before the sin.

Miss W. What was it that tempted David to take Uriah's wife to be his wife?

'Her beauty,' replied Agnes.

Miss W. Yes, her beauty was the temptation to

him, and it came before the sin. But does sin *necessarily* follow temptation?

Several. No, we may turn from it.

Miss W. What ought David to have done; as soon as he found out that the beautiful woman was the wife of Uriah?

‘Thought no more about her,’ said Margaret.

Miss W. Would her beauty then have made him sin?

Several. No, Ma’am.

Miss W. It would have been a temptation, but he would have overcome it. Do you remember what St. James says of temptation?—how he describes it?

Anna. ‘Every man is tempted, when he is drawn away of his own lust, and enticed. Then when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin: and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death.’ (St. James, i. 14, 15.)

Miss W. A man is tempted when he allows anything to draw him—into what?

‘Sin,’ said several.

Miss W. And that which draws, or entices him, is—?

‘Temptation,’ said one or two.

Miss W. Can you tell me of any who, being tempted, did not fall?

‘Jesus Christ,’ said one or two.

Miss W. Yes, He always overcame temptation. Can you not mention any other examples?

‘Joseph, when tempted by Potiphar’s wife,’ said Sarah.

‘Daniel, when he would not give up saying his prayers,’ said Alice.

Miss W. Very good. And what do we read about Moses? Look at Heb. xi. 24–26.

Jane. ‘Moses, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh’s daughter; choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season;

esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt.’

Miss W. He was tempted by the pleasures of sin; and what else?

‘The treasures of Egypt,’ said Rose.

Miss W. Yes; but did he allow these things to allure, or tempt him to sin?

Agnes. No, ‘He esteemed the reproach of Christ greater riches.’

Miss W. And thus he overcame the temptations. Was he, then, or Joseph, hurt by temptation?

All. No, Ma’am.

Miss W. But what is to be feared if temptation is put before us?

Margaret. That we shall fall.

Miss W. Why?

Several. Because we are so weak.

Miss W. Therefore, what are we taught to pray in the Lord’s Prayer?

All. ‘Lead us not into temptation.’

Miss W. Yes, we pray God not to permit us to be subjected to trial. Not to allow things to come before us, which will—do what?

‘Draw us into sin,’ said several.

Miss W. Because we are so weak. What do we say of this in one of the Collects?—‘We are set in the midst’—?

‘Of so many and great dangers,’ continued the girls, ‘that by reason of the frailty of our nature, we cannot always stand upright.’ (Fourth Sunday after Epiphany.)

Miss W. We are weak, and ‘cannot always stand upright.’ Therefore, we pray God—what?

Bessie. ‘Lead us not into temptation.’

Miss W. Yes, suffer us not to be tried; or, as the Catechism explains these words: ‘We desire God, that it may please Him’—?

'To save and defend us in all dangers ghostly and bodily,' repeated Ruth.

Miss W. And when are we in danger?

Mary. When we are tempted.

Miss W. And of what are we in danger when temptation is before us?

Several. Of falling into sin.

Miss W. And what does sin especially hurt?

Sarah. Our souls.

Miss W. Yes; (though if our souls are hurt, our bodies are hurt too;) therefore, we pray—?

Several. 'Lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil.'

Miss W. Or, 'Save'—?

'And defend us in all dangers ghostly and bodily,' they continued.

Miss W. What do you mean, then, by 'dangers ghostly'?

Anna. Dangers to our souls.

Miss W. And our souls are in danger when we are—?

'Tempted to sin,' said three or four.

Miss W. But why did I say that temptation is not a danger to the soul *only*? If we give way to it, what sins along with the soul?

Rose. The body.

Miss W. Yes; when we fall, both body and soul are defiled by sin; therefore, temptation, which is a danger to the soul, is, in a measure, danger to—?

'The body also,' they replied.

Miss W. And in which clause of the Lord's Prayer do we pray to be defended against the danger of both bodily and ghostly defilement?

'Lead us not into temptation,' they replied.

Miss W. 'Suffer us not to be tried, lest, in our weakness, we fall, and both soul and body be defiled.' What did our Saviour tell His disciples to do during His agony in the garden?

Jane. 'Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation.' (St. Matt. xxvi. 41.)

Miss W. They were to watch against it, and pray against it, as a danger; and this they might do in the words that Christ Himself had taught them, and us, to use. What words, Harriet? I have not had an answer from you to-day.

'Lead us not into temptation,' she replied.

Miss W. Yes: 'Subject us not to trial'—'But'—what do we add?

Mary. 'Deliver us from evil.'

Miss W. We pray, 'If Thou see fit to allow us to be tried, or tempted, save us from, or deliver us from, the evil of it.' And how can God deliver us from the evil of temptation?

Rose. By preserving us from falling.

Miss W. Quite right. We cannot pass through this world without being subject to some portion of temptation, because we are set in the midst of many and great dangers; and, therefore, while we ask God not to lead us into temptation, we add—?

Several. 'But deliver us from evil.'

Miss W. Or, in the words of the Collect just quoted, 'Grant to us'—?

All. 'Such strength and protection, as may support us in all dangers, and carry us through all temptations.'

Miss W. If we are 'carried through temptation,' will it hurt us?

All. No, Ma'am, only if we fall.

Miss W. What does St. James say of those who endure temptation?

Mary. 'Blessed is the man that endureth temptation: for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love Him.' (St. James, i. 12.)

Miss W. If we 'endure'—or overcome—or are carried through temptations, then they do not hurt us;

and God may see fit to answer the prayer, 'Lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil,' rather by carrying us through them, than by keeping them entirely from us. But how does St. Paul tell us God will order our temptations? Look at 1 Cor. x. 13.

Alice. 'There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man; but God is faithful, *who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will, with the temptation, also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it.*'

Miss W. If then, when the temptation comes, God makes a way for us to escape, whose is the fault if we fall?

Several. Our own.

Miss W. St. James says, God cannot tempt to evil. Look at chap. i. 13.

Harriet. 'Let no man say when he is tempted, I am tempted of God; for God cannot be tempted with evil, neither tempteth He any man.'

Miss W. Then he goes on to say, in the verse you have already quoted, 'Every man is tempted'—when?

Rose. 'When he is drawn away of his own lust, and enticed.'

Miss W. Our own weakness, and evil inclinations make us fall, when God would carry us through temptation; therefore we are taught to pray Him in mercy to look upon our weakness, and to lead us not into temptation, or suffer not our weakness to be tried—why?

'Lest we should fall,' said Agnes.

Miss W. Yes; lest, though He make a way to escape, we neglect to use it; and then we add, but if we are tried, do—what?

Several. 'Deliver us from evil.'

Miss W. Look at 2 St. Peter, ii. 9.

Alice. 'The Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptations.'

Miss W. Yes, He knows how to order our trials for us, and, therefore, we pray, ‘Lead us not into temptation;’ and He knows how to deliver us from them, and, therefore, we add, ‘Deliver us from evil.’ An example, perhaps, will help you best to understand this.

‘I do like examples,’ whispered little Ruth to Margaret, as Miss Walton for a moment paused to think how she could best explain her meaning, and then continued,

‘If your father, in order to gain some great benefit for you, leads you across a mountain path, in itself, perhaps, full of danger, but safe to you if you obey the directions he gives you—to keep in the middle of the path in one place, and not to look over the precipice in another, and not to trust to the railings as you cross the narrow bridge, and to be sure and place your staff firm into the ground as you climb the steep ascent,—while he is near you to stretch out a helping hand at any moment:—if any accident befall you, whose fault will it be?’

Several. Our own.

Miss W. Yes; for though the necessary path might be one of difficulty and danger in itself, for *you* it would be safe, and no evil would happen, except by your own inattention to your father’s directions, or neglect to take his outstretched hand: so in our path from earth to heaven, we may safely meet the temptations—how?

Mary. By the help and directions God gives us.

Miss W. And will He ever send us along a path where we cannot escape the danger?

Margaret. No, He will, with the temptation, make a way to escape.

Miss W. Yes, He will appoint for us the middle of the road, or bid us not look over the precipice, or He will hold out His own hand, and carry us safely

through; and this we ask Him to do when we pray, 'Lead us'—?

'Not into temptation; But deliver us from evil,' they all replied.

Miss W. But though God never tempts us to sin, He sometimes tries our faith, and this is also called temptation. What are we told He did to Abraham when He bade him offer up Isaac?

Rose. 'God did tempt Abraham.' (Gen. xxii. 1.)

Miss W. In this sense St. James uses the word. Look at chap. i. 2, 3.

Bessie. 'My brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations; knowing this, that the trying of your faith worketh patience.'

Miss W. Look also at 1 St. Pet. i. 6, 7.

Ruth. 'Wherein ye greatly rejoice, though now for a season, if need be, ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations; that the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise, and honour, and glory, at the appearing of Jesus Christ.'

Miss W. And what sort of trials does God usually send upon us, to prove our faith and love?

Several. Sickness, and sorrow, and want, and pain.

Miss W. Yes; and so far as these temptations, or trials, are needful for us, we would not pray to be saved from them. Whose will have we just asked may be done?

Several. God's.

Miss W. Then, in the portion of trial which shall be sent upon us, Whose will would we still have done?

Mary. God's.

Miss W. But we naturally shrink from trials and sorrows, and, therefore, (subjecting our will to our Father's,) we may still pray—what?

— *Margaret.* 'Lead us not into temptation.'

Miss W. Yes: lead us not into trials and sorrows, unless Thou seest that they be needful for us. Defend us against them, *if it be Thy will*. Who set us an example of thus praying to be saved from the cup of suffering?

Agnes. Jesus Christ. ‘Father, if Thou be willing, remove this cup from Me: nevertheless, not My will, but Thine, be done. (St. Luke, xxii. 42.)’

Miss W. So He teaches us to pray first, ‘Thy will be done,’ and then—?

Several. ‘Lead us not into temptation.’

Miss W. Yes, temptations, or trials; but ‘if Thou seest fit to try us,’ we add—?

Several. ‘Deliver us from evil.’

Miss W. Yes, the evil of trial and sorrow. Thus prays that same holy bishop I mentioned before, “Lead us not into temptation.” These being trials of my faithfulness to Thee, my God, I do not beg to be wholly free from them, but that I may not be tempted above what I am able to bear . . . that, by Thy grace, I may be able to go through the trials appointed as the necessary consequences of our fallen state.*

I must only ask you a few more questions to-day, (said Miss Walton, after reading this,) but next Sunday I shall give you another lesson on these two clauses, which so hang one upon another, that they cannot be taken separately. I should like you now to tell me by what we are, most of all, tempted? What are our three great enemies?

All. The world, the flesh, and the devil.

Miss W. Then, when we pray, ‘Lead us not into temptation,’ against whose power do we ask to be defended?

Sarah. The devil’s.

Miss W. What is he called in the explanation of the Lord’s Prayer?

Ruth. 'Our ghostly enemy.'

Miss W. And how does he show his enmity to us?

Mary. By tempting us to sin.

Miss W. What name does he go by, which shows that he tempts us?

Anna. The Tempter.

Miss W. Then in praying not to be led into temptation, we pray to be defended against the power of—?

'The Tempter,' said Rose.

Miss W. And by what else are we tempted?

Bessie. The world.

Miss W. How does the world tempt us?

Rose. By its pomps and vanity.

Miss W. Then, when we say, 'Lead us not into temptation,' we ask God to defend us against the danger of—what?

Several. The pomps and vanity of the world.

Miss W. Yes, from any outward things which may draw our minds from God—all outward splendour and vain show. You remember, don't you, what sort of a position in this world Agar prayed for?

'I mind,' said Rose, repeating, 'Remove far from me vanity and lies: give me neither poverty nor riches: feed me with food convenient for me.' (Prov. xxx. 8.)

Miss W. Thus we pray when we say, 'Lead us not into temptation.' We pray God that our position in this world may be one free from great trials, either of poverty or riches. And what is the third thing by which we are tempted?

Several. The flesh.

Miss W. How does it tempt us?

Margaret. By evil lusts.

Miss W. How may we be kept back from these temptations?

Anna. By being able to overcome them.

Miss W. Not exactly. That would be to be de-

livered from the power of temptation; but to be kept back from it is rather to be deprived of those things which stir up the lusts of the flesh. Can poor people indulge in idleness, and eat and drink to the full, or only what is most pleasant to the taste?

Several. No; we are obliged to work, and eat and drink what we can get.

Miss W. And thus you are kept back from the temptations to many evil lusts of the flesh. But did our Saviour only tell us to *pray*, lest we enter into temptation?

Sarah. No; to watch also.

Miss W. If, then, you know that (for instance,) you cannot speak on some particular subject without losing your temper, how can you watch against that temptation?

Rose. By not speaking at all upon it.

Sarah. And by going away when others begin about it.

Miss W. Yes, if you can; if not, as Rose says, by bridling your tongue. But if, instead, you begin to speak directly, or seek out those who would talk with you, could you then be said to watch against temptation?

Margaret. No; but to run into it.

Miss W. Yes; to let the devil get an advantage over you. Or again, if you know that you cannot go into some particular company, or take some particular pleasure, without being tempted to sin, how could you watch against these temptations of the world?

Bessie. By keeping away from the company.

'By not taking the pleasure,' said Sarah.

Miss W. Just so; but if you went among those who led you into sin, or ventured upon the pleasure, you would be—not watching against, but running into—?

'The temptation,' they all answered.

Miss W. And lastly, girls, if you know that you are tempted to any particular lust of the flesh, as idleness, or greediness, or forwardness of manner, how must you watch against it? How would you watch against idleness?

‘By not beginning to be idle,’ said Mary.

Miss W. And how against greediness?

Margaret. By not always taking what we like best.

Miss W. And how against forwardness?

Rose. By letting others go first.

Miss W. Very good. But if you rather refused work when given you, put yourself into the way of eating and drinking, and sought for notice, you would be running into the way of temptation, and then do you think it would be any good to pray to be defended against it?

Several. No, Ma’am.

Miss W. No; our Saviour does not say only, *Pray*, but—?

All. *Watch*, that ye enter not into temptation.

Miss W. Then, while we daily pray to God, ‘Lead us not into temptation,’ what else must we do?

‘Watch against it,’ said some.

‘Not run into it,’ said others.

Miss W. Yes, girls, in every way you must try to avoid scenes of trial, places where you know you will be tempted to do wrong, or your daily prayer, ‘Lead us not into temptation,’ will be in vain, and the world, the flesh, and the devil, will gain the mastery over you.

Mrs. Hamilton had entered the room a little before Miss Walton had finished, and now was ready to go on with her story.

‘I told you, I think, of Sarah’s safe arrival in New York, didn’t I?’

‘Yes, Ma’am,’ they all replied, ‘after the storm.’

‘Yes, I remember,’ continued Mrs. Hamilton.

BLIND SARAH.

(Continued.)

‘THANKFULLY, Ma’am,’ (said old Sarah,) ‘I stepped on shore, looking around for my husband, as I had been doing ever since we could distinguish the people on shore one from another. Seeing nothing of him, I thought to myself he couldn’t know when the vessel would arrive, and so I got a man to take my boxes, and show me the way to where Joseph lodged. He had given me the direction, Ma’am, in his letter.

‘It was a good walk from the landing-place, but I didn’t think much about it, for I was looking about as I went along, hoping to see my husband. I little thought I was never to see him again; but the truth soon came upon me.

‘I inquired for Joseph Wilson, and, instead of answering me, the woman of the house turned very pale, exclaiming,

“God help you! if you are Mrs. Wilson; for you’ll never see him more. God help you!”

“What is the matter?” I quickly asked, though I felt no doubt. “Where is he?”

“Come in, and I’ll tell you,” she replied, very kindly, and led me to a seat.

“Where is he?” I asked again.

“He’s in his grave, you poor thing!” Mrs. Fenton replied. “He died of cholera a month ago come next Thursday. But don’t take on about it,” she continued, as I groaned aloud; for I felt, Ma’am, I don’t know how. “He left kind messages,” said the good woman, repeating what he had said; “and he left you a little money, too, and I have it all safe for you. So don’t take on so.”

‘These kind words, Ma’am, brought my tears, and

saved me, I believe, from fainting. But ah! Ma'am, it was a shock!—to have come all that long way, through so many dangers, and to a strange country, and to find him gone, and myself alone! It was the bitterest trial I had had yet, and I felt my spirit broken. For some days I was fit for nothing; but I had fallen into kind hands, and, after a time, I began to come round, and to think of what I must do for the future. The little money he had left me could not hold out long, or see me home again; and the necessity I felt there was to do something for my living, helped to rouse me from my grief.'

'I hope you didn't forget your resolution to write home?' I said.

'No, Ma'am, thank God! I didn't. It was one of the first things I did when I had got over the shock; and then I began to turn over in my mind what I must do for my support, and hearing that good servants were very scarce in New York, I thought I should like to go out to service. But I knew no one, and had no character to show, and I thought I should never be able to get a place, but Mrs. Fenton said she would do what she could for me.'

'It was, indeed, a mercy that you met with so kind a friend. Think how much worse it might have been!' I said.

'That is true, Ma'am,' returned Sarah. 'I've thought of it a hundred times. God's goodness to me, at this time, was very great. Just think of me, a poor lone woman, (and good-looking, too, Ma'am, which made it all the worse,) left friendless, but for this kind woman, in a large town, and with little money in my pocket. Just think, Ma'am, of the temptations and dangers into which I might have been led! What, but God's great mercy, could have saved me? I had forgotten Him, but He had not forgotten me. He did all He could, Ma'am, to draw me to Himself, for He sent trials to wean me from

this world, and yet He mingled many blessings with them, and defended me against many both known and unknown dangers; and in my distress then I did pray to Him, and I did determine to be more religious, and He did not turn from my prayer, but kept me from falling into danger, and led me to a good place.

‘Many offered, and I found it wasn’t so hard to get a place there without a character as in England, because servants are so hard to get; and Mrs. Fenton told my story, and she was pretty well known, so that her word was believed. At the end of a month, Ma’am, I took a situation as cook in a large English family. I hesitated for some time between that place and another, where a housemaid was wanted, but though I didn’t know much of cooking, I thought I should manage that better than housemaid’s work, and so I decided to go to Mrs. Truworth. I did not see then, as I do now, how God’s hand was with me, keeping me from danger.’

‘How?’ I asked, not quite seeing her meaning.

‘Why, Ma’am, I had made many resolutions to lead a better life, and I’m sure if I had gone to the other place, I should never have kept to them even as imperfectly as I did; for I found afterwards that they were very gay people, who kept their servants up very late at night, and even on Sundays often had company, so that the servants had no chance of getting out to church. Don’t you think, Ma’am, if I had gone there, I should soon have forgotten all about my resolutions, and been as careless as ever?’

‘The danger would certainly have been very great,’ I replied; ‘but what sort of a place did you get?’

‘Why, Ma’am, a place where the servants were looked after, and cared about; where there was regular family prayer night and morning, and one of the young ladies read with us sometimes, and we were obliged to go to church by turns on Sunday,

and all this helped me to do better. I could not very well fall into the forgetful ways I *had* lived in. I don't mean I made as good use of these blessings as I might have done—I know I didn't. I did not really value the family prayer, and I often felt it a trouble to go to church; and I am afraid, if I had been left to myself, I should sometimes have neglected to go. I'm thankful, now, that I was not allowed to do as I liked.'

'Did you forget your resolutions, then?' I asked.

'No, Ma'am, not altogether; I did try to do better. I never neglected my prayers from that time, and I began to read my Bible regularly on Sundays; but I only did these things because I felt I ought; I did not love them; and I remember when Mistress spoke to me once about going to the Holy Communion, I would not think of it earnestly. I felt indifferent about it. That showed, Ma'am, that my heart was not right.'

'Yes, perhaps it did, but "because you ought" was a very good reason for going to church, and saying your prayers. If you went on doing it for this reason, love would come in the end.'

'Yes, Ma'am, I hope it has come, but I think if I had been more hearty then, it would have come sooner. It was a long time after the shock of my poor husband's death, before I recovered my spirits, but I did by degrees, and I lived for many years with Mrs. Truworth, free from great temptation, very fond of my master and mistress, and the young people as they grew up about me, and happy in my work, and in the confidence which was placed in me.'

'This easy life, however, may have been a temptation to you,' I said, 'by making you satisfied with yourself.'

'That's just what it did, Ma'am,' she answered. 'Because I went to church, and said my prayers, and

gave satisfaction to my master and mistress, I began to think all was right with me. Isn't it a pity, Ma'am, that we must even misuse God's blessings, and then He is obliged, for our sake, to take them away from us ?'

'It is a pity,' I said ; 'and when we think of this, we can understand better why God sends trials upon us, and how, if we use them rightly, they are blessings to us rather than evils.'

'That's true, Ma'am ; but at this time it pleased God, for many a long year, to keep me from any great trouble, and so I began to care more for this world again, than for Him.'

As Mrs. Hamilton said this, she heard her husband's voice calling, 'Lucy, where are you ?' and before she had time to answer, he put his head into the window, saying,

'I want you, Lucy, but I suppose you are too busy to come to me.'

'No,' said Miss Walton, 'she is not. It is time for the girls to go, so she had better stop now.'

'That's my fault, you'll say, girls, won't you ?' asked Mr. Hamilton, good-naturedly. 'Or are you very much obliged to me for setting you at liberty ?'

He did not wait for an answer, as Mrs. Hamilton stepped out of the window, which opened to the ground, took her husband's arm, and the two walked away together, while Miss Walton dismissed the girls.

LESSON LIX.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

**'LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION; BUT DELIVER
US FROM EVIL. AMEN.'**

EMILY's patience and submission were rewarded the following Sunday, when she had gained so much strength, that she was able to join her companions at school in the morning, and at the Vicarage in the afternoon, without too much fatigue.

Miss Walton would not allow her to stand through the whole of the Catechism, which the class repeated in the afternoon, but she stood up to say her own answers, and then sat down again.

It was a real pleasure to Miss Walton to see her in the class again, for there was a bright cheerfulness about her which cast its ray over the rest of the girls. When she first went away, it was as if a cloud were between them and the sun for some few lessons; and now they all welcomed her back among them, and felt the effect of her brightness, as she took her seat with a smiling countenance, involuntarily exclaiming,

'But I am glad to be here again!'

'And we are glad to see you here,' returned Miss Walton, adding in a moment, seriously,

'At one time we thought we never should, Emily; God has been very good to you.'

Emily looked towards Miss Walton, as she said this, with eyes full of gratitude, and then quickly

dropped them again, while a thoughtful expression settled on her face.

It happened to come to her turn to repeat the Lord's Prayer, and Miss Walton thought there was something very real in her way of saying it, as she stood, along with all the rest, with clasped hands and closed eyes; for Miss Walton liked them to show these marks of reverence in saying the Lord's Prayer, even though they were repeating it only as a lesson.

'Lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil,' seemed to be a peculiarly suitable petition for Emily just then, for she was returning to scenes of temptation in her daily life of common work, from which, during her illness, she had been shielded; and she, like each one of us, was helpless in her own strength, and needed to be 'delivered from evil' by One strong to defend and save us from all our dangers, ghostly and bodily.

Perhaps she felt this herself, for the words were said slowly, and the 'Amen' was hearty.

When the rest of the Catechism had been repeated, Miss Walton asked,

'In which petition of the Lord's Prayer do we ask God to defend us against all dangers, ghostly and bodily?'

'Lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil,' they all replied.

Miss W. Yes; for what does 'temptation' mean?

'Anything which allures, or draws us to sin,' said Rose.

'And trials,' added Mary.

Miss W. And because temptation puts us into danger, therefore we ask God not to—?

'Lead us into it,' said several.

Miss W. Or suffer us not to be led into it—defend us against it. And what do we next pray?

All. 'But deliver us from evil.'

Miss W. We cannot entirely escape from the dan-

gers of temptation ; therefore, seeing we are subject to them, while we ask to be defended against them—that they should be warded off from us—we also ask to be—what does the Catechism say ?

‘ Saved in them,’ said Agnes. ‘ I pray unto God . . . that it will please Him to *save* and defend us in all dangers, ghostly and bodily.’

Miss W. When dangers surround us, we may ask God to save us from them, by delivering us—from what ?

‘ Evil,’ replied one or two.

Miss W. When is temptation an evil ?

Mary. When we give way to it.

Miss W. Therefore we pray to be delivered from falling, or from the evil of temptation, as well as from all other evil. Who can tell me what ‘ to deliver’ means ?

‘ To save,’ said several.

Miss W. Yes, to save or rescue. If a person falls into a river, and another runs and pulls him out, what has that friend done for him ?

‘ Rescued him from drowning,’ said Rose.

‘ Delivered him,’ said others.

‘ Saved him,’ said little Ruth.

Miss W. But could a little child pull a drowning man out of a river ?

‘ No ; the child would be pulled in instead,’ said several.

Miss W. Why ?

‘ Because a child would not be strong enough to pull out a man !’ said Emily.

Miss W. What, then, is required, in order to rescue or deliver ?

‘ Strength,’ replied most of the girls.

Miss W. Now Whom do we ask to put forth His strength and deliver us ?

‘ God,’ said Harriet.

‘ Our Father, which is in heaven,’ said Mary.

Miss W. But supposing a man, who was a good swimmer, was merely bathing for his own amusement, and some one were to take him, and forcibly pull him out of the river; would that be delivering, or rescuing him?

‘No, for he wouldn’t be in any danger,’ said Anna, and several others with her.

Miss W. Then, in order to be rescued, or delivered, you must be in—what?

‘Danger,’ cried two or three.

Miss W. Quite right. And of what are we in danger, from which we ask God to deliver, or save us?

‘Evil,’ said Sarah.

Miss W. Yes; evil surrounds us, and puts us into danger. We are like a drowning man unable to help himself; and, therefore, what do we pray to God?

All. ‘Lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil.’

Miss W. Just so. ‘Defend us against, and save us from, the many and great dangers in the midst of which we are set.’ Do you remember any verses from the Psalms, where David thus prays?

Sarah. ‘Bow down Thine ear to hear me, make haste to deliver me. And be Thou my strong rock and house of defence; that Thou mayest save me.’ (Psalm xxxi. 2.)

Rose. ‘Draw nigh unto my soul, and save it: O deliver me, because of mine enemies.’ (lxix. 19.)

Jane. ‘Before Ephraim, Benjamin, and Manasses, stir up Thy strength, and come and help us.’ (lxxx. 2.)

Anna. ‘Save me, O God, for Thy Name’s sake; and avenge me in Thy strength.’ (liv. 1.)

Miss W. That will do. And, now, tell me what are the three evils which we have renounced, and from which we here pray to be delivered?

‘The world, the flesh, and the devil,’ replied several.

Miss W. Quite right. The world is the evil of—?

‘Others,’ said Emily.

‘Go on,’ said Miss Walton. ‘The flesh is the—?’

‘Evil of self,’ said one or two, ‘and the devil, the Evil One.’

Miss W. Yes; all these we pray to be defended against, and saved from—in which petition of the Lord’s Prayer?

All. ‘Lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil.’

Miss W. We pray God that it will please Him to keep us from—?

Alice. ‘All sin and wickedness.’

Miss W. The sin of self, the wickedness of others; and what else?

Anna. ‘Our ghostly enemy.’

Miss W. Or—?

‘The Evil One,’ said Emily.

Miss W. And one more evil is mentioned; what is it?

All. ‘Everlasting death.’

Miss W. And of what is ‘everlasting death’ the wages?

‘Sin,’ replied Margaret. (Rom. vi. 23.)

Miss W. And who is the author of sin?

Rose. The devil.

Miss W. And what is the devil the prince of?

Several. This world. (St. John, xii. 31.)

Miss W. If we serve him, then, by living in sin, we are not of God, but of—?

‘The world,’ said Agnes.

Miss W. Before, then, we can be saved from the last great evil, from what must we be saved?

‘The world, the flesh, and the devil,’ said several.

‘From sin,’ said Mary.

Miss W. Yes, we must be kept from sin and wick-

edness, and from the power of our ghostly enemy, or, what last evil will follow?

All. ‘Everlasting death.’

Miss W. Therefore, we are taught earnestly to pray to God to—?

Several. ‘Deliver us from evil.’

Miss W. We have, ourselves, renounced all evil—the world, the flesh, and the devil—but are we quite safe from these enemies?

Mary. No, they are continually tempting us to sin.

Miss W. Yes, as we saw last Sunday. The world tempts us by the evil of others. But can we go out of the world? What did our Saviour pray for His disciples before His crucifixion?

Agnes. ‘I pray not that Thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldest keep them from the evil.’ (St. John, xvii. 15.)

Miss W. So, though in this life we must be in the world, subject to its temptations, yet may we pray God to—?

Margaret. Deliver us from the evil of it.

Miss W. For what does St. Paul tell us Christ gave Himself? Look at Gal. i. 3, 4.

Anna. ‘Our Lord Jesus Christ Who gave Himself for our sins, that He might *deliver us from this present evil world.*’

Miss W. Yes, and He will deliver us, or keep us from the evil of it, if we will not run into temptation. What does St. John warn us against loving?

Sarah. ‘Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world.’ (1 St. John, ii. 15.)

Miss W. Again, the flesh tempts us because of the evil of self. How does St. Paul speak of this evil? Rom. vii. 18, 19.

Jane. ‘For I know that in me, (that is, in my flesh,) dwelleth no good thing; for to will is present with me; but how to perform that which is good, I

find not. For the good that I would, I do not: but the evil which I would not, that I do.'

Miss W. So hard did he find it to overcome the evil of self. Look again at verses 22, 23.

Ruth. 'I delight in the law of God, after the inward man; but I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members.'

Miss W. Then he cries out, 'O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?' But how does he answer this exclamation?

Sarah. 'I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord.'

Miss W. Yes, for it is God Who can and will deliver us. Look again at chap. vi. 14, what He promises to those who yield not their members as instruments of unrighteousness, but as instruments of righteousness to God.

Several. 'Sin shall not have dominion over you.'

Miss W. Therefore we may, with confidence, pray to God to deliver us from—?

'The evil of self,' replied Rose.

Miss W. But in this case, too, have we nothing to do ourselves in order to be delivered from this evil? What does St. Paul bid us do?

The girls did not answer, and Miss Walton told them to turn to Col. iii. 5; then Alice read,

'Mortify, therefore, your members which are upon the earth; fornication, uncleanness, inordinate affection, evil concupiscence, and covetousness, which is idolatry.'

Miss W. We must ourselves mortify, or make dead within us, our evil lusts, by crucifying them. What do I mean by 'crucifying' them?

Anna. Crossing them.

Miss W. Yes; then will they, one by one, die

within us. And are we left to do this unaided? Who are we told is set against the flesh?

Agnes. The Holy Spirit.

Miss W. And where does the Holy Spirit dwell?

Several. Within us.

Miss W. Have we, therefore, to fight alone against the evil of self?

Several. No, He will fight with us.

Miss W. And so deliver us from the evil. But from what other evil do we pray to be delivered?

Ruth. The Evil One.

Miss W. What does he walk about the world doing?

Jane. 'Seeking whom he may devour.' (1 St. Peter, v. 8.)

Miss W. And is he, or are we left to ourselves, the stronger?

All. He is.

Miss W. How, then, alone can we be saved from his attacks?

Margaret. By the power of God.

Miss W. 'When a strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace;' but how can he be overcome?

Agnes. By a stronger than he, who taketh from him all his armour wherein he trusted. (St. Luke, xi. 21, 22.)

Miss W. And Who, stronger than the devil, has overcome him?

All. Jesus Christ.

Miss W. Yes; and has taken away his armour, and divided his spoils; so can we now be delivered from his power?

Several. Yes, by God's help.

Miss W. Already we have been set free from his chains; and what is now promised, when he attacks openly, if we resist him?

Mary. That he will flee from us. (See St. James, iv. 7.)

Miss W. Yes, because He has been once overcome—by Whom?

All. Jesus Christ.

Miss W. Therefore, we are taught to pray to God to—?

‘Deliver us from the Evil One,’ said two or three.

Miss W. Yes; to save us, in our danger, from his attacks. But if he find us unprepared, can we resist him?

All. No, Ma’am.

Miss W. What, then, does St. Peter tell us we must do ourselves to be saved from his attacks?

Anna. ‘Be sober, be vigilant.’ (1 St. Pet. v. 8.)

Miss W. What do you mean by ‘vigilant’?

Several. Watchful.

Miss W. We must watch, to be ready to resist him, while we pray God to deliver us from our danger. How does David, in the Psalms, speak of our deliverance from Satan’s temptations? Don’t you remember he compares him to a fowler?

‘Oh! I mind,’ exclaimed Emily. ‘Our soul is escaped, even as a bird out of the snare of the fowler: the snare is broken, and we are delivered.’ (Psalm cxxiv. 6.)

Miss W. Yes, the temptation is overcome, and we are delivered; and by Whose help? How does the Psalm go on?

Anna. ‘Our help standeth in the Name of the Lord, Who hath made heaven and earth.’ (Verse 7.)

Miss W. And if God, in His mercy, delivers us from these evils, then what will He, at last, deliver us from?

Mary. ‘Everlasting death.’

Miss W. Only let us do our part, strive against evil, resist temptation, and pray earnestly to God to ‘Lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil;’ then we may trust Him that we shall be delivered from the last great evil, from everlasting

death, the miserable wages of sin; and what is the gift awaiting the righteous?

Rose. Eternal life.

Miss W. Delivered from all evil, eternal life will be the gift awaiting the righteous. But is it only evil to our souls from which we pray to be delivered?

Several. No, evil and danger to our bodies too.

Miss W. When God sends upon us sickness, and pain of body, are they necessarily evils? Whom are we told God chasteneth?

Agnes. 'Whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth; and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth.' (Heb. xii. 6.)

Miss W. Although, then, these things are in themselves evil, yet God sometimes sends them in love—for what purpose?

'To do us good,' said several.

Miss W. Yes, to cure us of some greater evil. Why does a parent give medicine to a sick child?

Emily. To do him good.

Miss W. But is the medicine pleasant?

All. No, Ma'am.

Miss W. No; it seems to the child evil; but is it really so?

Emily. No, because it makes him well.

Miss W. Then if God, to make us well from the evil of sin—to cure us of our faults, sends upon us sickness, and trouble, and pain, and they work their proper end, what has He delivered us from?

Several. Evil.

Miss W. Yes; He has heard our prayer, and delivered us from a greater evil than pain, or trouble; though, to do it, He may have had to use sharp remedies—bitter medicines. But how must we use trials to make them do us good?

Margaret. We must take them patiently.

Miss W. Yes, and try and find out *why* they are sent, and use them as a call to greater holiness of

life. (After a moment's pause, Miss Walton continued,) There is one part of the Lord's Prayer not given in the Catechism. What did I say it was called?

Several. The Doxology.

Miss W. Yes, or ascription of glory. What are the words?

All. 'Thine is the kingdom, The power, and the glory, For ever and ever.'

Miss W. Thine is the kingdom for which we pray—Thee we acknowledge as our King. Thine alone is the power to give, and forgive—to defend, and save. Thine is the glory—to Thee the glory will redound, that creatures so weak, and sinful, and helpless as we are, should yet, by Thy power, be conquerors. And for ever and ever will Thy kingdom, Thy power, Thy glory, remain. Therefore, hear us. But there is one more word given in the Catechism. What is it?

'Amen,' most of them replied.

Miss W. And what does 'Amen' mean?

Several. So be it.

Miss W. Yes; or, so let it be as we have asked. This little word is, as it were, the seal to our prayers. We close them all up with the one word—?

'Amen,' they answered.

Miss W. And shall I tell you one great use of this little word at the end of this, and all our prayers?

'Please, Ma'am,' was the whispered answer.

Miss W. Are we ever able to keep our thoughts quite fixed upon every word we say?

'No, Ma'am, they go away in a minute,' said Emily.

Miss W. But cannot we force our attention to this *one* word? We may sum up our whole prayer in one earnest 'Amen,' and then, if we have done our best to attend throughout, and yet failed, we may hope that where we have failed, God will yet hear

our words, and grant the request; that He will ‘let it be,’ if we ask it heartily, in the ‘AMEN.’

‘I must try and make up to you to-day, girls, for the short story of last Sunday,’ said Mrs. Hamilton, as she entered the room; ‘I’ve told Mr. Hamilton he must not call me away to-day.’

‘That’s right!’ exclaimed the girls, Emily’s happy voice again among them.

‘Though *I* was interrupted,’ said Mrs. Hamilton, taking her seat, ‘old Sarah’s story went on.’

BLIND SARAH.

(*Continued.*)

AFTER I had said to her,

‘You’ve not told me whether you received any answer to your letter home?’

‘Yes, Ma’am,’ she replied, ‘I did; but not till after I had been at my place for some time. My father wrote, saying how displeased they had been with my marriage; but now that I was in trouble, he would say no more about it, and he invited me to come home again, offering to give me something to help to pay my passage; though, at the same time, he said that it could only be little, for times were very hard. So I thought, Ma’am, I had better stay in a good place, where I was getting high wages, than go home to be a burden to them, and I wrote and told my father so, thanking him for his kindness. When you asked me that question, Ma’am, I was *going* to say that I lived in my place for fifteen years without any great trouble; but I ought not to have said that, for it was during that time I lost both my father and mother, with the same disease as my poor husband. It was a great grief to me when I received the tidings, but it was not the same as if I

had been living at home. It did not leave the same blank, and though I thought a good deal about it at the time, it was not to me like the death of my husband and child. I missed my poor father's kind letters and words of advice, and this was all that helped me to understand-like that they were gone. I believe I felt their death more keenly when I once more returned to England, and to my old home. Then it seemed so strange without them. This, Ma'am, was the only real sorrow, I may say, which for fifteen years came near me, and I began to feel as if it would always be so; but a great trouble, which came upon my poor master and mistress at this time, taught me differently.

'They had never been very rich, but quite unexpectedly my poor master failed in his business. I don't understand much about such things, but I think it was on account of some bank failing; I remember my poor mistress saying, when she first told me,

"One great comfort in this trial is, that it has come upon us without any fault of your master's. He could not foresee that the bank would fail, and so it is easier to see God's hand in it, and to submit. I say this to you, Sarah, because just now so many gentlemen have failed, and a great deal is said about its being their own fault—and perhaps in some cases it is so, because they chose to speculate; but your master's failure is entirely owing to the failure of the bank." Oh! Ma'am, she was a good lady, and after the first shock, I never heard a murmuring word from her, though she had much to bear. She often talked to me, for I had lived with her so long that she had learned to treat me different to a common servant, and when she told me, Ma'am, with tears in her eyes, that I must leave them, for they could not afford to keep any servant but a little girl, I begged to be allowed to stay without wages. I had saved up a

good deal in the fifteen years, and I could not bear to leave them in their trouble. I had hard work, Ma'am, to persuade my mistress, but at last she yielded; for a little time, she said, it should be so; and I was glad that she did agree, for I was able to do much more for them than any girl could have done; and, as it was, it made my heart ache to see the young ladies doing so much for themselves, and I did all I could to spare them. It seemed to me as if I had grown young a second time; I went to work again as maid of all works with so much spirit. My poor mistress used to laugh, and say, "Why, Sarah, you seem happier, now that you've more to do, and harder work, than before; you were not used to sing over your work as you do now, and to move so quickly about." And so I was, Ma'am; I believe a bit of the same spirit came over me as when I undertook all the nursing of the children at home. I was proud to know how much I could do, and really glad, by my own work, to save them, poor things!

‘I think,’ said Miss Walton, interrupting her sister for a moment, ‘there was none of the wilful spirit about this that there was about the nursing. She was acting a noble part.’

‘Indeed, I think she was,’ returned Mrs. Hamilton, ‘and it both surprised and pleased me to see how little conscious she seemed to be of it herself, in telling me; for when I remarked, “I have no doubt they were very thankful,” she replied,

‘They were very kind to me, Ma'am; but, after all, I did no more than anybody would have done in my place. They had taken me when I was in trouble; it wasn't for me to leave them in their trouble—and trouble it was, poor things! It was beginning life again for dear master, and he had still many of his children at home. One son was married, and had settled in England, and the youngest, just ten years old at this time, was a boy; all the rest

were girls. Two were married, but six were still at home. Just think, Ma'am, what it was to be ruined, with all that family to provide for. And you can't think how well the young ladies took the change. Two of them very soon went out as governesses, though it was a hard trial to them; and the other two, who were old enough, with the help of their Mamma, had one or two pupils, to teach with their younger sisters and brother at home; and it was a pretty sight, Ma'am, to see them cheerfully trying to help their parents. I have often thought since, that trouble was blest to them, for though they were always kind, good young ladies, some of them were rather gay, and they were sometimes sharp with each other. But I never heard anything of the kind after their trouble came upon them; and Miss Emily, who was the fondest of balls and gaiety, though I know she felt giving them up, never let her parents see her fret about it, and soon learnt not to care herself. They might have gone, Ma'am, only they couldn't afford it, for in that country a lady is looked upon as a lady, though she does something for her own living. In one month from the time master failed, everything was arranged, and we had moved to a small house; two of the young ladies, as I said, had gone out, and the rest worked hard with the pupils, and at needle-work. Beautiful fine work they did, and managed to sell it. Many would have been ashamed to do things of that kind, but they were ashamed of nothing which would help their parents; and I heard mistress say that master intended to work till he had paid all his debts; he didn't mean to be satisfied with only paying what he could then.'

'It was a right and honourable thing to do,' I said; 'I hope he succeeded.'

'I don't know, Ma'am,' she replied; 'I often wish I did. I have not heard anything of them for years. I hope I shall yet, before I die.'

'Did she, Ma'am?' asked several of the girls, eagerly.

'I must not tell you, yet,' said Mrs. Hamilton. 'You must let her tell her own story first.'

'After we had gone on, Ma'am, for some time in this way,' continued Sarah, 'a letter came from an uncle in England, offering to educate Master James, and Miss Eliza, if their parents would send them to England. They hesitated for a long time, but at last they consented, for mistress said that Master James was not being taught as he ought to be; and how could he, Ma'am? the young ladies did their best, but they couldn't teach Latin, and Greek, and the like of that.

'Their uncle—the brother of my mistress—offered to pay their passage; but their poor father and mother couldn't bear them to go alone, and at last, mistress asked me if I would go with them.

'I was a bit hurt, Ma'am, at first, to think that she could be willing to part with me; but then I saw it was a mother's love, which would make any sacrifice for the good of her children, and I felt angry with myself for making an objection, and thinking so much of myself; so I went and told her I would do as she wished.

'And this was the way, Ma'am, I got back to England, and glad I was to set my foot once more in my own land. I saw my young master and mistress safely at their uncle's, and then I was not wanted any more. Their aunt was very kind, and said I might apply there for a character, and might stay, if I wished, till I got a place, and then gave me a five-pound note; but I was anxious, Ma'am, to see something of my brothers and sisters. I had not heard anything of them for a long time. After my parents' death, no one thought it their business to write, and for the last few years I had heard nothing. My coming off from America was so sudden, that I had

not been able to write and tell them I was coming back, and now, I thought, I would surprise them by going home without writing. I knew my eldest brother had taken my poor father's farm, and there I thought I would go first.

'So I went, Ma'am, and I did feel strange as I walked from the village towards my old home. The country looked much the same, but all the faces looked strange to me, and no one recognized me as I got down from the coach, and walked through one end of the village, past the church and school-house, and then turned into the old path across the fields. At last I reached the house, and several children were playing about, and it seemed strange to me that they were not my own brothers and sisters; and when I knocked at the door, my brother's wife opened it. Of course she did not know me, and I had to explain who I was. Oh, Ma'am! it was sad-like that I couldn't go into my own home, as I felt it to be, without telling who I was. It was then I first understood the reality of my poor father's and mother's death; how different it would have been if they had still lived! My sister-in-law for a moment, I remember, hesitated even after I said who I was, and looked at me all over, before she welcomed me; then she was very kind, and sent one of the children to fetch John, my brother.

'This was surely a lesson to you,' I said, 'that earth was not your home. It was a sad welcome for you!'

'So I felt it, Ma'am, for a little; but soon my brothers came in, for Harry was living with them, working on the farm; and then we had, you may be sure, much to tell, and much to hear. The evening went away, I knew not how. My other brother, I found, was married, and was bailiff to a gentleman in Scotland; my eldest sister was dead; Kitty, too, was married; and Mary, the youngest, was out at ser-

vice. So, out of the ten, Ma’am, there were but six left, and father and mother gone, too !

‘It seemed a great change to me, as I thought it over when I lay down that night, and I felt like one standing alone again. I had no place I could look to as a home—nowhere where I could *claim* a home. I could not sleep, I remember, for many hours ; and I began to wonder what I should do with myself, and felt quite down-hearted at the thought of going out to service again, which seemed to be the only thing for me. I wished often that I had not left America, and my poor mistress. I suppose I was tired, and so everything looked dull and gloomy ; and yet, I’m sure, Ma’am, I had no cause for distrust, for God had dealt kindly with me hitherto ; but I did not think of this as I ought, or trust Him to appoint my way for me ; but I worried myself in forming plans till I fell asleep. I awoke with a better heart in the morning ; and when my brother and his wife both asked me to stay with them for a little time, till I looked about me, I willingly consented, and went to work to help my sister-in-law over her dairy business. I felt quite at home among the cheese and butter, and I could have fancied myself a girl again at home.’

‘And there we must leave her for to-day,’ said Mrs. Hamilton. ‘I think I have made up now for last Sunday.’

LESSON LX.

‘GOD, THE GIVER OF ALL GOODNESS.

A LARGE party of girls came into church together one week-day evening, and finding they were rather early, began whispering to one another, and this naturally led to the greater irreverence of suppressed laughter. Mr. Spencer was in the vestry engaged with a parishioner, and was quite disturbed by the sound, and yet he could not interrupt the interview by going out to put a stop to it; and when Miss Walton entered the church, all was hushed.

As soon, however, as service was over, Mr. Spencer walked up to the party of girls, and desiring them not to leave the church, as soon as the congregation had gone out, spoke to them about it very seriously. Ruth's tears soon began to fall, and several others said they were sorry. Some of the first class had not come in until after Miss Walton, and, of course, they were not suspected, and had left with the congregation. Mr. Walton wanted to speak to Mr. Spencer, so he and his sister walked round the church, waiting for him to come out.

It was dark, and though they were near the gate as the party of girls went out, they were unobserved, and they heard one of the girls exclaim, (Miss Walton thought it was Anna,)

‘Well, I'm out of this scrape! I thought you would be scolded for all that talking! I wonder you

were not ashamed to go on so. I looked at you several times, but you wouldn’t stop.’

‘You can talk sometimes,’ was the answer; and the reply came in a tone of self-satisfaction:

‘I’m sure you never see me talk now. I used sometimes when I was little, but I’m sure I never do now! I couldn’t think of doing anything so naughty.’

The rejoinder to this boast was lost in the distance, and Mr. Walton remarked to his sister,

‘How sin, in one form or another, is ever tempting us! Whoever that was who spoke last, she is sinning by her proud, boastful spirit, as much as the others have done by their irreverence.’

‘Yes,’ said Miss Walton; ‘one constantly notices that in others, and especially in children, and feels it in oneself;’ but she did not say she thought it was Anna’s boast, for she was sorry to think it could be. She dwelt in her mind on this little circumstance, as she sat alone the next day, and thought she would try and say something in one of her lessons about it, and hoped that, whoever it was that had spoken, she might see her fault. The following Sunday’s lesson gave her the opportunity she wished for.

‘What desirest thou in the Lord’s Prayer? repeat the answer all together,’ said Miss Walton, to her class.

All. ‘I desire my Lord God our heavenly Father, Who is the Giver of all goodness, to send His grace unto me, and to all people; that we may worship Him, serve Him, and obey Him, as we ought to do. And I pray unto God, that He will send us all things that be needful both for our souls and bodies; and that He will be merciful unto us, and forgive us our sins; and that it will please Him to save and defend us in all dangers ghostly and bodily; and that He will keep us from all sin and wickedness, and from

our ghostly enemy, and from everlasting death. And this I trust He will do of His mercy and goodness, through our Lord Jesus Christ. And, therefore, I say, Amen, So be it.'

Miss W. In what prayer do you desire all this?

All. The Lord's Prayer.

Miss W. What do you mean by saying, 'I desire my Lord God?' If a parent says to a child, 'I desire you to go to your work,' what would it mean?

'Command,' said several.

Miss W. No; *she* would probably mean 'I command,' and her desire should be the same as a command; but to say 'I desire a thing,' does not really mean, 'I command it.' What does it mean?

'Wish it,' said Agnes.

Miss W. Yes; 'to desire' is 'to wish'; then when we say, 'I desire my Lord God . . . to send His grace,' what do we mean?

Several. That we wish Him to send it.

Miss W. Then when we kneel down to say the Lord's Prayer, it should be to express—what?

'Our desires,' said some.

'Our wishes,' said others.

Miss W. Yes, the desire of our souls should be to God. Look at Isaiah, xxvi. 8, 9.

Alice. 'In the way of Thy judgments, O Lord, have we waited for Thee; the desire of our soul is to Thy Name, and to the remembrance of Thee. With my soul have I desired Thee in the night; yea, with my spirit within me will I seek Thee early.'

Miss W. And in what words may we express our desires?

Several. The words Christ taught us.

Miss W. And what does the Lord's Prayer teach us we should, most of all, desire? blessings for ourselves, or the glory of God?

Rose. The glory of God.

Miss W. How does it teach us this?

‘Because the first three petitions concern God,’ answered three or four.

Miss W. And to Whom do we express our desires?

All. ‘My Lord God, our heavenly Father.’

Miss W. Why do you say to our ‘heavenly Father?’

Ruth. Because we say, ‘Our Father, Which art in heaven.’ (See St. Matt. vi. 14.)

Miss W. But, to each one of us, what is God besides ‘Our Father?’

Anna. ‘My Lord God.’

Miss W. Do we call Him by that Name in the Lord’s Prayer?

All. No, only Father.

Miss W. But, by the act of worship, what do we acknowledge Him to be?

Margaret. The Lord our God.

Miss W. For, Whom alone are we to worship? What did our Saviour say, when tempted of the devil to worship him?

Emily. ‘Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve.’ (St. Matt. iv. 10.)

Miss W. Then, by the act of kneeling down to pray, we acknowledge our Father to be—?

Mary. Our Lord God.

Miss W. Yes, as well as our Father. The Lord God is our Father, and our Father is the Lord our God. Look how Isaiah thus speaks of God. Isa. lxiii. 16.

Jane. ‘Doubtless Thou art our Father, though Abraham be ignorant of us, and Israel acknowledge us not: *Thou, O Lord, art our Father.*’

Miss W. And again, lxiv. 8.

Bessie. ‘But now, O Lord, Thou art our Father.’

Miss W. And when David, and the people, offered for the building of the temple, how does he address God? 1 Chron. xxix. 10.

Sarah. 'David said, Blessed be Thou, Lord God of Israel, our Father, for ever and ever.'

Miss W. And, once more: Whom did the Pharisees profess to look upon as their Father, when Christ accused them of doing the deeds of the devil?

Rose. 'We have one Father, even God.' (St. John, viii. 41.)

Miss W. And if the Jews of old could thus boast of the Lord God as their Father, much more may Christians. Why? How are we brought nearer to God even than they?

Several. In Christ. 'Ye are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus.' (Gal. iii. 26.)

Miss W. Yes. What power did God give to as many as received Him?

Margaret. 'As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God.' (St. John, i. 12.)

Miss W. Therefore, in the Lord's Prayer, we say our desires are expressed to—?

All. 'My Lord God, our heavenly Father.'

Miss W. And as God's subjects, and loving children of the Lord God, our Father, we should desire that His Name may be—?

'Hallowed,' they all replied.

Miss W. And that His kingdom, over which He is Lord and King—?

'Should come,' said some.

'Should be advanced,' said Rose.

Miss W. Yes; and that He should reign supreme. where?

'In the hearts of His people,' said Agnes.

Miss W. And as the Lord God, our Father, we should desire that His will—?

'May be done on earth, As it is in heaven,' they replied.

Miss W. But what do you further say of God our Father in the explanation of this Prayer?

Several. ‘That He is the giver of all goodness.’

Miss W. Therefore, we come to Him to make our—?

‘Petitions,’ said Margaret.

Miss W. Yes, for the good things which are with Him. What does David say the earth is full of?

Several. ‘The goodness of the Lord.’ (Psalm xxxiii. 5.)

Miss W. And how did God proclaim Himself to Moses?

Jane. ‘The Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and *abundant in goodness and truth.*’ (Exodus, xxxiv. 6.)

Miss W. And look what the prophet Zechariah exclaims, after speaking of the good things God will do for His people. Zech. ix. 17.

Anna. ‘How great is His goodness, and how great is His beauty! Corn shall make the young men cheerful, and new wine the maids.’

Miss W. And do you not remember how David exclaims in the same way?

Several. ‘O how plentiful is Thy goodness, which Thou hast laid up for them that fear Thee; and that Thou hast prepared for them that put their trust in Thee, even before the sons of men!’ (Psalm xxxi. 21.)

Miss W. And how does God show His goodness? by giving to *us*—what?

‘Good things,’ said Ruth.

Miss W. Therefore we call Him the Giver of all goodness, or—?

‘Good things,’ they replied.

Miss W. Do we not say this of God in one of the Collects?

‘Yes,’ said Sarah, repeating,

“Lord of all power and might, Who art the Author and *giver* of all good things, &c. nourish us with all goodness.”

Miss W. Tell me some of the good things of this world, which God gives to us?

'Health,' said Emily, quickly, 'and kind friends.'

'Food and clothing,' said others.

'You can mention more good things than these,' said Miss Walton.

'Beautiful flowers, and the sun to shine,' said Agnes.

'Yes,' said Miss Walton, 'and the moon and stars to make the night beautiful, and refreshing water, and hill and dale; and all the beautiful sights and sounds which surround us.'

'The birds to sing,' said little Ruth, 'and the little lambs to skip about.'

Miss W. Yes; all these good things are given us by Whom?

'God,' they all replied.

Miss W. What are the good things for which David praises God, in the beginning of Ps. ciii.?

Several. 'Praise the Lord, O my soul; and forget not all His benefits; Who forgiveth all thy sin, and healeth all thine infirmities; Who saveth thy life from destruction, and crowneth thee with mercy and loving-kindness; Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things, making thee young and lusty as an eagle.' (Verses 2-5.)

Miss W. There are here other kinds of good things mentioned, besides things for the body, and the beautiful things of this world; what are they?

'Forgiveness of sins,' said Rose, 'and mercy and loving-kindness.'

Miss W. Yes; then besides earthly blessings for the body, what does God give us?

Mary. Good things for the soul.

Miss W. Yes; He gives us pardon, and grace to help in time of need. Can you give me any text which says that God gives pardon?

Anna. 'Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him;

and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon.' (Isa. lv. 7.)

Miss W. And any that says He gives grace?

Ruth. 'Of His fulness have all we received, and grace for grace.' (St. John, i. 16.)

Miss W. Very good, little Ruth. And look at 2 Cor. ix. 8.

Harriet. 'God is able to make all grace abound toward you.'

Miss W. And what did He say was sufficient for St. Paul in his affliction?

Emily. 'My grace is sufficient for thee.' (Chap. xii. 9.)

Miss W. Two more texts you may look for, Eph. iv. 7, and St. James, iv. 6.

Bessie. 'Unto every one of us is given grace according to the measure of the gift of Christ.'

Alice. 'But He giveth more grace. Wherefore he saith, God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace unto the humble.'

Miss W. Pardon and grace, then, are among the good things God gives to our souls. And what, in the song of the Blessed Virgin, does she say God gives to the hungry?

All. 'He hath filled the hungry with good things.'

Miss W. And what is that which is most acceptable to the hungry?

All. Food.

Miss W. And does God give food to the soul?

Margaret. Yes; the Body and Blood of Christ.

Miss W. And what sort of future things are prepared for those who love God?

Several. 'Such good things as pass man's understanding.' (Col. for the Sixth Sun. after Trin.)

Miss W. Yes; Christ is a High Priest of good things to come. Such good things as 'eye hath not seen?' (See Heb. ix. 11.)

'Nor ear heard,' continued Mary, 'neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.' (1 Cor. ii. 9.)

Miss W. Such are some of the good things God gives to us; but do we only say He is the Giver of *some* good things?

All. No, the Giver of *all* goodness. (See St. James, i. 17.)

Miss W. And is there any promise, that all good things—that is, things which God sees to be for our good—shall be given? Look at Psalm, lxxxiv. 12.

Harriet. 'For the Lord God is a light and defence; the Lord will give grace and worship, and *no good thing shall He withhold* from them that live a godly life.'

Miss W. So our Saviour says, 'If ye then, being evil'—?

'Know how to give good gifts unto your children,' repeated several, '*how much more* shall your Father which is in heaven, give good things to them that ask Him?' (St. Matt. vii. 11.)

Miss W. But we mean something more than that God gives us *good things*, when we say He is the Giver of—?

'All goodness,' they repeated.

Miss W. What do you mean when you speak of the goodness of God?

'His kindness,' said several.

Miss W. Yes; but that is not what I mean; there is another meaning. If you say a man is a good man, what do you mean?

'A holy man,' said Rose.

Miss W. Then, goodness means—?

'Holiness,' said one or two.

Miss W. God in His very Nature is holy or good. What do the Angels cry when they veil their faces?

Several. ‘Holy, Holy, Holy, is the Lord of Hosts.’ (Isaiah, vi. 3.)

Miss W. He is called the HOLY ONE. Look at Isaiah, xliii. 15.

Ruth. ‘I am the Lord, your HOLY ONE, the Creator of Israel, your King.’

Miss W. God is goodness, or holiness. ‘There is none good,’ our Saviour said, ‘but’—?

‘One, that is God,’ they continued. (St. Matt. xix. 17.)

Miss W. Therefore, from Whom does all goodness come?

Several. From God.

Miss W. Yes; He is the Author of all holiness, or goodness. So far as it is found in any creature, Who is the Giver of it?

All. God.

Miss W. When God first made man, and all the world, He looked upon it, and behold it was—?

‘Very good,’ all the girls replied. (Gen. i. 31.)

Miss W. And Who was the Author and Giver of all that was good in it?

All. God.

Miss W. So is He still. So far as there is goodness in any creature, we believe that it comes from God. So far as we are able to be holy, it is God Who gives us grace and strength to be so. What are we told are the fruits of the Spirit?

Several. ‘Love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness.’ (Gal. v. 22.)

Miss W. That will do—‘goodness’—it is the fruit of the Spirit; and Whose gift is the Spirit?

Mary. The gift of God. ‘God hath sent forth the Spirit of His Son into your hearts.’ (Gal. iv. 6.)

Anna. ‘Ye have received the Spirit of adoption.’ (Romans, viii. 15.)

Miss W. Yes; the greatest of the good things God gives to us, is the gift of His Holy Spirit to

dwell in us; and by that Spirit we are made holy. Look at Eph. v. 9.

Bessie. 'For the fruit of the Spirit is in all goodness, and righteousness, and truth.'

Miss W. Thus He is the Giver of—?

'All goodness,' said Agnes.

Miss W. And does the Spirit, dwelling in us, help us to be good and holy?

Several. Yes, if we ask Him.

'And try to be good,' added Agnes.

Miss W. St. Paul says, that we are not 'sufficient of ourselves to think anything as of ourselves, but'—?

'Our sufficiency is of God,' said Margaret. (2 Cor. iii. 5.)

Miss W. He was speaking more especially of the work of a minister; but it may be said equally of any good work, we are not sufficient or strong enough ourselves, our strength is of God. 'Without Me'—what does our Saviour say?

All. 'Ye can do nothing.' (St. John, xv. 5.)

Miss W. How does the prophet Isaiah describe our righteousness?

Rose. 'We are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags; and we all do fade as a leaf; and our iniquities, like the wind, have taken us away.' (Isa. lxiv. 6.)

Miss W. But what is *Christ* proclaimed as—'The Lord our'—?

'Righteousness,' quickly replied several. (Jer. xxiii. 6.)

Miss W. Therefore, what does God, as the Giver of goodness, promise to put into our hearts? Jer. xxxi. 33.

Sarah. 'I will put My law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts.'

Miss W. And if we lack wisdom, which is true holiness, where are we told to seek it?

Mary. Of God. ‘Let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given Him.’ (St. James, i. 5.)

Miss W. And again, in the Proverbs, from Whom are we told wisdom comes? Prov. ii. 6–8.

Alice. ‘For the Lord giveth wisdom: out of His mouth cometh knowledge and understanding. He layeth up sound wisdom for the righteous: He is a buckler to them that walk uprightly. He keepeth the paths of judgment, and preserveth the way of His saints.’

Miss W. Then when we kneel before the Lord God, our heavenly Father, whether it be to ask for good things for the body, or good things for the soul—to lead us on to goodness, we know that He is able to hear us, because we believe Him to be the—?

Several. ‘Giver of all goodness.’

Miss W. And as day by day we enjoy good things, both for soul and body, to Whom must we give thanks?

Margaret. To God, Who gives them to us.

Miss W. A lesson, too, of humility, we learn from the thought that any goodness which may be found in us, is not our own, but is given to us by God—that it has been attained—(what do I mean by ‘attained?’

‘Reached,’ said Emily.

Miss W. Yes; that any goodness we have attained) has been reached by God’s help and grace given to us. Thus St. Paul teaches us, 1 Cor. iv. 7.

Jane. ‘For Who maketh thee to differ from another? and what hast thou that thou didst not receive? Now if thou didst receive it, why dost thou glory, as if thou hadst not received it?’

Miss W. And look what St. John says, chap. iii. 27.

Sarah. ‘A man can receive nothing, except it be given him from heaven.’

Miss W. Then have we any cause to glory in, or be proud of, our goodness?

Agnes. No; for we couldn't be good without God's help.

Miss W. 'He that glorieth,' St. Paul says, 'let him glory in the Lord.' Look at that passage, 1 Cor. i. 27-31; read it verse by verse.

Several. 'God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are: *that no flesh should glory in His presence.* But of Him are ye in Christ Jesus, Who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption: that, according as it is written, He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord.' (See also Ps. cxv. 1.)

Miss W. No flesh should glory in God's presence, for we have no goodness of our own to boast of; God is the 'Giver of all goodness,' and it is only in Jesus Christ that we are righteous. He is 'made unto us righteousness and sanctification.' Therefore let us not glory in ourselves, but—?

Several. In God, the 'Giver of all goodness.'

After a moment's pause, Miss Walton said,

'You see how easy it is to tell me all this, girls, but it is not quite so easy always to act upon it—never to feel proud of what we think is our goodness. When Mr. Spencer found fault the other day with you all for the whispering which had been going on in church before service began, I heard one of you (I don't quite know which,) boasting very much, in a self-satisfied tone, that she had not talked!—And it is the want of keeping continually in mind that all the right you are able to do is by God's help, that makes you so anxious to justify yourselves, so afraid

of taking blame to yourselves, so ready to condemn harshly a companion in fault. I was very much grieved this morning, Sarah, to hear you speak so hardly of Phoebe.'

'Well, Ma'am, she is such a bad-tempered child, she is always having words with somebody or other,' replied Sarah, 'and making mischief.'

'Perhaps this is true,' said Miss Walton; 'but have you ever thought that if you were placed in the same situation, you might be the same? If we are not as bad-tempered, it is because God has kept us from the temptation to it, or delivered us when tempted. We should, therefore, judge charitably of another, and especially one like poor Phoebe, who has alway had so much to try her temper.'

'Poor thing! I know she has a miserable home,' said Sarah, more kindly.

'Yes, Sarah, and many things to sour her temper; and if we remember that it is of *God's* mercy we are not the same, we shall be able to judge less hardly of her,' replied Miss Walton. 'But now I will ask you a few more questions, down to the full stop of this answer, and then call Mrs. Hamilton. Since God is the "Giver of all goodness," what good thing do we ask Him to send unto us?'

All. His grace.

Miss W. Each one unto himself only?

Ruth. No; 'unto me and all people.'

Miss W. Why do you say you ask for 'all people' in the Lord's Prayer?

Several. Because we always say, 'our,' and 'us,' and 'we.'

Miss W. And we know that we may do it, because God is so abundant in goodness, that He can send His gifts upon all. And why do we ask for His grace?

All. 'That we may worship Him, serve Him, and obey Him, as we ought to do.'

Miss W. In which petition do we ask that we may worship God?

'Hallowed be Thy Name,' replied one or two.

Miss W. Yes, 'by one, and by all.' And it is hallowed by offering to It—what?

Several. Worship.

Miss W. Yes, giving to God the worship, or reverence, which is His due. In which petition do we ask that we may serve Him?

Rose. 'Thy kingdom come.'

Miss W. How do we ask, in that petition, that we may serve Him?

Rose. Because His kingdom is advanced when His people serve Him.

Miss W. Very good, *Rose*. As faithful subjects, we pray that we may serve our King, and that so His kingdom may be advanced, or may come. In which petition do we ask that we may obey Him?

'Thy will be done,' they all replied.

Miss W. And His will is done when He is—?

'Obeyed,' they answered again.

Miss W. And how do we pray that we may do it?

'As we ought to do,' said some.

'As it is done in heaven,' answered others.

Miss W. That is to say, when we ask that it may be done 'on earth as it is in heaven,' we pray that we may do it as—?

'We ought to do,' they all answered.

Miss W. Yes, for so it is done in heaven, perfectly, willingly, and continually.

Now that will do for to-day. I must ask you over the rest of this answer next Sunday, if all be well.

'I must try and finish my history to-day,' said *Mrs. Hamilton*, on taking her seat, 'for we may have to leave before next Sunday.'

'Oh! Ma'am, we shall be so sorry when you go,' said the girls.

‘I don’t intend to let her go this week,’ said Miss Walton, smiling; ‘but she may finish her story, notwithstanding.’

‘Oh! then, you *can’t* go!’ exclaimed little Ruth, gleefully.

‘Do you think everybody must do as Miss Walton bids?’ asked Mrs. Hamilton, smiling also.

‘Yes,’ cried all the little ones, and some of the others too.

‘Well! I shall try to be among the number,’ said Mrs. Hamilton; ‘but, perhaps, Mr. Hamilton won’t, and I must do as he bids. We all have to be obedient.’

‘Whom can Mr. Walton, and Mr. Hamilton, and Mr. Spencer have to obey?’ half whispered Ruth.

‘Why the Queen, to be sure!’ said Jane.

‘Then the Queen?’ said Ruth.

Miss Walton caught their words, though Mrs. Hamilton, who was less used to them, did not, and replied,

‘I think you know, Ruth, there is One above, whom the Queen, and Mr. Hamilton, and everybody must obey, even if there is none other. But you must stop talking, and let Mrs. Hamilton begin her story.’

BLIND SARAH, (*Concluded.*)

‘For some months, Ma’am, I remained on a visit with my brother,’ said Sarah, ‘trying to make up for the expense to them, by helping in the farm-work, and with the children’s sewing. Mary came from her place to see me there, and I went to spend a week with Kitty; but I wasn’t happy there; she had been led into error, poor thing! by her husband and husband’s friends, and had quite given up going to church, but chose other places of worship, and that I could not follow. We were not happy together,

and so I returned to my brother's. But I did not stay there much longer. God again provided me with a good home of my own, and a good husband. There was in the village a large grocer and draper's shop, as there is in most villages, and my poor Thomas had been foreman there for some fourteen years. He was about my own age—we were both getting on in years, and he had saved money as well as I; and he proposed we should marry, put all together, and set up a shop in this village, Ma'am, where his old mother lived alone; the only near relation he had, for he was an only child. I had nothing to say against it, Ma'am, and we married, and came and settled here, (not in this house, but at the corner of High Street and Long Lane,) and opened a small shop, only of groceries at first. His old mother came to live with us, and stayed till the day of her death. She was a good old woman, and she helped to keep religion in the minds of both me and my husband. She was able at first to go to church, and nothing would keep her away, or from the Holy Communion; and it was, I believe, a great grief to her that neither Thomas nor I would communicate with her. She often talked to us about it, but we neither of us would make up our minds to it. I know now, Ma'am, we were wrong, and so did Thomas before he died. We lost a great blessing by our indifference.'

'Yes,' I said, 'and it is strange how many do the same—they will not learn from the experience of others, but go on, month by month, and year by year, refusing the good things God has provided for their souls' health and growth, and yet they seem to expect that they will thrive without it.'

'That is true, Ma'am,' said old Sarah, feelingly. 'Many is the time old Mrs. Wentworth told us we should regret our neglect one day; but we would not attend to her. We went to church, and we read our Bibles, and we tried to do an honest business, and

we thought that enough—that we would wait until we had less business on our hands, and more time for religion, before we went to the Holy Communion: and yet her words have come true, Ma’am. As I sit here now I regret so many wasted years, so many lost blessings. The truth was, Ma’am, we were careful and troubled about many things. Our business prospered, and we soon added drapery to our stock. There was only one other shop of the kind in the village when we first set up, and afterwards it was shut, and so all the business was left for us. For many years we made a good trade of it, and both I and my husband had plenty to do. For near twenty years we did very well, and then the other shop opened again, in much grander style than ours; yet for some time we held on; *we* were known, and for a good bit many preferred the old shop to the new one, but this did not go on. We were both getting old, Ma’am, and we couldn’t attend to our business as we had done, and so the new shop improved, while we went down the hill. At last my husband got a man to help in the business, and this was our ruin. He was a wicked dishonest man, and managed in a few years to rob my poor husband of some hundreds, and then, one day, made off with all the money that was in the shop, and we have never heard of him since, though Thomas did all he could to trace him. My husband took this so much to heart, that he never got over it. He determined at once to sell our stock, which was pretty nearly all that the thief had left us, and we moved to this very cottage, Ma’am. But my poor old man was not like himself. He could not get over his loss, and seemed to pine away. Our kind clergyman, Mr. Vinor, then began to visit us, and he soon led my poor husband to see that his heart had been too much set upon the things of this world, and that God had sent trouble in mercy to bring him to Himself. He showed him, Ma’am, how

he had been living to himself, rather than to God's glory, and cared more for the things of this world, than for the good things God has prepared for them that love Him. I was generally busying about while Mr. Vinor talked to Thomas, and did not pay much attention to what he said; but his words sank into my poor husband's heart, though he did not say much to me about it at first. He began to read his Bible more than ever, and didn't seem to be happy for some time. I tried to cheer him up, but it wouldn't do, and one night, I well remember it, he said to me,

'Now, Sally, don't talk in that way. We have both of us enough to grieve over, for we have let the best part of our lives go by, without ever giving our hearts truly to God, and it seems almost a mockery to offer them now, in our old age. But God is good, and will not turn away from us even now, Mr. Vinor says. I'll tell thee what, Sally, my mother's words have come true! I wish now, with all my heart, we hadn't turned away from God's blessing—from His Holy Table—in the days of health and prosperity. Now I feel as if I dar'n't go.'

'His words, Ma'am, went to my heart, but I still tried to cheer him, and he tried to make me feel as he did, and said, he wished I would listen to all Mr. Vinor said. That night, Ma'am, he was taken with an attack on his chest. I don't know what the doctors called it, but he was very bad; and the first thing he did in the morning, was to send for Mr. Vinor, and before night, Ma'am, he received the Holy Communion. Oh! that I could have received it with him, but I wasn't fit, Ma'am—I durst not think of it; indeed, Mr. Vinor did not ask me, for he said I ought to receive it first in church, as I was in health, but he hoped I would think about it. A few days afterwards, I lost my poor husband.'

Old Sarah could hardly utter these last few words

for crying, and I thought she had been talking enough, so I said a few words to comfort her, and left her then, saying, I should like to hear what more she had to tell another day. I went to her soon again, but I never could get her to resume her history; she always kept to about that time, or else went back to earlier days, whenever afterwards she talked to me about her past life. So I must tell you myself what I gathered from her at different times, and heard from Mr. Vinor.

‘After her second husband’s death,’ said Mrs. Hamilton, ‘the poor old woman was for some time quite ill and broken-hearted, and very unhappy. One of her nieces came to stay with her and nurse her, and Mr. Vinor visited her often. She was very earnest, he said, but seemed to despair about God’s mercy towards her for a long time. She recovered enough to go to church, and was very regular, and most thankful for Mr. Vinor’s visits, but she was afraid to receive the Holy Communion.

‘Things went on in this way, until she was seized with rheumatic fever, and lost her sight, and then it was that God opened her eyes to see the wonderful things of His law. She seemed to become like a little child again during her recovery, for God restored her to the blessing of health, and her earnest wish was once more to be led to church, and receive the Holy Communion. And so she was. She first received it in church, and from that time, as long as she was able, Sunday after Sunday, she was led to the House of Prayer, and never turned away from the Feast prepared for those who love God. It was not long, however, that she was able to do this. The pains of rheumatism became so bad as to prevent her walking, and for a year or more she suffered daily and hourly, but she was learning during that time. God was drawing her heart daily nearer to Himself. The trying of her faith was working patience, and

humility, and submission. It was a great grief to her when her niece married and left her, and from that time she lived alone, except the little neighbour's child who slept with her, and the help the child's mother gave. Her blindness, too, at first was a very great trial. She who had always been so active, to become dependent upon others! This was for some time, Mr. Vinor said, her greatest trouble. "To think, Sir, that I cannot do anything for myself," she used to say. "That I can't even see that my cottage is kept clean, or my clothes tidy!" But, as I told you, girls, when I first knew her, she had learnt to look upon this trial as her greatest blessing. She had learnt in this, as in everything else, to submit to God's will, and to be content to sit still and do nothing when He bade her, and this, too, without murmuring. It was very beautiful to see her, and I always felt that a visit to her did me good. She was very cheerful, and, as I said, quick and thoughtful, and she liked to talk over old times. But she never spoke of her younger days without expressing regret that they had not been given to God, and deep gratitude for His mercy in sparing her, and by trials and sorrows drawing her to Himself, and giving her time to prepare for death.

"What would have become of me," she often said, "if God had cut me off suddenly? I had not taken Him for my God and King, I could not have had a place in His Kingdom! God has been good to me. So far beyond what I deserve!"

Mrs. Hamilton stopped, as though she had finished, but Miss Walton asked,

'And is the old woman now dead?'

'I don't know,' replied Mrs. Hamilton. 'One day when I went into her cottage, I found her in great delight. She had that morning received a letter from Mrs. Truworth, saying, they had all re-

turned to England, and that God had prospered them, and they had now enough and to spare; and begging her to come to them. This she thought she could not do, and Mr. Vinor had written to tell them all about her, and thank them for their kindness.

‘But her good mistress loved her too much to give her up, and sent one of her daughters and her son Henry to look after the old woman, and they actually succeeded in moving her to their own house, and the last I heard of her was, that she was well and happy, and had good care taken of her. They promised to let me hear of her from time to time, and so I hope to have good accounts again before long.’

‘Well, girls!’ said Miss Walton, ‘I think you will not forget Mrs. Hamilton’s story quickly. Now you may thank her for it, and go.’

‘Thank you, Ma’am! thank you!’ they all said, as they rose and courtesied.

‘You are very welcome,’ replied Mrs. Hamilton. ‘I hope it will teach you all to give your hearts to God in the days of your youth, that when old age comes, if ever it does come, you may not have, with old Sarah, to regret lost years, and lost opportunities.’

LESSON LXI.

THE DESIRES OF THE LORD'S PRAYER.

‘MOTHER, I wish you’d speak to Tommy,’ said Alice Churton, one day to her mother; ‘he *will* run down stairs in the morning without saying his prayers.’

‘He shouldn’t do that; why do you let him?’ said her mother.

‘I don’t, if I can help it,’ returned Alice; ‘but while I’m dressing Johnny or Kate, he runs off, and won’t come back when I call him. This morning he finished dressing just as I was washing Kate, and because I couldn’t leave her that moment and hear him say his prayers, he ran off when I wasn’t looking.’

The awaking of the baby with a cry, here interrupted the conversation, and as rocking the cradle would not satisfy her, Alice had to lay down her work and take her up. Mrs. Churton was over the wash-tub, and could not leave it.

‘I shall never get that dress done by Sunday,’ sighed Alice, as she took the little thing in her arms, saying, ‘Why couldn’t you sleep, you naughty child? it is not a quarter of an hour since I laid you down!’

‘You’d better take her out a bit, and Kate and Johnny can go with you,’ said her mother; ‘perhaps the air will put baby to sleep again.’

Alice obeyed, and carrying the heavy child in her arms, walked up and down a lane close to their

house for an hour or more. It seemed as if the baby perversely kept awake, just when Alice wished her to sleep, that she might get on with the skirt of a new dress she was making for Sunday. The waist Mrs. Freeward was doing for her. At length Alice heard her mother's voice calling,

‘Alice, you must come and wash some potatoes for dinner.’

Again she obeyed, and went in with the three children. Baby was now *obliged* to lie in her cot, whether she liked it or not, and Johnny sat by the side, rocking the cradle, and trying to amuse the baby, not very successfully, while Kate got first into one bit of mischief and then another.

Alice sighed again as she saw her dress skirt, and remembered how shabby her only Sunday dress was, but she did not say anything; it was no use grumbling about it; she knew if her mother left her washing there would be no clean things for Sunday, so there was nothing for it but to submit patiently.

Dinner was only just ready as Tom and Fred came in from school, and as soon as it was over, she had once more to put on her bonnet, and run as quickly as she could to the fields, with her father's and another brother's dinner; as she went along she hoped her mother was speaking to Tommy about his prayers, but she was afraid it would be forgotten. Having delivered up the basket to her father, she hastened back, and then came the washing up of dinner things, and more nursing of the baby, and the evening service, so that very little of her needlework was done when bed-time came again. When Alice, however, knelt down to say her evening prayers, she did not care much about the dress; her conscience was at ease, which was better than the finished skirt would have been, and she felt glad she had given it up to help her mother. ‘Perhaps,’ she thought, ‘I shall get it done to-morrow, and then if only Mrs.

Freeward can sew it on to the waist, it will be in time yet.' But the events of to-morrow put it quite out of Alice's head. She got up as usual, and when dressed herself, began to get the children up. Tommy was able, mostly, to dress himself, but Johnny and Kate wanted their sister's help. She had finished Johnny before Tom was nearly ready. She wanted him to say his prayers then, before she began with Kate, but he was not willing.

'Now do, Tommy,' she said, 'that's a good boy. You must not go off without saying them as you did yesterday. If you don't ask God to take care of you, He won't, and something dreadful will happen to you.'

'Nothing happened yesterday,' he replied, 'and many another day. I won't say them 'till I'm dressed.'

Just as he had got on all his clothes, he heard Fred calling,

'Tom, make haste here!' and off he set, followed by Johnny. Alice called them both back, and Johnny obeyed her, but Tom paid no attention, and was soon some distance from the house with his brother, going off to look for birds' nests, before breakfast and school.

'Johnny, you must not be naughty, like Tommy,' said Alice; 'come and say your prayers, and then you may go. God has taken care of you through the night, hasn't He?'

'Yes,' said Johnny.

'And don't you want Him to watch over you all day too?' she asked, as the little boy stood before her.

'Yes, Ally,' he replied; 'from out of heaven, up there,' pointing to the blue sky.

'Then you must not run away without saying your prayers,' she replied, 'or you will make God angry, and then perhaps He won't take care of you.'

'Won't He take care of Tommy, then?' asked the little boy.

'I hope He will, but it's very naughty of him to go without asking Him.'

'I'll ask God to take care of *him*, too,' said the little fellow, as he knelt down at his sister's knee, and put his little hands together, and first said the Lord's Prayer, where we ask God to 'Lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil,' and then a few more simple words. He was too young to understand all the words of the Lord's Prayer, but he said it with attention, and he knew what it meant to say 'Our Father,' and he thought when he had finished that he had asked God to take care of both himself and Tommy.

Breakfast time came, and the two boys had not returned; when, however, it was about half over, Fred came running in, looking very frightened, exclaiming, 'Tommy's fallen from a tree, and just about hurt himself. I don't know what's the matter, he won't let me touch him.'

Mrs. Churton jumped up, and, following Fred, came to where Tommy sat on the ground crying bitterly. He had managed to get up and seat himself after Fred left him.

'What's the matter? where are you hurt?' asked his mother.

He pointed to his left arm, and only cried more, and she saw that it hung useless at his side.

'His arm is broken,' she said. 'You must go for Dr. Benthorpe, Fred,' while she took the child up in her arms, and carried him home.

The poor child was in dreadful pain until the doctor came; and when he did arrive, it was hard work to make Tommy submit to having his arm set. He was frightened, and thought the doctor would only give him more pain; and besides that, he was inclined to be wilful. The moment, however, the bones united, came perfect ease for awhile, and Tommy ceased his screams. Soon afterwards the

whole operation was over, and he was laid on his bed. He had sat on his mother's knee during the time, and Alice had helped all she could, though it turned her very sick and faint once or twice, poor girl. Fred had taken the baby out, and Kate, crying very much, had followed him, and it was supposed that Johnny had done the same; but on going up stairs to lay Tom down, he was found kneeling at his bed sobbing. Alice sat down by him, and tried to comfort him, saying that she hoped Tom would soon be well now.

'He didn't say his prayers this morning,' sobbed little Johnny. 'Was it very naughty? Is God very angry with him?'

Alice did not know what to say, for she had not thought the accident had anything to do with the forgotten prayer; but Johnny repeated his question, and she said,

'It was very naughty; but if he is sorry, and won't do so again, God will forgive him, and not be angry with him, for Jesus Christ's sake.'

The little boy immediately ran up to the bed, saying, anxiously,

'Tommy, you *are* sorry, ar'n't you? You won't do so any more?'

But Tommy at the first mention of his prayers, had covered his face with the bed-clothes, and now gave no answer to his little brother's question. Johnny stood a few moments waiting, and receiving no reply, turned to Alice, saying, in a distressed voice, half crying,

'He wont tell me.'

'You must not disturb him now,' said Alice. 'He must try and go to sleep. Come down stairs, like a good boy.'

'But God is angry with him,' said the child. 'I wish he would be sorry.'

'I dare say he is,' replied Alice, trying to draw

Johnny away from the bed. 'Perhaps he will say his prayers now, if we leave him.'

'Will you, Tommy, say "Our Father?"' asked the little fellow entreatingly.

Without raising his head, Tom answered, 'Yes,' and directly afterwards, he found himself alone.

He was only a little boy, too, but quite old enough to know he had done wrong, and to feel as if this accident was a just punishment; and he remembered how he had answered his sister that morning—that nothing had happened to him for not saying his prayers—and he knew that he had not only neglected to say his prayers, but had been doing wrong the very moment he fell; for he was climbing up to try and reach some laburnum blossom, which did not belong to him, and which he had often been told he must not touch.

He had just reached it, when he thought somebody called out to him, and in his fright, trying to descend quickly, he had fallen; and now, as he lay quite alone, and his arm hurting him too much to let him sleep, he began to feel sorry for being so naughty. He kept his word, and tried to say his prayers then, and to ask God to forgive him; but he was a dull boy over learning, and could not remember all the words. He did his best, however, and then fell asleep.

He did not awake again for a long time, and then it was hearing a strange voice in the room below which roused him, and listening, he recognized Mr. Spencer's voice, and he heard his mother telling him all about the morning, and about his running away without saying his prayers.

'And what he was doing, Sir, climbing that tree, I don't know. I am afraid he was stealing the laburnum, which I've told him not to do very often. I'm sure if he was, he's a very bad boy!' he heard his mother say.

‘May I go up and speak to him?’ said Mr. Spencer. And Tommy heard his mother say, ‘Yes, Sir,’ and get up to come with him.

Tom again hid his face under the bed-clothes, both ashamed and frightened, for he did not know what Mr. Spencer would say to him. He was afraid he would scold him very much. ‘If he asks me what I was climbing for, what must I say?’ thought little Tommy, and he felt as if he durst not tell the truth; and yet he was a truthful boy on the whole, and knew it would be a sin to tell a lie. All this passed quickly through his mind, but there was no escape for him, for the next moment Mr. Spencer stood by the bed, and his mother pulled down the clothes, so as to show his face, whether he would or not.

‘Why do you hide your face from me, Tommy?’ said Mr. Spencer, kindly. ‘I’ve come to tell you how sorry I am that you are hurt, and see if you want anything I can do for you.’

His kind tone rather re-assured Tom, and he ventured to glance at Mr. Spencer’s face. It did not look angry, as he sat down, saying,

‘Does the arm hurt very much?’

‘Not now, Sir,’ he replied.

‘I’m glad of that,’ said Mr. Spencer; ‘but don’t you think you were very clumsy, not to be able to climb a tree without falling?’

‘I don’t know, Sir,’ he replied, not liking to say what made him fall.

Then Mr. Spencer went on talking to him in a kind way, until Tom forgot his fright, and at last when Mr. Spencer said,

‘But before I go, I’ve something serious to say to you, Tom. I want you to tell me truly, how you came to be climbing that tree at all?’ he answered, straight-forwardly, ‘I was going after some “golden
hains,” as the children called the laburnum blos-

‘I was afraid so,’ said Mr. Spencer. ‘You were going to steal, and you were doing what you’ve been told not. Now don’t you think you deserve your punishment? You are quite old enough, Tom, to understand God’s commandments, and to try and obey them. What is the eighth commandment?’

‘Thou shalt not steal,’ said Tom.

‘And what is the fifth, Tom?’ He repeated it also, and Mr. Spencer said,

‘You see you know these commandments, and yet you have broken them both, for you disobeyed your mother, and you were going to steal. I am afraid you were not trying to be a good boy, and you know it’s no use praying to God to make you good, if you don’t try to be good.’

‘Please, Sir, I didn’t say my prayers to-day, nor yesterday,’ said Tom, turning very red.

‘Then no wonder you were naughty,’ said Mr. Spencer, gravely. ‘You are a weak and helpless little boy yourself, and the devil who tempts you to disobey and steal is very strong, and yet you did not ask God to help you! Oh! Tommy, that was not wise or right. Don’t you think if you had to cross a field where there was a savage bull, you would ask your father to go with you?’

‘Yes, Sir,’ said Tom; ‘I’m sure I shouldn’t dare to go by myself.’

‘Yet you did not ask God, your Father, to be with you to-day, and save you from the devil, who is compared to a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour. No wonder you have fallen into his power. You ought to have been afraid to meet him by yourself.’

Tom did not speak, and Mr. Spencer said again,

‘You see, Tom, you have been all wrong to-day. You began the day wrong, and so God has given you a check to keep you from getting worse. If you had stolen those flowers, another time you would have stolen fruit, and perhaps gone on to be a regular thief.’

And if no harm had followed your not saying your prayers, you would have gone on neglecting them, and then you never could be good, and never go to heaven. But God loves you, my little boy, and wishes you to be good, and has stopped you in the middle of your sin, and now you must show that you are sorry for what you have done, by bearing the pain of your arm patiently, and being very careful to ask God to help you to turn away from temptation to sin another time. You must not think you can be saved from dangers to your body, or from doing what is wrong, without asking God to take care of you, and help you, and so you must never go down stairs again without saying your prayers. Will you try and remember this ?

‘Yes, Sir,’ he replied.

‘And now I will kneel down with you,’ said Mr. Spencer, ‘and ask God to forgive you, for Christ’s sake, for being naughty to-day, and to help you to be good and patient for the time to come. You may say the Lord’s Prayer with me.’

Mr. Spencer then knelt down and said a short prayer, which Tom could understand, finishing with the Lord’s Prayer, (and as he was bid, little Tommy repeated it after him,) where we ask God to ‘be merciful unto us, and forgive us our sins, and that it will please Him to save and defend us in all dangers ghostly and bodily, and to keep us from all sin and wickedness, and from our ghostly enemy and from everlasting death,’ for Jesus Christ’s sake.

‘What a kind gentleman he is!’ thought Tommy, as Mr. Spencer left. ‘I shall never be frightened of him again.’

This accident, however, had sadly thrown back the Saturday’s work, and what with waiting upon Tommy, and cleaning up, and helping her mother to finish her ironing, Alice could not put a single stitch into her dress skirt. So, like a good contented girl,

though she was disappointed, she ironed over her old dress, and appeared in it for her afternoon lesson, with as bright a face as usual. She could not get either to church or school in the morning, so that she was the more glad to be at the lesson in the afternoon. Miss Walton asked kindly after her brother, and then began the lesson by saying,

‘Again you may tell me, girls, what desirest thou of God in the Lord’s Prayer?’

All. ‘I desire my Lord God our Heavenly Father, Who is the Giver of all goodness, to send His grace unto me, and to all people; that we may worship Him, serve Him, and obey Him, as we ought to do. And I pray unto God that He will send us all things that be needful both for our souls and bodies; and that He will be merciful unto us; and forgive us our sins; and that it will please Him to save and defend us in all dangers ghostly and bodily; and that He will keep us from all sin and wickedness, and from our ghostly enemy, and from everlasting death. And this I trust He will do of His mercy and goodness, through our Lord Jesus Christ. And therefore I say, Amen, so be it.’

‘After having expressed,’ said Miss Walton, ‘our earnest desires for the honour and glory of God—the advancement of His kingdom, and the fulfilment of His will, for whom are we taught to pray?’

Several. Ourselves.

Miss W. Ourselves alone?

Mary. No; ourselves and all people.

Miss W. And what is the first thing you say you pray unto God?

All. ‘That He will send us all things that be needful both for our souls and bodies.’

Miss W. In which petition of the Lord’s Prayer do you do that?

Emily. ‘Give us this day our daily bread.’

Miss W. Then what does God, by this short petition, teach us is only *needful* for us?

Several. Daily bread. (See St. Matt. vi. 34.)

Miss W. Which, we saw, includes all things necessary for the day—for the present time.* But do we need bread, or needful things, only for the body?

All. No, the soul too.

Miss W. And does the soul need *daily* food as well as the body?

Several. Yes, Ma'am.

Miss W. And what do you mean by food for the soul?

Rose. God's grace and help.

Miss W. Yes, all the spiritual gifts by which our souls live and thrive. What is that, included in our petition for daily bread, without which the *body* could not live, even a single day, nor even for a few minutes?

The girls looked puzzled, and did not answer.

'What do we breathe into us,' said Miss Walton, 'every time we draw a breath?'

'Air,' cried several.

Miss W. Then what is needful every moment for the life of the body?

All. Air.

Miss W. And what is that which, if God withdrew entirely, our spiritual life would perish?

Rose. His Holy Spirit.

Miss W. Yes; as I said once before, our spiritual life, or souls, would perish if God withdrew entirely His Holy Spirit from us, as surely as the body would die without air to breathe. Then when we pray, 'Give us this day our daily bread,' or all things needful for the soul, what do we ask for?

Agnes. For God's Holy Spirit to stay with us.

* See Lesson LVI.

Miss W. With David we pray, 'Cast me not away from Thy Presence, and'—?

All. 'Take not Thy Holy Spirit from me.' (Ps. li. 11.)

Miss W. Yes; for the presence of the Holy Spirit is needful for the very life of our souls, though we may be unconscious of His presence. But if we starved our bodies, or withheld food from them for a single day, would it kill them?

Several. No, Ma'am, nor longer than that.

Miss W. It would not *kill* the body, but what *would* it do?

Several. Weaken it.

Miss W. Now, how has God provided that we shall daily receive the support our souls need?

Mary. By prayer.

Miss W. Yes, in answer to prayer we daily receive the renewing of the Holy Ghost, the gifts of grace and strength which our souls need for their support. Then if we neglect to pray, even for a single day, what are we doing to our souls?

Several. Starving them.

Miss W. And what will be the consequence to them?

Rose. They will be weakened.

Miss W. Yes, just as our bodies would be without eating. And if we went on starving the body for a long time, what would be the end?

Several. It would be starved to death.

Miss W. So if we go on neglecting our prayers, what will happen to the soul?

Agnes. It will be starved to death.

Miss W. Yes, in the end it will die. We shall have quenched the Spirit of life within us. Then how often must we pray for daily bread?

All. Every day.

Miss W. Indeed we must, so that each day our souls may receive that nourishment which they need,

and neither be weakened by one day's want of food, or killed by constant starvation. 'In God,' says St. Paul, 'we live'—?

'And move, and have our being,' they continued. (Acts, xvii. 28.)

Miss W. Yes, in Him we live both temporally and spiritually, therefore it is to Him we must daily look for 'all things'—?

'Needful both for soul and body,' said Anna.

Miss W. And what do we next, 'pray unto God'?

All. 'That He will be merciful unto us, and forgive us our sins.'

Miss W. How do we ask this in the Lord's Prayer?

Several. 'Forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive them that trespass against us.'

Miss W. What do we confess ourselves to be, by asking for mercy?

Agnes. Sinners.

Miss W. And how do we ask God to show His mercy? Alice, I wish I could hear you answer more. Cannot you tell me?

But Alice was frightened, and others replied for her, 'By forgiving us our sins.'

'Yes,' said Miss Walton. 'Any one ought to have been able to tell me, but some of you, Harriet, and Jane, and Alice, do not answer nearly as often as I think you might. Can I know that you attend and understand me if you don't answer?

'No, Ma'am,' they replied.

Miss W. No, indeed I can't. It makes me fear you don't attend. I cannot say I have noticed you, Alice, appear inattentive, (added Miss Walton, seeing her eyes fill with tears,) but if you don't answer me, you know I cannot be sure you are attending.

After a moment's silence, Miss Walton asked again,

'What is the condition on which God promises forgiveness?'

‘If we forgive others,’ said Jane.

Miss W. Then what must we be careful to do before we presume to ask God to forgive us our sins?

‘To make friends with others,’ said several.

Miss W. Yes, to forgive any one who may have offended us. And what do we next ask God that it may please Him to do?

‘Save and defend us in all dangers ghostly and bodily,’ repeated Alice, Harriet, and some others.

Miss W. What is the danger to our souls mentioned in the Lord’s Prayer?

Margaret. Temptation.

Miss W. And how do we ask God to defend, or shield us?

Mary. By not leading us into it.

Miss W. But what do we further pray?

Several. ‘That He will keep us from all sin and wickedness, and from our ghostly enemy, and from everlasting death.’

Miss W. And, therefore, we not only say, ‘Lead us not into temptation,’ but—?

All. ‘Deliver us from evil.’

Miss W. Yes, from the sin and wickedness to which temptation would lead us. Deliver us from the evil of—?

‘Temptation,’ said several.

‘The evil of self, the evil of others, and the Evil One,’ said Emily.

Miss W. Quite right. But not only dangers ghostly we ask to be defended against, and saved from, but what else?

All. Bodily dangers.

Miss W. By which we mean—?

‘Trials, and sorrow, and pain,’ said several.

‘And accidents,’ added others.

Miss W. What are the bodily dangers from which we pray to be delivered in the Litany?

Ruth. ‘From lightning and tempest; from

plague, pestilence, and famine ; from battle and murder, and from sudden death.'

Miss W. Any more ?

Emily. 'From all sedition, privy conspiracy, and rebellion.'

Miss W. Those are more public dangers, and from such evils as these we pray God to deliver us when we say—?

All. 'Deliver us from evil.'

Miss W. Yes ; and 'Lead us not into temptation,' or trial ; shield us from these dangers, that they come not near us. The Litany, too, will show you from how many ghostly dangers we may pray to be saved, in that short petition of the Lord's Prayer ; but you may look at them by yourselves. It is, indeed, not against only *some* dangers, ghostly, and bodily, that we pray, but—?

'All,' they replied.

Miss W. Sometimes it may be more especially one, sometimes another, for the words embrace all. Whom did you say we mean by our ghostly enemy ?

Alice. The devil.

Miss W. What does 'ghostly' mean ?

Several. Spiritual.

Miss W. There are two reasons why the devil is called our ghostly, or spiritual enemy ; can you tell me either ?

'Because he is the enemy of our souls,' said one or two.

Miss W. Yes, that is one reason ; for even when he afflicted the body of Job, what was his reason for doing so ?

Margaret. To tempt him to sin.

Miss W. Yes, to tempt him to curse God, and so lose his soul. Look at Job, i. 8–12.

Several. 'And the Lord said unto Satan, Hast thou considered My servant Job, that there is none like

him in the earth, a perfect and an upright man, one that feareth God, and escheweth evil? Then Satan answered the Lord, and said, Doth Job fear God for nought? . . . put forth Thine hand now, and touch all that he hath, and he will curse Thee to Thy face. And the Lord said unto Satan, Behold, all that he hath is in thy power; only upon himself put not forth thine hand. So Satan went forth from the presence of the Lord.'

Miss W. He went forth, to try by sorrow to bring Job's soul into danger. Did he succeed in turning him to sin?

Rose. No: 'In all this Job sinned not, nor charged God foolishly.' (Verse 22.)

Miss W. Was the devil then satisfied? Was the destruction of Job's property enough?

Agnes. No, because he wanted him to sin.

Miss W. Yes; therefore, when God asked Satan the same question, what was his reply?

Jane. 'Skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life. But put forth Thine hand now, and touch his bone and his flesh, and he will curse Thee to Thy face.' (Chap. ii. 45.)

Miss W. Again God permitted him to try Job, and he went forth to his miserable work of tempting man to sin. Thus we see that he is more especially the enemy of our—?

'Souls,' they replied.

Miss W. And that he afflicts the body with the hope of injuring—?

'The soul,' they answered again.

Miss W. But if we do not permit him to tempt our souls to sin, can he really injure us?

Several. No, Ma'am.

Miss W. No; Job was not really injured, though he suffered such severe trials, which were meant by the devil to be temptations to sin; but he was delivered from the evil, and came out from the trial

purified. Therefore we pray God to deliver us from our—?

‘Ghostly enemy,’ they all answered.

Miss W. Yes, and from his snares. But there is another reason why he is called our ghostly or spiritual enemy. What sort of a being is he? (None answered, and Miss Walton said,) What are we told came upon Saul when God forsook him?

Sarah. An evil spirit. (See 1 Sam. xviii. 10.)

Miss W. Then the devil, the author of evil, is a—?

‘Spirit,’ now replied several.

Miss W. Yes, therefore He is called our ghostly, or—?

‘Spiritual enemy,’ said Emily.

Miss W. He is not a bodily enemy, whom we can see; but a spiritual, invisible, ever present tempter, seeking our destruction. What does St. Paul say we have to wrestle against? (Eph. vi. 12.)

Anna. ‘For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against *spiritual wickedness* in high places.’

Miss W. Or, as the margin of the Bible puts it, ‘against wicked spirits.’ How, then, alone, can we be delivered from the power of this great spiritual enemy?

Several. By God’s help.

Miss W. We must take unto us the whole armour of God, and fight manfully, and then He will deliver us from our ghostly enemy, and what else?

Harriet. ‘Everlasting death.’

Miss W. Prepared for whom?

Sarah. The devil and his angels. (St. Matt. xxv. 41.)

Miss W. Prepared for them, but ready also to receive all who follow them and their ways. ‘The wicked shall be turned,’—where?

Several. 'Into hell.' (Ps. ix. 17.)

Miss W. Look at Rev. xxi. 8.

Ruth. 'The fearful, and unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone: which is the second death.'

Miss W. Very earnestly, then, we should pray God to 'deliver us from all sin and wickedness'—?

'And from our ghostly enemy, and from everlasting death,' they all continued.

Miss W. And now what confession of confidence in God do we here make?

Anna. 'And this I trust He will do of His mercy and goodness, through our Lord Jesus Christ.'

Miss W. We profess, then, to—?

'Trust in God,' said Mary.

Miss W. And why do we trust Him?

Several. Because of His 'mercy and goodness.'

Miss W. And how come we to have a right to trust Him? to depend upon 'His mercy and goodness'?

'Through our Lord Jesus Christ,' answered Margaret.

Miss W. Quite right; through our Lord Jesus Christ, we may trust in the mercy and goodness of God. And how do we hope He will show His goodness?

'By giving to us good things,' said some, showing they had not forgotten their lessons.

'By hearing our prayers,' said others.

'You are all right,' said Miss Walton. 'We trust that He will show His mercy and goodness to us by hearing our prayers, and granting us the good things we have asked for. What do you mean by 'trust'?

'To have confidence,' said Rose.

Miss W. Yes; a hopeful faith, such as we are told

we must have when we pray to God. Look at St. James, i. 6, 7.

Jane. 'Let him ask in faith, nothing wavering. For he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed. For let not that man think that he shall receive anything of the Lord.'

Miss W. Again 1 Tim. ii. 8.

Alice. 'I will, therefore, that men pray everywhere, lifting up holy hands, without wrath and doubting.'

Miss W. Do you remember how our Saviour teaches us the same?

Mary. 'Therefore I say unto you, What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.' (St. Mark, xi. 24.)

Miss W. We learn, then, that when we pray to God, we must do it in—?

'Faith,' they replied.

Miss W. Yes; we must not doubt God, but—?

All. Trust Him.

Miss W. Yes; trust that He will do as we ask because of His—?

Anna. 'Mercy and goodness.'

Miss W. 'Through'—?

All. 'Our Lord Jesus Christ.'

Miss W. Look in the Bible version of Ps. xxiii. what David expresses his trust in?

Ruth. 'Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life.' (Ps. xxiii. 6.)

Miss W. What did you see last Sunday that God was the Giver of?

All. 'All goodness.'

Miss W. Yes; and because He is Himself goodness, therefore we may trust that His goodness will show itself in mercy to us, in hearing our prayers. But you say we have only a right to trust in His mercy and goodness—how?

Several. 'Through our Lord Jesus Christ.'

Miss W. How, alone, is it that we can have access to God—draw near to Him?

Rose. Through Christ. 'Through Him we both have access by one Spirit unto the Father.' (Eph. ii. 18.)

Miss W. Yes, we are unworthy to come near God ourselves; we can but come near, *through* and in Christ. We must have One to go between us and God. And Who is our Great High Priest Who has passed into the heavens for us?

All. Jesus Christ.

Miss W. How, therefore, does St. Paul tell us to come to the throne of God?

Sarah. 'Let us, therefore, come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.' (Heb. iv. 14, 16.)

Miss W. Yes, we come boldly, and in trust, through Christ our High Priest. But do we actually say the words 'through Christ' in the Lord's Prayer?

All. No, Ma'am.

Miss W. Yet we offer it through Christ, for what do we call God?

All. Our Father.

Miss W. We come, then, before Him as—?

'Children,' they replied.

Miss W. And how, alone, are we children of God?

Mary. As members of Christ.

Miss W. Yes; then we approach God through Christ, in the very Name of Father, by which we are taught to address Him. (See Gal. iv. 4–6.) Besides, Whose prayer is it? Who taught it to us?

Emily. Our Lord Jesus Christ.

Miss W. When, then, we use this prayer,

we use His own words, so that in drawing near to God in the Lord's Prayer, we *must* come through Whom?

Ruth. Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Miss W. And now let us see how, in those things which we ask for ourselves, we can only look for them through, or for the sake of, Christ. Who is the Food of the soul?

Agnes. Christ. 'The bread of God is He which cometh down from heaven, and giveth life unto the world And Jesus said unto them, I am the Bread of Life.' (St. John, vi. 33, 35.)

Miss W. When Christ ascended up on high, what did He do for men?

Rose. 'Gave gifts unto men.' (Eph. iv. 8.)

Miss W. What great gift?

Several. The Holy Ghost.

Miss W. Yes, and all other spiritual gifts. Therefore, since Christ has thus prepared gifts and food for us, what may we pray to God?

All. 'Give us this day our daily bread.'

Miss W. And Who loved the world so much as to give His Son for it?

Several. God.

Miss W. Surely, then, we may say, 'He that spared not His own Son'—?

'But delivered Him up for us all,' they continued, 'how shall He not with Him also freely *give us all things*?' (Rom. viii. 32.)

Miss W. 'All things needful'—?

'For both soul and body,' said Sarah.

Miss W. And Who has purchased pardon for us?

All. Christ. 'The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.' (1 St. John, i. 7.)

Miss W. And look also at Eph. i. 7.

Alice. 'In Whom we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins.'

Miss W. And is there any other way of forgiveness?

Mary. No; 'there' is none other Name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.' (Acts, iv. 12.)

Miss W. Then our only hope for forgiveness of our trespasses is—?

Several. Through Jesus Christ.

Miss W. Yes, Who has purchased pardon for us, by—what?

All. His own blood.

Miss W. Again we pray, 'Lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil.' Why was Christ to be called 'Jesus'?

Several. 'For He shall save His people from their sins.' (St. Matt. i. 21.)

Miss W. Not from the punishment only, but also from—?

Anna. The power.

Miss W. Yes; and why did He bid His disciples be of good cheer, though left in the world?

Agnes. Because He had 'overcome the world.' (St. John, xvi. 33.)

Miss W. And by Whose victory has our ghostly enemy been vanquished?

All. Jesus Christ's, when He overcame him in the wilderness.

Miss W. And how did He overcome death, our last great enemy?

Alice. By rising again.

Miss W. Very good. Then *we* can be delivered from sin, because He is our—?

'Saviour,' they replied.

Miss W. The world can have no power over us, against our will, because—?

Margaret. He has overcome the world.

Miss W. We can be freed from the power of the devil—why?

Several. Because He has conquered him.

Miss W. And because He lives—?

‘We shall live also,’ said Agnes. (See St. John, xiv. 19.)

Miss W. And thus be saved from the last great evil—what is it?

All. ‘Everlasting death.’

Miss W. Then, it is only through Him that we can pray—?

All. ‘Lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil.’

Miss W. Thus we see that though in the very words of the Lord’s Prayer, we do not express that it is in His Name we ask, yet it is through Him alone that we can receive those blessings for which we pray, and in addressing God as our Father, we remind Him of His Son, in Whom alone we are children of God, and in Whose words we speak, and thus plead through Him. And, therefore, the Catechism teaches us to say—?

All. ‘And this I trust He will do, of His mercy and goodness, through our Lord Jesus Christ.’

Miss W. And, therefore, in this our confidence, we trustfully say—?

Several. ‘Amen; so be it.’

Miss W. Yes, trustfully; remembering our Saviour’s gracious promise, which you may look at, and then we will stop. St. John, xvi. 23, 24.

Ruth. ‘Verily, verily, I say unto you, Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in My Name, He will give it you. Hitherto have ye asked nothing in My Name: ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full.’

‘Our lesson has been long,’ said Miss Walton, ‘but I wanted to finish this answer to-day.’

‘Please, Ma’am, we are not tired,’ said two or three.

‘You have not answered as if you were tired,’

and I was glad to have answers from *all* of you the last part of the lesson,' said Miss Walton, looking towards those girls she had reproved before. 'But I am afraid you have had more than you can remember to-day, because our lesson has been on many subjects.'





